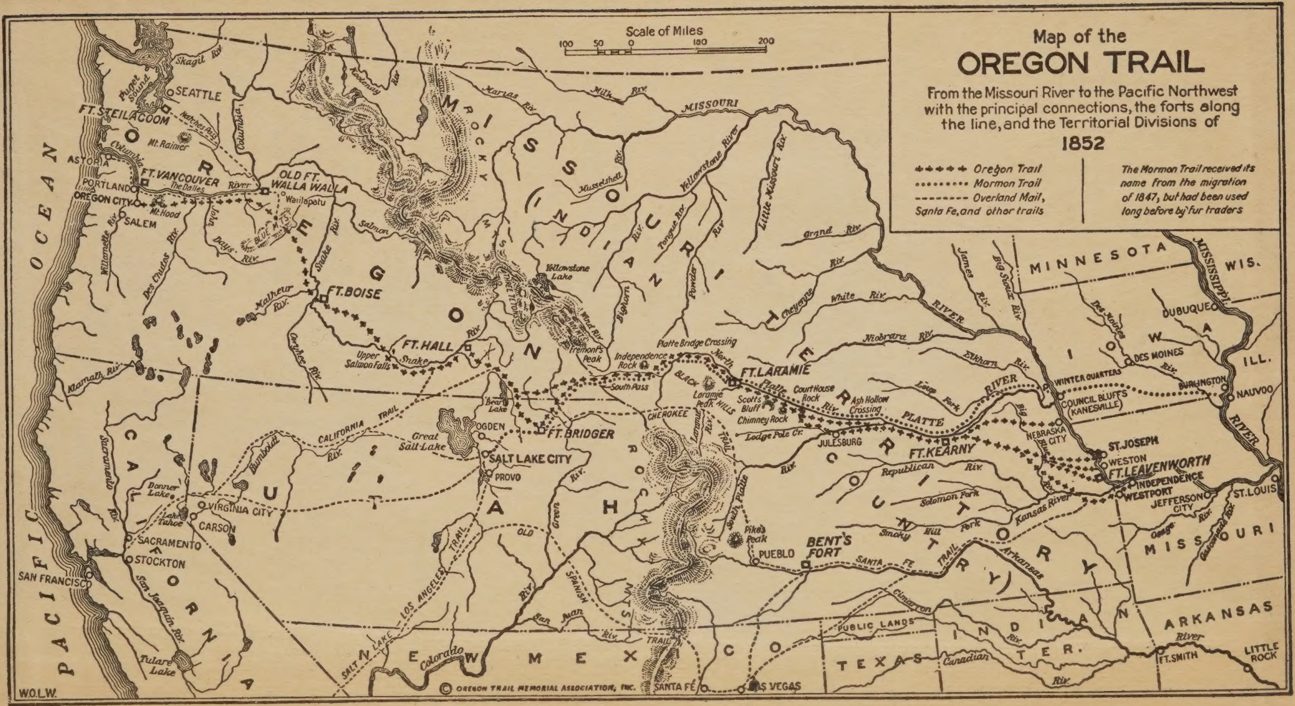
PILGRIM AND PIONEER

JOHN M. CANSE


Map of the
OREGON TRAIL
From the Missouri River to the Pacific Northwest with the principal connections, the forts along the line, and the Territorial Divisions of
1852
Oregon Trail
Mormon Trail
Overland Mail, Santa Fe, and other trails
The Mormon Trail received its name from the migration of 1847, but had been used long before by fur traders
Scale of Miles
100 50 0 100 200
OREGON
MISSOURI (INDIAN TERRITORY)
INDIAN TER.
UTAH
CALIFORNIA
NEW MEXICO
TEXAS
PUBLIC LANDS
MINNESOTA
IOWA
WIS.
ILL.
MISSOURI
ARKANSAS
ROCKY MTS.
PACIFIC OCEAN
FT. STEILACOOM
SEATTLE
Puget Sound
Skagit Riv.
Natches Pass
Mt. Rainier
ASTORIA
Columbia
FT. VANCOUVER
The Dalles
PORTLAND
OREGON CITY
Mt. Hood
SALEM
Willamette Riv.
OLD FT. WALLA WALLA
Waiilatpu
BLUE MTS.
John Days Riv.
Des Chutes Riv.
Malheur Riv.
FT. BOISE
Snake Riv.
Owyhee Riv.
Salmon Riv.
Kootenay Riv.
Marias Riv.
Milk Riv.
MISSOURI
Musselshell Riv.
Yellowstone River
Little Missouri Riv.
Grand Riv.
Tongue Riv.
Powder Riv.
Bighorn
Cheyenne
White Riv.
Niobrara Riv.
Elkhorn Riv.
Loup Fork
James Riv.
Big Sioux Riv.
RIVER
FT. HALL
Upper Salmon Falls
THREE TETONS
Yellowstone Lake
Wind Riv.
WIND RIV. MTS.
Fremont's Peak
Independence Rock
Platte Bridge Crossing
North Platte
South Pass
FT. LARAMIE
BLACK HILLS
Laramie Peak
Scotts Bluff
Chimney Rock
Court House Rock
Ash Hollow Crossing
PLATTE RIVER
Lodge Pole Cr.
JULESBURG
FT. KEARNY
Republican Riv.
Solomon Fork
Smoky Hill Fork
Kansas River
Big Blue Riv.
NEBRASKA CITY
WINTER QUARTERS
COUNCIL BLUFFS (KANESVILLE)
DES MOINES
Des Moines Riv.
DUBUQUE
BURLINGTON
NAUVOO
MISSISSIPPI
ST. JOSEPH
WESTON
FT. LEAVENWORTH
INDEPENDENCE
WESTPORT
JEFFERSON CITY
Osage Riv.
Gasconade Riv.
ST. LOUIS
Bear Lake
OGDEN
FT. BRIDGER
CHEROKEE TRAIL
Laramie Riv.
Great Salt Lake
SALT LAKE CITY
PROVO
CALIFORNIA TRAIL
Humboldt Riv.
Green Riv.
Grand Riv.
South Platte
Pike's Peak
PUEBLO
BENT'S FORT
SANTA FE TRAIL
Arkansas
Cimarron
Canadian Riv.
OLD SPANISH TRAIL
San Juan Riv.
LOS ANGELES TRAIL
SALT LAKE
Colorado
Klamath Riv.
Sacramento Riv.
Donner Lake
Lake Tahoe
VIRGINIA CITY
CARSON
SACRAMENTO
STOCKTON
SAN FRANCISCO
San Joaquin Riv.
Tulare Lake
SANTA FE
LAS VEGAS
FT. SMITH
LITTLE ROCK
Arkansas River
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BLAZING THE TRAIL TO THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

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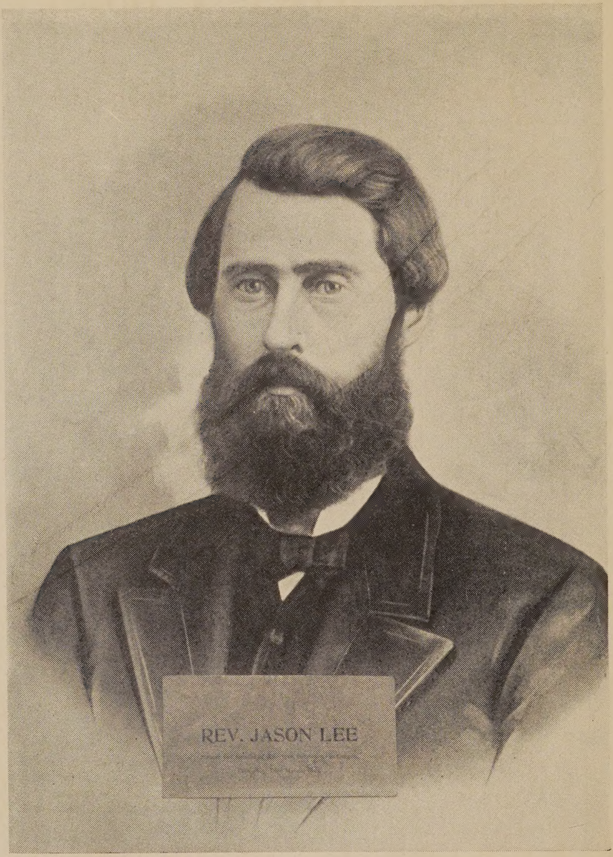
REV. JASON LEE

Jason Lee—Pilgrim and Pioneer

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Pilgrim and Pioneer

Dawn in the Northwest

JOHN M. CANSE

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DEDICATION

TO THE MEMORY OF THE
PILGRIM PIONEERS OF
THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

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BEAUTIFUL WILLAMETTE

From the Cascades' frozen gorges,
  Leaping like a child at play,
Winding, widening through the valley
  Bright Willamette glides away;
    Onward ever,
    Lovely river,
  Softly calling to the sea;
    Time that scars us,
    Maims and mars us,
  Leaves no track or trench on thee.

Spring's green witchery is weaving
  Braid and border for thy side;
Grace forever haunts thy journey,
  Beauty dimples on thy tide;
Through the purple gates of morning,
  Now thy roseate ripples dance,
Golden then, when day, departing,
  On thy waters trails his lance.
    Waltzing, flashing,
    Tinkling, splashing,
  Limpid, volatile and free—
    Always hurried
    To be buried
  In the bitter, mood-mad sea.

—*S. L. Simpson.*

INTRODUCTION

The centennial of Jason Lee's journey to Oregon and his conspicuous labors in laying the foundations of a Christian commonwealth reminds us of the part played by religious forces in the development of American civilization. The settlement of the original thirteen colonies was undertaken by men strongly motivated by Christian principles. The later history of the United States is that of a constantly unfolding frontier. The writer once heard Theodore Roosevelt give a series of lectures on "The Winning of the West." His theme was the settlement of Indiana and Kentucky. So the term "West" has been a moving one. But wherever found, the pioneer preacher, and more especially the Methodist circuit rider, has been a prime factor in its development. It is to be regretted that the American practice of the separation of church and state has led many writers and teachers to divide religion from life. Thus they have secularized the history of the country and have made necessary many separate treatises on the major part played by religion in frontier life. As a matter of fact, the church was one of the earliest institutions to move west and make itself at home in new fields. Moreover, the older churches in States farther east were awake to their obligation, and the arguments for home missions which were written and circulated seventy-five years ago are fully as able and convincing as any produced to-day. In the far West there are three conspicuous examples of settlement in which religion played a more conspicuous part than elsewhere:

Three hundred years ago Roman Catholic priests under the protection of Spain entered the Southwest and founded churches which have had a continuous existence ever since in New Mexico and Arizona and in California for about half that time, starting at San Diego in 1769. Their purpose, however, was solely to evangelize the Indians, and their work had little permanent significance, for that territory came to be settled later by Anglo-Saxons who were primarily Protestant in faith and who determined the type of its civilization.

In July of 1846 the Mormons, under the leadership of Brigham Young, reached Salt Lake after an overland journey of a thousand miles from the Missouri River. They founded an empire which is one of the unique social experiments in history and one which vitally affects a half-dozen commonwealths in the intermountain region to-day. Three years later gold was discovered along the American Fork of the Sacramento River in Alta California. The news spread rapidly and a great migration started for San Francisco or Yerba Buena. Some went around Cape Horn by ship, others by way of the Isthmus of Panama and still others followed what became known as the Overland trail.

By reason of their theological eccentricities and their troubles in Missouri and Illinois, the Mormons attracted public attention from the first. Because of the speculative fever that runs in all men's veins there was much popular interest in California. These facts served to obscure the trickle of population which for a dozen years before the settlement of Utah and fifteen years prior to the discovery of gold in California had been moving slowly to the Northwest along the old Oregon trail. That obscurity has persisted. And yet the movement to Oregon was one of the most significant in American history. It began with Jason Lee in 1834 and he was followed two years later by Marcus Whitman. These men were missionaries, the first in the Willamette Valley of western Oregon, the second in the Walla Walla country of eastern Oregon (Washington), located near the confluence of the Snake and Columbia Rivers. These men, like the Catholic fathers in the Southwest, sought first of all to Christianize the Indians, but in their case also the attempt proved to possess but a temporary character. Colonization by white men and the building of Christian commonwealths are what entitles the missionary pioneers of the Northwest to remembrance.

There has been much controversy about these early enterprises and some assertions have been made which are wide of the mark. It is well, therefore, to have a fresh statement of the matter from the pen of one who has given many years to the study of the subject and who has no presuppositions to deflect his pen from the path of strict impartiality. Dr. John M. Canse, the author of this volume, has been exceptionally fortunate in his access to original sources, some of which have not been in the hands of other writers, and he presents a fresh and fair view of Jason Lee and his associates which will be read with peculiar interest as we approach the one hundredth anniversary of Lee's coming to Oregon.

EDWARD LAIRD MILLS.

Portland, Oregon.

CHAPTER I

RED TRIBES SEEK THE WHITE MAN'S SECRET OF SUCCESS

THE Great Spirit could no longer defer lifting up a standard for his dispersed tribes wandering westward beyond the great stone mountains. He had long since traced his good will in their hearts and showed them the trail to his dwelling place. But red strife had stolen in and closed their hearts to his call. Their moccasined feet had learned the paths of evil, so that every trail had become confused and no equal way was known. Their standard bearers had so often fallen that now the Great Spirit saw each red man's hand lifted against his neighbor and wondered that they had no interceding Chieftain. They could weave but a spider's web and clothe themselves with savage nakedness. Judgment had been turned backward and truth had fallen. The tribes of the Northwest had wandered far and lost the trail to the Great Spirit. Then it was that their Lord saw and sorrowed and sought them. As the ancient tent-dwellers of Western Asia had gathered under the ensigns of commanders who had heard the voice of Jehovah, so now the far Western children were to hear his call and array their tribal families under a better standard.

In all the vast Northwest light had faded from the souls of the red men. The wisest of the Christian teachers sent among them found no real idea of the worship of God. Their light of life was setting and a foreboding night was fast creeping over their crude tepees. At that time of need the Great Chief arose as of old: "He put on righteousness as a breastplate, and an helmet of salvation upon his head; and he put on the garments of vengeance for clothing, and was clad with zeal as a cloak." The miraculous way of his coming is the theme of these pages; how his Macedonian summons caught the ear of Wilbur Fisk, of Jason Lee, of Marcus Whitman, and of their associates—the standard bearers of the new civilization which awaited the mighty region of the mystic Northwest.

When Jason Lee and his colaborers traversed the continent and settled their mission along the Willamette River, it was manifest that the Indians of the entire region had seen better days. A century previously these tribes had been nations, numerous and powerful, as became known by their legends and the evidences that remained to support these traditions. Once Multnomah had been a great tyee of the dominant Willamettes. Under his blood-dripping ensign he had assembled a confederacy unsurpassed in the best days of the six nations of the Northeast, unsurpassed at least when in the iron grasp of this mighty chief. The trails that led from his valley traversed a rich domain larger than that of Rome, and his canoe paths rivaled the Appian Way. The bridge of their gods spanned the sacred Wauna and coupled the mystic mountains. This was their *ta-mah-na-wus.* Their legends strengthened their faith and held together the power of the Willamettes so long as the mountain butments of the bridge should hold. Should it fall, they must be broken and scattered, and they had begun to fear a giving way. Their greatest councils had long assembled on Wapato Island, that entrancing rendezvous at the junction of the Columbia and Willamette Rivers. Here were ample fishing grounds, and the wappatoo grew in profusion, with abundant fur game in the forest. Looking down upon these councils were the five snow-veiled mountains, as star tips of the throne of the Great Spirit. But now their golden age seemed to have passed, the bridge of power and faith had gone down, and the once glorious confederacy had fallen upon itself in snarling serpent scorn of its wriggling parts. The law of the poisoned spear prevailed down through the years to the coming of the missionaries.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were three loose confederacies among the red men of the Pacific Northwest. Of these the Chinooks were the canoe tribes, who hovered along the shores of the sea, paddled up the great river and out on the mighty Puget Sound. The more expert they became with the paddle, the more strangely bent would their legs become. The men went naked, save for a mat-like raincoat curiously woven of rush, or occasionally a panther's skin flung across the shoulders in the more inclement weather. Their squatty copper-tinted bodies shone with the fastidious and ample greasing they received. They had a strange custom of flattening the foreheads of the children, a distinguishing mark of superiority, as the custom did not prevail among the children of subjected tribes. The following description is by one of the missionaries, H. B. Brewer:

"The process of flattening the head of the infant is as follows: Soon after the child is born, a board is prepared of proper length, wider at the head than foot; upon the edge of this board a narrow piece of skin is fastened, with loop-holes at short distances. Upon this board they lay grass, skin or fur. The 'tumchasas,' or cradle, is now complete. Upon this the infant is laid. The mother confines closely its feet, legs, and body, with cords, placing the little arms snugly by its side. A wide strip of skin is placed across the head, and lashed to the board; and the suffering babe is left with the poor privilege of seeing and breathing, if it can. In this position it is kept from twelve to eighteen hours each day during the first year or more. Their eyes are started frightfully from their heads, and multitudes of them die from this cruel process. A few survive, with their heads so exceedingly flattened as nearly to form an edge at the top. The people of these tribes, more especially the chiefs, are very vain of their flat heads."

These Chinooks had come to be the meek children of any favoring chieftain. Those of the regions most directly associated with this narrative, the villages of the lower Columbia River and south of Puget Sound, knew but one mighty ruler —Comcomly, who held sway at the time of the Boston fur industries and the building of Fort Astoria. Many romances cluster about this unique Indian character. In former days, when Multnomah the Great commanded the Northwest, there had been a royal language for all the chiefs and prophets of the confederacy. But with the ruin of the bridge Babel strife broke out unconquerable, and confusion of tongues arose. Eventually a loose common language laden with troublesome gutturals sprang up among the lower Columbia tribes, followed later by a curious fusion with English and French words. Captain Cook, who took from the fur-gathering natives skins of rare value in exchange for gaudy ribbons and glittering beads, added to the sharp bargain the boot of a usable jargon. This proved a valuable invention and was "supplemented later by Vancouver and his men, and spread broadcast by fur dealers and others" (Prof. Edmond S. Meany). It became the vehicle for the dominant Hudson's Bay Fur Company in its growing monopoly. But God works in ambush among Indians, and this new-made language became the conveyance of the Great Spirit in transmitting the Father's will to his benighted red children.

A second confederacy occupied the Cascade Mountains and the region of the middle Columbia. These tribes were more hardy and more to be feared by the whites. Until the great revival at the Dalles, beginning in 1838, there were heavy annual tolls in the sacrifice of adventurers and traders who hazarded the falls—more from the treachery of the Indian keepers of the gateway than the turbulent waters. Foremost among these tribes were the mighty Yakimas, the cunning Klickitats, the slothful Klamaths of the South, and the war-greedy Wascos. Formerly they had been strong allies of Multnomah, but now strife and jealousy wasted them.

Along the upper Columbia and eastward up the plains of its tributaries were the Flatheads proper; the Nez Perces, the Spokanes, the Snakes, the Shoshones, the Walla Wallas. These were predatory bands, who had become bold horsemen. The Chinooks are thought to have come northward along the seacoast. They were weakened by salmon gluttony, but the chase developed these Indians of the plains into skillful buffalo hunters and independent clans, their mounts being procured from the herds of horses roaming at will from Mexico northward. Franchere, the historian of the Astor party, speaks of counting "1,000 to 15,000 in a troop; some had been marked with the hot iron of the Spaniards." Their bits and saddles resembled those of the Spanish. J. G. McTavish, of the Northwestern Company, found among the Spokanes an aged squaw who had seen men plow and who told of churches by imitating the sound of a bell and the pulling of a bell-rope. And she made the sign of the cross. Here none went naked, and the deerskin dresses of the women were kept clean by their favorite laundry method of ample chalking. The unmarried girls were more chaste than those among the lower tribes, and were somewhat reserved in manner. A curious fact is substantiated, that while the men of the salmon tribes were as industrious as abundant game required, the men of the plains were extremely lazy, apart from the chase, and the squaws became the burden-bearers of their nomadic life.

How came these Indians to seek the white man's way of life? Undoubtedly, they first heard of the Book of the Great Spirit through Lewis and Clark, as no trace of gospel teaching antedates that expedition. President Jefferson had given to these intrepid explorers specific instructions to ascertain the moral and spiritual condition of the red men through whose country they should pass. As their interviews with the Indians along the route were friendly—"with the view of establishing equitable and profitable trade with them and to emulate the principles advanced by William Penn" in the inception of his colony—this initial expedition was of value from a missionary aspect. Later the red men heard of the Book through King George's men. In some way they took up the idea of sun worship, not one of their tribal customs. Perhaps it was from seeing white men at prayer, with their hands lifted reverently toward heaven. Their yearly councils were closed with longing for something better than they knew. It is recorded that they said: "If we could find the trail of Lewis and Clark and follow it, we would come to the source of light."

The Hudson's Bay Company, at quaint Fort Vancouver, in 1825, observed the Sabbath and kept the ritualistic service of the established home church in old England. A flag was raised to denote the day of rest and cessation from barter. The simple children of the river bank and the forest came to know it as flag day and the time to call upon the Heavenly Spirit. They revered the day as belonging to Him who made the white man successful, and came to desire his favor.

These King George men had also built forts at Colville, in the Kamiah Valley among the Flatheads and toward the south among the Walla Wallas. To the reverence for flag day was here added the attitude of the better trappers at prayer. The simple natives thought their paleface visitors were lifting their hands to the sun, and in consequence raised a sun pole as an emblem of their desire to know God. Around this sun pole their chiefs and tribesmen gathered in annual council. They mistakenly thought the sun to be the Saviour and began to do it honor.

An independent American trapper, Jedediah Smith, was the first to cut a way across the "Great American Desert," the Sierras, and California, to the Pacific. This was in 1826. Then he trapped northward into Oregon, lost furs to the savage Umpquas, with some associates slain by this blood-thirsty tribe. In 1829 he was in the Walla Walla country. Here he witnessed the spring festivities of the Indians in their sun-pole dances. Now, Jedediah was a Bible man and a devout Smith, a "shouting Methodist." He was famous for exhorting Westerners in religion and undoubtedly told these tribesmen some of the secrets of the Book he carried.

The Columbia was the highway of the traders, and as they tarried among the tribes religion became the topic of jargon conversation. Captain Bonneville seems to have prized such occasions as among the most joyous events of his life. The thirsty red men had begun to drink from the celestial streams and yearned to find headwaters in the mount of God's own dwelling place. They would even go to his sacred abode to find him.

Then came a wonderful thought. They would go for the Book of the Great Spirit. The yearly councils around the sun pole in the land of the Flatheads had taken the form of a crude sun dance, but they longed for some better idea of worship. A feeling had arisen that men would come with the Book and tell them of God. Lewis and Clark had promised and Bonneville and Smith had assured them teachers.

But as councils went by and no messenger came, their wise ones set about to send for the Book. If it tarried, they would seek it. But where?

They should have gone to Montreal, Canada. That was the best-known city. Some of their sons had attended Catholic schools there and had returned with a knowledge of the Christian God. Several Iroquois tribesmen had wandered into their buffalo country, Jesuit priests may have worked along the headwaters of the upper Columbia, and strong Roman Catholic assertions contend that two or more overtures were made by the inquiring Indians, but that there were no missionaries to spare. At least one trip was made by the Flatheads to Saint Louis, asking for instruction, but the bishop had no man he could spare. We may never know the accuracy of this contention, but history will not lose sight of one marvelous expedition of which there is unquestionable evidence.

In the autumn of 1832 four select men from the sun-pole council of the previous year appeared on the streets of the quaint old pioneer settlement, Saint Louis. They were seeking a friend of their fathers, William Clark, who twenty-five years before, with his companion, Meriwether Lewis, had led the first overland expedition to the great Western region. They knew of him now as the Great White Father, as General Clark was at that time Indian agent for the vast regions west of the Mississippi River.

They had come for the Book, though in their racial secretiveness they were slow to divulge their errand. They were courteously received and entertained. They were shown the cathedral, the places of amusement, and of worship, but the Book itself was denied them. In their ignorance they seemed not to know that there was no written word in their language and that no man could read the Bible so that they could understand it. The men of the agency seemed equally ignorant of their longing for the Word of life. General Clark himself, with W. P. Hunt, that great explorer, was a charter member of Christ Church, the Nestor of Western Protestant Episcopal Churches, seemed not to understand the cry of the red men or to know the universal message of the Book for which they longed.

As the Indians tarried, the different life at the agency, with the exertions on the long trail, weakened the older chiefs, and there two of them died.

The best account of these messengers comes to us through Kate D. McBeth, a teacher of the Nez Perces, to whom Elder Billy of the tribe had often told the almost lost story.

History will ever record the trials and hardships of these seekers after the Word, while clever story makers continue to please the sympathetic fancy and road builders long to know the trail traversed by their weary feet.

With broken hearts the two younger heroes set their faces homeward, in grief that the Book could not be carried to their people. As they said farewell, one of them, Hee-oh-ks-te-kin, addressed the men of the agency, his thought and language conveying their bitter disappointment and deep despair. The translation here used is credited to H. H. Spaulding, the missionary of Lapwai. Its accuracy has been questioned, as he is thought to have burnished the original to suit his own zeal and fancy. There are other Indian addresses on record however, that glow with equal imagery and high-sounding phrases. Reference is occasionally made to another typical talk from a Puyallup chief on Puget Sound.

What the departing chief said was, more or less, as follows: "We came to you over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of our fathers who have all gone the long way. We came with our eyes partly opened for more light for our people who sit in darkness. We go back with our eyes closed. How can we go back blind to our blind people? We made our way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands that we might carry back much to them. We go back with empty and broken arms. The two fathers who came with us, the braves of many winters and wars, we leave here asleep by your great wigwam. They were tired in their journey of many moons, and their moccasins were worn out.

"Our people sent us to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took us where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, but the Book was not there. You showed us the images of good spirits, and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell us the way. You made our feet heavy with burdens of gifts, and our moccasins will grow old with carrying them, but the Book is not among them. We are going back the long, sad trail to our people. When we tell them, after one more snow, in the big council, that we did not bring the Book, no words will be spoken by our old men, nor by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. Our people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to our hunting grounds. No white man will go with them, and no Book of Heaven to make the way plain. We have no more words."

At the time there was a man at the agency who was investigating lands proffered by the government in exchange for the home lands of the

Wyandottes of Upper Sandusky, Ohio. This was William Walker, a convert of John Stewart, the Indian-Negro apostle of the Methodist missions. General Clark told him of his strange guests, and Mr. Walker, immediately interested, wrote to the man most likely to show concern, that princely Methodist merchant of New York, G. P. Disosway.

This letter is of exceptional value as the first word ever spoken out of the vast West into the listening ears of God's more enlightened children. Mr. Walker wrote of his landing in Saint Louis after one of the chiefs had died and how he was impressed with them. He said: "Some white man had passed through their country and witnessed their religious ceremonies, which they scrupulously performed at stated periods. He informed them that their mode of worship was radically wrong, and, instead of being acceptable, it was displeasing to the Great Spirit. He also informed them that the white people, away over toward the rising sun, had the true mode of worshiping God, that they had a Book containing directions so that they could hold converse with him, and all who would follow the directions given in this Book would enjoy his favor in this life, and, after death, would be received into the country where the Great Spirit resides and live forever. Upon receiving this information, they called a national council to take the subject into consideration."

As this strange search for the truth is emphasized and also the answer of the missionaries, it is but fair to state that certain recent writers have undertaken to disprove any such quest for the Bible. Clinton A. Snowden, in his *History of Washington,* takes some pains to show, by quoting General Clark and George Catlin, that the Indians made their long journey to ascertain whether "our religion was better than theirs." He states that a fabrication came about nearly fifty years afterward by some who insisted that the Flatheads went to Saint Louis "to ask specifically for the Bible." Mr. Snowden is careful to quote the Walker letter to prove his contention, but seems not to realize that while he quoted one of the sentences about the Book, he omitted many references to it. While it is of primary importance that they went to learn about the secret of the white man's success, it is manifest that this revelation is the Bible. For our purposes we are strictly within the facts and therefore emphasize this wonderful thread of the story.

Further it should be remembered that the Walker letter was the first information published regarding the search for the Book of Heaven. It was not printed first in an Illinois town, as some have said, but in the New York Christian Advocate and Journal.

In the interest of accuracy it seems well to call attention to an often quoted erroneous statement made by the church historian, Dr. H. K. Hines. He says, on page 40 of his *Missionary History:* "Through the instrumentality of Mr. George Catlin, their story was published in the newspapers." While the artist rendered a service in establishing the wonderful romance of the Book and of the awakening Flatheads, it was the Christian Indian missionary, William Walker, then acting as land agent for the government, who, as shown elsewhere, bore the news to the waiting church in the East.

Upon receiving this strange story, Mr. Disosway, the father of Methodist missions, became more than ever enthused and immediately dispatched it to the Christian Advocate and Journal with an entreaty for prompt response. These letters were printed side by side in the issue of March 1, 1833.

This call from the far West was as the audible challenge of God to Wilbur Fisk. Within a week he had addressed the burning message to the entire church to arise in answer to so evident a Macedonian prayer for help.

A GREAT PROCLAMATION

Missionary Intelligence

Hear! Hear!

Who will respond to the call from beyond the Rocky Mountains?

Messrs Editors: The communication of Bro. G. P. Disosway, including one from the Wyandotte agent, on the subject of the deputation of the Flathead Indians to General Clark, has excited in many of this section intense interest.

We are for having a mission established there at once. I have proposed the following plan: Let two suitable men, unencumbered with families, and possessing the spirit of the martyrs, throw themselves into the nation, live with them, learn their language, preach Christ to them, and, as the way opens, introduce schools, agriculture, and the arts of civilized life. The means for these improvements can be introduced through the fur-traders, and by reinforcements with which from time to time we can strengthen the mission.

Money shall be forthcoming. I will be bondsman for the Church. All we want is the men. Who will go? Who? I know one young man who, I think, will go, and of whom I can say, I know of none like him for the enterprise. If he will go (and I have written to him on the subject), we only want another, and the mission will be commenced the coming season. Were I young and unencumbered, how joyfully would I go! But this honor is reserved for another. Bright will be his crown. Glorious his reward.

Affectionately yours,

W. Fisk.

Wesleyan University, March 9, 1833.

Doctor Fisk, then president of Wesleyan University, had recently come from Wilbraham Academy, where he had had as pupil and tutor Jason Lee, the martyr-spirited young man, who was to take the Book to the Flatheads.

CHAPTER II

STANDARD BEARERS ORDERED OUT

A MONTH later the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was in session. It was a day when Bishop Elijah Hedding assigned undershepherds to the folds under his care. He made a startling assignment: "Missionary to the Flathead Indians, Jason Lee." Soon throughout the church was heard, "Who is Jason Lee, and what and where are these Flatheads?"

Successful in securing the appointment of his student, Doctor Fisk did not dismiss the enterprise from his personal responsibility. The records of the Missionary Society show that on March 2, 1833, the secretary, Dr. Nathan Bangs, recorded this great proclamation with an offer to finance the enterprise. Doctor Bangs was directed to confer with the bishops, to open up communication with the Indian agent at Saint Louis and to seek information from any available source.

Bishop John Emory, elected the preceding year, investigated the government records at Washington, but received no encouragement. In fact, Mr. Raub, of the War Department, assured him that no such named tribe appeared on their lists. General Clark, who had passed through the wide Indian lands in that remarkable Lewis and Clark expedition, and was now their chief agent and knew the West, had not informed the department regarding these mysterious Flatheads. But the call for the white man's Book of Heaven was too urgent to be unheeded. It was Macedonian, and a modern Paul had heard the cry for help.

At that time the Indian artist, George Catlin, was attracting attention by his knowledge of Indian traits and lore and his gallery of Indian portraits. Upon being interviewed, he declared that there was no truth in the wild story. With all his intimate knowledge of the Rocky Mountain tribes, there had never been disclosed to him such a queer tale; that at the time the younger chiefs were purported to be wandering homeward along that awful trail, he was in the upper Missouri country studying the habits of the red men and sketching all their types, but that never once had he heard of this search by the far westward tribesmen. Knowing the secretiveness of the Indian, however, the artist was not disposed to ignore the report and asked that he be allowed to withhold a final decision until he could communicate with the Saint Louis agent and learn the exact facts from General Clark himself.

Prompt answer was returned: "It is true; that was the only object of their visit, and it failed," and "many reverend gentlemen gave assurance that the report was well founded." The artist was convinced of his error and later learned that he had actually painted the portraits of the two returning warriors, having been closely associated with them for some time studying their habits and dispositions. Their clothes had worn out during the long pilgrimage and the sympathetic Sioux had fitted them out with the characteristic garb of that tribe, as they had also aided the four while en route to see the great white friend at Saint Louis.

The notes and portraits of *The North American Indians,* by George Catlin, as published in Edinburgh, contain the pictures of the two young chiefs and the following definite statements: "Hee-oh-ks-te-kin (the rabbit skin leggins) and H'co-a-h-co-ah-cotes-min (no horns on his head) are young men of this tribe. These two young men, when I painted them, were in beautiful Sioux dresses, which had been presented to them by the Sioux, who had treated them very kindly while passing through the Sioux country. These two young men were a part of a delegation that came across the Rocky Mountains to Saint Louis, a few years since, to inquire for the truth of a representation which they said some white man had made amongst them, 'that our religion was better than theirs.' Two old and venerable men of this party died at Saint Louis, and I traveled two thousand miles, companion of these two young fellows, toward their own country, and became much pleased with their manner and dispositions. The last mentioned of the two died near the mouth of the Yellow Stone River on his way home, and the other one, I have since learned, arrived safely amongst his friends."

From these circumstances two radical errors could have been perpetuated but for the urgent search of the Methodist missionary enthusiasts under a favoring Providence. These were the queer error of Mr. Catlin and the insistent attitude of Catholic authorities that the inquiring chiefs were Sioux.

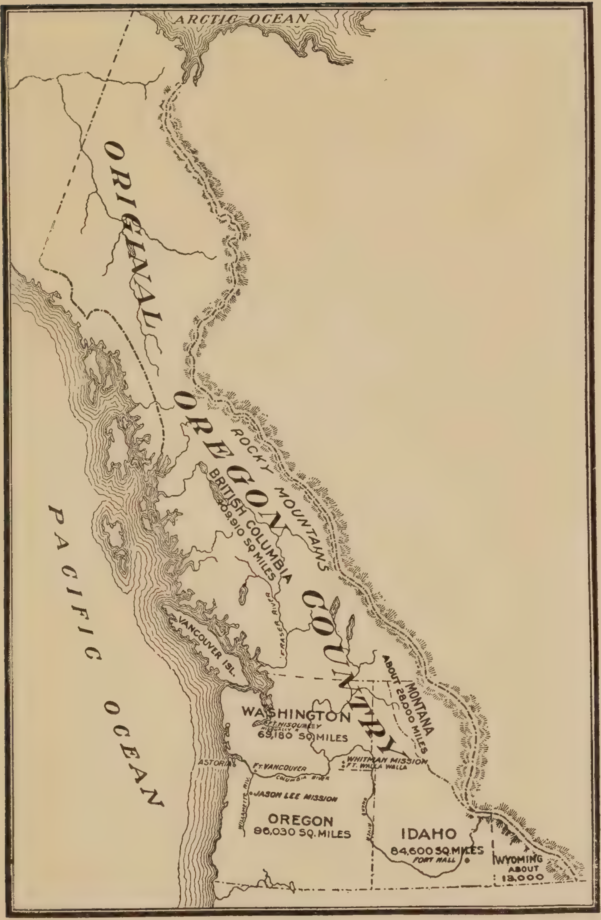
About the time of the appointment of our missionary colonizer, a valuable communication came from E. W. Sehon, of Saint Louis, published in New York, May 10, within a month of the action of the board. Another confirmatory letter was received from A. McAllister and an article was published from a letter of William Walker, the inspirational missionary. The Sehon letter contained the following information corroborating the earlier stories:

"General Clark informed me that the publication which appeared in the Advocate was correct, and that the cause of the visit of the Indians was: Two of their number had received an education at some Jesuitical school in Montreal, Canada, and had returned to the tribe and endeavored, so far as possible, to instruct their brethren how the whites approached the Great Spirit."

But when they sought knowledge of the Word and its interpreter, they were not directed to the Jesuits of Montreal, but to old Saint Louis, thence to one who had labored among the Indians in and around Montreal—Jason Lee, the Protestant apostle to the farthest Western tribes.

The Indian missions of that day were known as aboriginal. There were also the domestic missions, or "ordinary new circuits," receiving support from the missionary fund; the foreign, where Melville Cox had begun his labors; and the African, embracing the colored people in and around Nashville.

The record of the Indian membership of the church opened in 1828 with 523 and closed with a gain of only 15, while the following year recorded 2,250 aboriginal communicants—a rare gain of over 4 to 1. The next year saw a gain of 2 to 1, bringing the total up to 4,501, but, as the records were counted at the close of 1831, there could be found a gain of but 292, and the following year there came a loss of nearly one half. This depletion was due to Indian troubles and the removal of certain tribes west of the Mississippi River; also to the transfer of the natives in Canada to the Wesleyan Society. This was a trying blow to the aboriginal missions, in the loss of fertile fields and also the shaking of confidence in their white guardians. However, the activities of consecrated missionaries to the tribes of the Great Lakes region had resulted in calling several


ARCTIC OCEAN
ORIGINAL OREGON COUNTRY
ROCKY MOUNTAINS
BRITISH COLUMBIA
209,910 SQ. MILES
FRASER RIVER
VANCOUVER ISL.
PACIFIC OCEAN
MONTANA
ABOUT 28,000 MILES
WASHINGTON
FT. NISQUALLY
NISQUALLY R.
69,180 SQ. MILES
WHITMAN MISSION
FT. WALLA WALLA
ASTORIA
FT. VANCOUVER
COLUMBIA RIVER
WILLAMETTE RIV.
JASON LEE MISSION
OREGON
96,030 SQ. MILES
SNAKE
IDAHO
84,600 SQ. MILES
FORT HALL
WYOMING
ABOUT
13,000

Pacific Northwest, Oregon, With States as Later Created

exceptional converts to become heralds among their own people. Great revivals arose in the Northwest Territory, with such stalwarts as John Clark, as had been John Stewart, of the Wyandotte mission.

The council meeting of the Flatheads, far up along the headwaters of the Columbia River, beyond the Rockies, which resulted in sending for the Light of Life, occurred in the spring of 1832. It was at the General Conference in session in Baltimore that same spring that legislation was written into the laws of the church enabling her men of evangelism to initiate such a movement as this unprecedented Flathead mission. Evidently, the hand of God touched the pen of his deputies and provided for this appointment made by Bishop Hedding.

The life story of this original missionary among the Oregon tribes is becoming better known in the light of his strategic influence in founding potential colonies.

The ancestry of Jason Lee was Puritan. When Thomas Hooker established Newtown, Cambridge, in 1634, for the Massachusetts Bay Company, he included John Lee in his roster of fifty-four devout settlers. This lover of liberty was the earliest American progenitor of our missionary colonizer. He was present at the founding of the city of Hartford, Connecticut, the following year, and later was one of eighty-five who purchased from the Indians a tract of land in the

Connecticut valley comprising one hundred and twenty-five square miles. For a century and a half his descendants shared in every colonial struggle, civil and religious, down to the War for Independence. In the lineage of his youngest daughter, Tabitha, were the famous scout of Washington, Nathan Hale, and the illustrious minister, Edward Everett Hale. At the outbreak of the Revolution, Daniel Lee, the father of Jason, was living at Willington and promptly responded as a Minute Man at the first alarm at Lexington. He served at the siege of Boston and fought in the campaigns in the Jerseys and New York. The mother of Jason Lee, Sarah Whitaker, was also born in the wilderness of Connecticut. When she was a babe, a great bear stalked into the cabin bent on mischief, but was intercepted by her father, who was unarmed, and bruin was driven to the forest and shot. After fifteen years of pioneer homemaking, the Lees removed to Rutland in the Green Mountain State, when but a regiment of people had settled there as on picket duty. In the exuberance of new-gotten liberty, with others seeking wider opportunities, they pushed still farther north into the dense uninhabited forests at the east of Lake Memphremagog and began their permanent home on four hundred virgin acres. Here a family of fifteen children was raised, the youngest being christened Jason. The father was converted when fifty years old, and after two years of pious living was called from pioneer privations to the rest above. The devoted Methodist mother now proved the heroine in personal sacrifice, and with the aid of the unseen Friend of the widow raised her brood with discretion.

Jason Lee was born June 28, 1803, the centennial of the birth of John Wesley. A discrepancy of a day has been frequently made, and even appears on the tombstone, but this date is given repeatedly in Lee's own *Journal.* It was the year of the purchase of Louisiana and President Jefferson's advocacy of a continent-spanning expedition to spy out this river of the West before the British should gain control.

From the first American ancestor the family of Jason Lee the puritan. His father was a fighting colonist and in 1818 became a United States pensioner. The boundary line had not been established at the time the settlement was begun on Lake Memphremagog, nor was it conclusively surveyed until 1842. The land was then a trackless forest but for Indian trails. The county of Stanstead was of later date, and upon the Lee homestead has come Rock Island, just north of the Canadian line, while Derby line, the southern part of a continuous town, is in the United States. The colonial patriot, Daniel Lee, calculated well for his homestead and missed the future international line but a stone's throw. He and all his house were loyal Americans.

Meager educational opportunities were afforded the youth of those days, and Jason was soon struggling for independence of thought. After lumbering in the Northern pineries, he went home during a sweeping revival of religion and at the age of twenty-three he turned to God with his associates. In the transformation that came to Jason Lee there was a call to minister, which led him to seek opportunity to equip himself. In 1828 he entered old Wilbraham Academy. By diligent study he soon became a recognized leader and Doctor Fisk made him tutor of a class of seniors seeking instruction in the higher life. His most intimate friend at school was Osmon C. Baker, who later became a bishop. Together they planned to dedicate their lives to missionary work. They talked of heathen lands, including the distant Oregon Indians. In after years his friend wrote this tribute: "Jason Lee was an athletic young man, six feet and three inches in height, with a fully developed frame and a constitution of iron. His piety was deep and uniform, and his life, in a very uncommon degree pure and exemplary. In those days of extensive and powerful revivals of religion I used to observe with what confidence and satisfaction seekers of religion would place themselves under his instruction. They regarded him as a righteous man, whose prayers availed much; and when there were indications that the Holy Spirit was moving on the heart of a sinner within the circle of his acquaintance, his warm Christian heart would incite him to constant labor, until deliverance would be proclaimed to the captive."

Upon leaving Wilbraham he began teaching in the Stanstead Academy, but the call to evangelize savage tribes continued on his soul and he wrote his friend Baker in March, 1831, as follows: "I have not forgotten the red men of the West, though I am not yet among them. Oh! that I had someone like yourself to go with me and help me in the arduous work, with whom I could hold sweet converse! Or could I be assured that I should, in a few years, embrace you in the wilds and have you for a companion as long as the good Lord should have need of us in the forests, I could cheerfully forego all the pleasures I receive from the society of friends here, tear myself from the embrace of my nearest and dearest relative and go (as John before our Lord) and prepare the way before you. But I am building castles in the air. No! No! That I fear can never be. Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done."

Presently he turned to the active ministry and preached in his native town and vicinity under the direction of the Wesleyan Church. But the call of the red men was upon his soul and he offered himself as a missionary to the tribes in western Canada. He had taken the Book of Heaven to their tepees and caught the passion of their awakening spirits. In many a logging camp and while piloting rafts down the streams to Montreal, in school and camp and tepee he had come to know the universal heart in its outreach for the Word of eternal life. Richard Watson, secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society of London, dying suddenly in 1833, left the application of Jason Lee still pending.

In the midst of this uncertainty, the call of God, as voiced by Wilbur Fisk for a new-formed mission, was received and promptly heeded. Lee was admitted into the membership of the New England Conference, being ordained both deacon and elder, and then appointed missionary to the Flathead Indians.

A militant church will not loiter, nor can its commissioned officers tarry for a convenient day. Speedy preparations were made, and in midsummer he bade adieu to his home friends. On a flyleaf of his precious diary he wrote, "Left Stanstead, L. C., August 19, 1833." His last sermon at old Stanstead, before reporting for his long expedition, was at the home of a neighbor, an old-time Baptist deacon, whose ample kitchen was more commodious than the village schoolhouse, and this made his home a sanctuary. His daughter was a young girl then, the schoolmate of the children of half a dozen Lee families. After she had grown old and had moved to the far West the author had the good fortune to meet her and hear her own story of that occasion. Her impressions remained keen of how the model of the neighborhood appeared and she spoke readily of that far-away and prophetic day. She saw that night, from the glow of the ample fireplace, the hero of the occasion silhouetted on the kitchen wall. She remembered well how tall and strong he appeared, how thin and rustic, not handsome, but of rugged features, Lincolnlike, erect and with open countenance, bright blue eyes and light complexion. His comrades knew him as their champion and in possession of superior vigor and a digestion that could subsist on any diet. A sweetheart was there, and weeping, but as she soon turned to another, our aged informant declared her unworthy of such a sacrificial mission. He spoke like an educated man, with clear voice, without notes, in forceful argument and with no trace of the common clerical cant with its high nasal tones. She recalled the text and the gist of the sermon, as he told of Peter preaching in the house of Cornelius, saying of each: "He did not have to wait for the people; the people were waiting for him." While he yet spoke, "the Holy Spirit fell on all who heard the word."

As companion in travel and labor, a nephew, Daniel Lee, was selected. He had traveled two years in the New Hampshire Conference. Together they held meetings in the interest of the Flathead Mission and aroused great enthusiasm and generosity. On the sixteenth of October they met the directors in New York to make their final preparations. An appropriation of $3,000 was soon made for the mission equipment, and the Lees began to set their faces resolutely toward the setting sun, the Book in hand, to usher in a brighter dawn. A farewell service took place in Forsyth Street Church on the twentieth of November. Doctor Bangs delivered a thrilling address, as did also Doctor McAuley, of the American Board.

But now encouragement set in from another source. Men who dreamed of fur and farm greatness in the mystic land of the far-away Western river were stirring up Boston merchants. Hall J. Kelley, the Yankee enthusiast, took up the missionary note to enforce his slogan of trade and published the call and need of immediate action by some church and the federal government. Captain Wyeth had just returned from his venture of 1832 and was already publishing his intention to equip a larger company to depart overland for Oregon the following spring. Jason Lee sought him at his Cambridge home and arranged to accompany the expedition. Captain Wyeth had brought two native sons from the far West; one a half-breed of fourteen years, and the other an Indian youth of twenty. In old Bromfield Church was held a spectacular meeting, where Wyeth and his Indians took part. Lee spoke of his yearning hopes and Wilbur Fisk preached an enthusiastic Macedonian sermon. Churches that had grown drowsy on the call of the red men were now awakened to liberal giving. Various men of affairs loaned their influence and the federal government gave its protective passports and patronage. The heralds of the Word were fully convinced that the Holy Spirit would lead them to the far-away land of his spirit worshipers. The church with prayerful eyes and a promise of adequate support watched the outgoing of her first missionary colonizers.

Still other testimony came in to confirm the decision to go to the Flatheads. One of the best men of the original Wyeth party, John Ball, had just returned to the States with fine first-hand knowledge. He had tarried at Fort Vancouver when his comrades left, and taught the children of the Hudson's Bay Company and the half-breeds. In the spring of 1833 he went up the Willamette Valley and planted a field of wheat a little above Camp de Sable. It yielded bountifully and was the first American-grown harvest in the vast Oregon country. His enthusiastic letters were published extensively. This was the year the penny paper was begun in America. Many graphic accounts of the Oregon opportunity for settlers and the need of missionaries were given wide circulation.

Christmas, 1833, brought much financial support for the needs of the long journey. Daniel Lee wrote: "January 29, 1834, Mr. Jason Lee, having returned from Boston, we went to the south, holding meetings for the benefit of the mission, in Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore and several other places, with very encouraging results."

A letter written by Jason Lee and addressed February 8, from Philadelphia, told of "a liberal offering and the strongly indicated providence of God, that has marked the development of the missionary enterprise from its commencement." During this year Pennsylvania, the State through which they began journeying westward, established its system of free public schools. On arriving at Pittsburgh, our missionary was joined by Cyrus Shepard, a schoolman of ability from Lynn, Massachusetts. He had been selected as teacher of the Indian children of the Flathead Mission, and was ever a true instructor and a devout Christian. On the eleventh of March a great crowd gathered in this Western manufacturing city and gave enthusiastic support. Together Lee and Shepard took passage down the Ohio, whose snags and shoals tested the new river craft "Freedom."

They arrived at Louisville on the first anniversary of the challenge of Fisk, and Samuel Dickinson wrote of a great meeting. Daniel Lee did not join them at Cincinnati, as some have asserted, but at Saint Louis, according to his own account, "arriving in the early part of April, a few days later" than Jason Lee and Cyrus Shepard. The occasion of this delay was his ordination as elder at Alexandria during the session of the Baltimore Conference. He had been preaching for two years and now turned toward the Flatheads, being commissioned as associate to his uncle. And now the missionaries were together in this quaint old place. Here Jesse Walker had made active Christianity to thrive. The Missouri Conference was organized in 1816 without a boundary on the west, "but including the last Methodist cabin toward the setting sun."

We would have inadequate accounts of the entrance of these gospel heralds into this most westerly town but for the pen of E. W. Sehon, who wrote about the sad-faced ambassadors of the red men and the marked interest aroused in Saint Louis. A large audience heard the missionaries. It was significant that prayer should be offered by the rector of the local Episcopal church. Why was he not directed to answer the cry of the Flatheads? Some stress may be placed upon the assertion that the great Indian agent suggested that the Methodists undertake the mission of the Book of Heaven, being better spirited than were the clergy of his own church. The resident Presbyterian minister eloquently reviewed the coming of the four Indians two years before and the Rev. John Mitchell, of our Illinois Conference, offered the prayer. A local preacher by the name of J. Taber was made correspondent for this way station.

CHAPTER III

BEYOND CIVILIZATION

THE Road to Oregon has become a famous path into the Northwest empire. Its makers did not survey by any modern highway methods. Many scouts and adventurers contributed their heroic parts in blazing it. It was probably the tenth of April, 1830, when the first wagon train left old Saint Louis for the Rocky Mountain region. It arrived at the rendezvous in July, with ten mule-motored covered wagons carrying the stock and luggage of western trade. There was no idea of pioneering to settle a new country and these mountain men did not then go beyond the great stone divide. However, their covered wagons were the first to sound the weird chorus the first half of the trail we are here helping to commemorate.

Attention should be called to the three venturesome fur-traders who organized this initial party, after buying the extensive trading business controlled by General W. H. Ashley. They included William Sublette, who became the friend in need to many a westward traveler, and Jedediah S. Smith, the Bible-carrying trader, mentioned elsewhere, who braved every sort of savage of the wild West and carved his good name through California and the trapping regions of the Northwest. This famous undertaking was scarcely over when the pioneers of our missionary party began to assemble the trappings for their trek into an unknown country. Only inspiration to do some heroic thing could induce even the bravest of men to venture so far into the unknown.

"Sunday, April 20, 1834, arrived at Liberty, Missouri, on my way to the Flathead Indians." Such was the graphic sentence with which Jason Lee opened his historic *Journal*. This precious leather bound notebook must ever be kept sacred to the memory of that heroic herald who sought to find the red men, who were anxious for the bread of life.

The two Lees had ridden horseback across the State of Missouri, with several testing experiences. The same path was followed by two scientists destined to take prominent places in the expedition—Professor John K. Townsend, of the Academy of Natural Science, Philadelphia, in quest of new Western zoological species, and Dr. Thomas Nuttall, the famous botanist. Leaving the quaint French town of Saint Louis, the travelers crossed the Missouri River at Saint Charles, using a ferryboat drawn by horses. Here and there were the nestlings of villages that have now become pretentious cities. Whoever lodged in their hostelries in those early days needed to be impervious to liquor and to lice. There was the pretty town of Fulton, named in honor of the recent inventor of the steamboat. Professor Townsend told of seeing "the villagers in their holiday clothes parading along to church," while the ringing bell and his Sunday meditation gave rise to many emotions. The scenes of childhood had been left behind, and westward stretched a vast land of wild scenes and wilder men. Soon they rode through the crossroads town of Columbia, the future seat of a great school, and later came to the picturesque lodge of the Boones.

The equipment for this trail-blazing tour had been selected in Saint Louis, and placed on board a river steamboat for the rendezvous at Independence. This was only three years after the first steamer had hazarded the snags of the Missouri River, and Cyrus Shepard, who took charge of the mission cargo, encountered numerous perils. Steamboating was so young then that seven miles an hour was fine going. The two hundred miles by boat was no more speedy than the cross-country journey of the horsemen.

In two days the missionaries crossed over into Independence, on the south bank of the river, and came to the point of divergence. From this point two great trails stretched across the unknown lands toward the setting sun, the Santa Fe Trail to wind southward, and our assembling caravan to blaze forever the more northerly highway, the Oregon Trail.

Already Independence had become a town of half a hundred houses, low log huts with clay chimneys, scattered about a beautiful site. Here were many fur traders and mountain trappers, come to barter, and soon to set off again on their perilous ventures; and here they found Shepard awaiting them with the trappings. Camp was made in the tent purchased for the long journey and they had a comfortable night. Lee wrote, "Felt thankful that we had arrived safe without accident to the place where we were to prepare for our overland trip."

Professor Townsend in his comprehensive diary of this remarkable overcontinent expedition, includes this graphic paragraph: "Five missionaries, who intend to travel under our escort, have also just arrived. The principal of these is a Mr. Jason Lee (a tall and powerful man, who looks as though he were well calculated to buffet difficulties in a wild country), his nephew, Mr. Daniel Lee, and three younger men of respectable standing in society, who have arrayed themselves under the missionary banner."

This hustling frontier town had just encountered a strange fanaticism. The Mormons who had begun to gather there the year before had already become arrogant. The self-respecting townsmen had recently arisen in desperation and ejected them northward across the river. These undaunted followers of the prophet took refuge in Liberty. A state of constant and feverish alarm prevailed and the gathering bands of the expedition put out sentries, while the inhabitants kept on guard and had their volunteer troops studying tactics for a possible conflict. The task of equipping the saddles was much delayed as the little saddler of the company forsook his bench for the militia.

Within a week, by arduous labor on "the rigging and packs and the packsaddles," the missionaries had everything in readiness, with ample provisions for the journey.

The rugged outfit included leather pantaloons, enormous overcoats made of green blankets, and white wool hats with round crowns that fitted tightly over the head and with a five-inch brim, tough enough to almost turn a poison-tipped arrow. Each man was armed with a rifle, and a powderhorn, with a pouch for bullets, hung at his side, buckled securely by a belt about his body. A leather scabbard encasing its savage scalping knife was kept within instant reach. The missionary band had a good mount apiece and four pack horses. They also had several cows, two of which made the entire trip to Oregon. It was a great comfort to have milk to use during the six months journey.

On April 28, at ten o'clock in the morning, the curious caravan got under way. There were about seventy men and two hundred and fifty horses and mules. Captain Wyeth led the spirited cavalcade with Milton Sublette at his side. The Captain had been over the trail two years previously and Sublette was a veteran trapper thoroughly conversant with the natives and the vast wild land through which the course ran to the Rockies. At their side came the men of science setting out on research in the interest of learning, with others following in double file, each leading two heavily laden pack horses. Captain Thing, as assistant to the sponsor of the party, brought up the rear. The five missionaries rode along the flanks with their freight horses and several horned cattle. Every man of the company shared in the enthusiasm that electrified the grotesque line of march, so many times to be sadly demoralized.

While the party was getting its pace and a better acquaintance with each other for the tedious trip, Jason Lee returned to the settlement to attend to belated business matters. Much detail required his personal attention. He dined with a local preacher, a Brother Ferrel, and then "rode into camp at dusk, thankful that we were on our way to the farthest West."

After that first night, camped in the open, they turned their faces in a resolute march toward the Rocky Mountains. The trail led from Independence westward along the south bank of the Kaw, now Kansas, River which was crossed near the present site of Topeka, then up the Big Blue, then along the Little Blue, and across the country to the rolling Platte, a little below Grand Island, Nebraska. In those days these vast stretches of prairie lands were the familiar haunts of various

Indian tribes, with but here and there a venturesome settler, struggling to establish a home.

On the second day of the march Jason Lee, accompanied by Mr. Edwards, made a detour to inspect the mission that had been established among the Shawnees. The best account of this enterprise is found in the history of the great missionary secretary, Nathan Bangs: "Acting under a sacred impulse, an effort was made this year (1830) to introduce the gospel among the Shawnee and Kanzas Indians, and the Rev. Thomas Johnson was sent to the former and the Rev. William Johnson to the latter tribe. These Indians inhabited the western part of the State of Missouri, and the missions were therefore undertaken by the Missouri Conference. The Shawnees, especially, were found to be of a docile and tractable disposition; they had commenced the cultivation of the soil and manifested a great desire to be taught in religion, in literature, and the arts of civil and domestic life."

This four-year-old enterprise was carefully studied by Lee, who paid over to the local superintendent money he had brought from the Missionary Society. A beef cow was bought, and they set out to rejoin the party, but were unable to cover the distance by nightfall, thereby escaping a terrific storm of rain and hail that deluged the camp.

The routine of camp life included several exciting features that became more or less monotonous, yet were always of vital significance. The camp would take form around several fires; eight men to a mess, having one tent, a cooking outfit and a cook. With the approach of sunset a circle or a hollow square was formed, the tents were pitched, and the horses securely staked within the camp for grazing through the night. There were none of the prairie schooners that later served as barricades in perilous times among unfriendly Indians. A guard was always set, consisting of six or eight men for each of the three night watches. In this way every man was on duty on alternate nights during some watch. Each passing hour was called through the camp and every fifteen minutes, when quiet reigned, the assuring "All's well" was heard. Many a dread calamity was averted by this rigid surveillance, in the midst of stealthy red men, prowling beasts of the wilds, and all sorts of storms. The missionaries were among the most dependable of guards, as subsequent events will indicate.

As the journey on Mayday closed and the travelers were about to form camp they discovered some families of the Kaw tribe in a copse near by, with some six lodges of their peculiar type. The Indians soon came swarming around begging something to eat. The children and squaws were miserable-looking creatures. It was soon found, however, that they had no need of charity, but "had rather beg than eat their own." A significant line written at this time is found in Lee's *Journal:* "Brother Shepard remarked that he never before felt half so much like trying to benefit the Indians," but this impression was not shared by the scientists. Professor Townsend himself tells of some squalid Sauks they met just out from Saint Louis, who were negotiating for the exchange of their lands. The effect upon him was that of "the attraction of repulsion." This contrast will frequently appear throughout the long trek through Indian lands; the heralds of the Book yearned for the uplift of the natives, while others sought mainly to escape their poisoned arrows or to profit by unequal barter. The following day was spent in trading with the Kaws, who greedily took trinkets for buffalo robes and mat rushes, which they called apishemeaus. None but the chief could smoke the pipe, using lanikanik, a mixture of poke leaves and tobacco. This plains tribe shaved the forehead, leaving a scalping tuft and a ridge running back to form the plaited queue which hung down the back. Some of their tribe had suffered dreadfully from the Blackfeet and they sought to dissuade the party from the mountain enterprise.

On the third day of May, just before noon, the Lees leading the procession, they were brought up suddenly by the sight of Indians and a village of wigwams on the bank of the turbid Kansas. These were finely formed, high-browed Kaws coming from the Indian Agency. They scurried across the river in a flat-boat and thronged the caravan so closely that the men soon found it wise to watch against petty pilfering. This visitation was exceedingly exasperating to Captain Wyeth's party, as he was a strict disciplinarian and did not allow his men to give occasion for misunderstanding with the natives through whose lands they passed. Many precious lives have been sacrificed for lack of similar caution.

The missionaries, however, found this a providential schooling for their divine task. They studied the formation of the lodges, which were made of saplings secured in the ground and tied together at the top, then covered with bark and buffalo skins. A considerable village stretched along both sides of the river. Another day was spent in bartering. Lee was not free enough in trading bacon for halter ropes or hides, and most of the precious smoked meat was stolen that night from the mission baggage. A few days later, having started by a northwest by west course, the caravan was violently stopped by other tribesmen, insisting on bartering their corn and moccasins. Here the wigwams were made longer, with a firm ridge-pole and strong timbers to stand the storms. They were the more permanent abodes of these nomad wanderers.

Here one of the beef cows was lost while trying to swim the river. Some appetizing cat fish were caught and with the toothsome antelope and wild chickens by the dozen there was variety in the mess of the ravenous men. Dotting the valleys, where abundance of corn and potatoes grew, were the occasional frame houses of the few white settlers. What a magic land it was, then outside the sisterhood of States in that vast Louisiana territory, soon to become the geographic center of the nation.

A regrettable loss came on the 8th of May, the party being without the guidance of Milton Sublette, who had returned to Independence. No man knew the way, or the habits of the Indians, as well as did he. However, progress was made at the usual rate of twenty miles a day, trudging with the heavy loads through the suffocating heat. But when the Big Vermillion country was reached they wandered off their trail and crossed the five-day-old path of a Pawnee war party on their way to the Black Hills, seeking vengeance on the hated Blackfeet. The Pawnees were of a quarrelsome disposition and were to be avoided. At this anxious time three of the men deserted the company and sought some easier ventures, each taking with him a company rifle. With all the ill fortunes of the day the missionaries alone seemed to remember that it was the Sabbath. An entry tells the story: "This has been spent in a manner not at all congenial with my wishes. Traveling, laboring to take care of the animals by all, and cursing and shooting by the company. Read some of the Psalms and thought truly my feeling in some manner accorded with David's when he longed so much for the house of God.

But still, we find a few moments to call our little family together and commend ourselves to God."

A few days later while the hobbles were being mended, word came in that two cows were lost. One of them belonged to the missionaries, and Lee hurried off in hot pursuit without telescope or compass. After a trying search he found the runaways, but became bewildered in the bewitching country. Spying two mounted men in pursuit and thinking they must be the dreaded Pawnees, he stopped to milk one of the cows, that he might please the supposed enemies by offering them a refreshing drink. Presently three more men were seen advancing who also seemed to be red skins bent on mischief, but all proved to be of their own party, their circuitous courses having providentially brought them together. The *Journal* records their gratitude: "How marvelous are the ways of Providence, and how thankful ought we to be for all his mercy! O Lord God, write laws of gratitude on our hearts and may we love thee with our whole soul. Amen and amen."

During this day the scouts reported that they had found a white man's trail which they believed to be that of William Sublette, who was known to be close behind. He was evidently trying to be the first to reach the summer rendezvous and thus have superior advantages of the early trade. That night about ten o'clock the horses ran away, greatly excited, dragging their hobbles.

Professor Townsend, who was on guard, declared they were driven away by Otto Indians, some of whom came in at breakfast time pretending great friendliness.

The clattering hoofs of the horses sounded like thunder in the still night; half the tents were torn down, and it was pitch dark. "Twenty men were immediately dispatched to scour the country. The party was headed by Jason Lee, our missionary, who with his usual promptitude volunteered his services; and they returned early this morning bringing nearly sixty horses." (Townsend.)

The country traversed from the Kansas to the Platte was then, as now, a beautiful land, with rolling prairie and wooded waterways dotted with oak and cottonwood. The famous Platte was reached on the morning of May 17, thirteen days out from the Kansas River. The way led along the south side of this shallow, spreading stream with its bed of shifting sand. The next day was Sunday. A heavy rain dampened the boisterous spirits of the careless and turned the more devout to meditation. But orders were passed out for a double-quick march, as word had come that a war party of fifteen hundred Grand Pawnees had been seen thirty miles below. Presently a gaudily decked guard galloped into camp. The captain gave them an evasive answer as to his mission and when the horsemen had disappeared, the company broke camp and urged their horses into a brisk trot, without slacking until midnight. Halt was made on the river bank for a hasty meal and three hours of rest; then all were off with steady travel all day long, and thereby a safe clearance was made of the much dreaded warriors of the plains.

CHAPTER IV

THE TRAIL TO THE DIVIDE

AFTER six days' journey of twenty miles each, they came to the lower ford of the South Fork, some eight miles above the junction of the river. Here they crossed on the 24th. It should be borne in mind that this party did not cross to the north side at Kearney, as the later trains did. Even here the river was a mile wide, but so shallow and turbid that when the wind blew it had the appearance of sand. This beautiful country was crossed in a northwesterly course, and in a few hours the North Fork of the Platte was forded at what is now called Ash Creek. The route followed up the North Fork for over a fortnight, up to the base of the Rocky Mountains. The Black Hills lifted their heads on the right as they began to ascend this stream. The aspect of the country became wholly different; instead of green pastures were arid sand wastes with no vegetation fit for forage, and myriads of black gnats filled the air. Captain Wyeth was so poisoned by these pests that he was blind for two days. The first refreshing spring was found on the last Sunday of May, also a picturesque ravine spanned by a curious natural bridge.

Lee's mind turned anxiously to the far-away sanctuary. He longed exceedingly for some house of worship, but instead of listening to the word of life he was doomed to labor on and hear cursing and shooting. He wrote: "I feel a lack in my own mind, a want of a closer walk with Him whom my soul loveth; a more free and constant communion with the Author of all happiness. O Lord, my God, make me spiritually minded, which is life and peace."

The several diaries of this wonderful expedition disclose the readiness of the five mission men to bear hardship. Jason Lee was on the two-o'clock guard on the coldest night of the season, and his nephew was one of the hunters to return the following day after a fruitful search for buffalo. While they had enough food for themselves as long as the corn, flour, and milk held out, they shared with the others the necessities of the chase for food. Late in May they dined nearly opposite the "Chimney," a quaint formation which they judged to be over one hundred and fifty feet high, and which Samuel Parker later likened to Beacon Hill in Boston. On the next day they reached Scott's Bluff, where a few buffalo were secured for meat. Here the scenes began to change and brighter prospects awaited them. Lee gratefully wrote: "Thus the hand of Providence supplies us daily food and gives health to enjoy it." Every variety of birds and game appeared and the naturalists were almost ecstatic over the lovely wild blossoms; even the men devoid of a sense of the æsthetic exclaimed, "Beautiful! Beautiful!"

The first day of June brought them to the Laramie Fork, which was forded before dinner. All were anxious for the latest news from anywhere, but there were no letters. As they toiled up toward Laramie, Morse had received the first message over the telegraph wires in the words, "What hath God wrought?"

Thirteen of Sublette's men were there constructing a rude log fort. It was a Sunday and we find a characteristic entry: "Blessed be God, I rejoice to see the return of a Christian Sabbath, though deprived of sanctuary privileges. On this day ten thousand fervent prayers ascend the throne of grace for missionary and mission opportunities, and how can we but rejoice to witness their return? May that time soon come when we shall enjoy the privileges of God's house on the western decline of the Rocky Mountains."

The first week of June was spent in the vicinity of the Black Hills. Here they came to the first stream of clear water seen for hundreds of miles and the distant snow-covered mountains told their story of the progress made. The more rugged climbing now served as preparation for the stupendous heights to be scaled in the near future. The Red Buttes, the western end of Casper Range, were reached on the seventh, where the course turned from following the Platte. For twenty-one days they had been plodding upward toward its headwaters. Proceeding westward over broken sand wastes they reached the Sweetwater River, and camped at the famous landmark, called Independence Rock. This naked rock of granite, rising one hundred and fifty-five feet, formed a sentinel for the multitudes who in the traffic of the future followed up the narrow Sweetwater cut that opened a favoring pass between the impassable peaks of the great continental divide. Here at this providential gateway the adventurers rested and dined on the ninth. They inscribed their names on the rock, "the register of the desert." This was ten years before the overpraised pathfinder, Lieutenant John C. Fremont, in passing, wrote: "Many a name famous in the history of this country and some well known to science are to be found mixed with those of the traders and travelers for pleasure and curiosity, and of missionaries to the savages."

The circuitous flow of the Sweetwater compelled a zigzag course in a watchful quest for the most passable route. It required their crossing and recrossing the stream many times. Dense sage jungles impeded the way and precluded the possibility of nutritious grasses for the famishing stock. But while it was even too bitter for tea, the sage brush was used for fuel to cook their meager mess. Then there came into striking panorama the Wind River Mountains with their dazzling white caps. The party was now well up toward the summit of the Rockies at the source of the waterways of the continent—the Missouri, the Colorado, and the Snake. Captain Wyeth dispatched an express to the rendezvous and on the eleventh he rested his men from travel and directed in the repair of the equipage. By this time the difficulties and scant provisions were telling on all the men. A lone lean elk was shot and served to nourish the famishing camp, whose stock of provisions had been wholly exhausted. None except the missionaries, however, bowed in gratitude for divine guidance among such rugged scenes. But Lee wrote: "Through the goodness and mercy of God we have had plenty. Oh that our gratitude may keep pace with his mercies! Bless the Lord, I think I do feel thankful for his goodness to me. Glory to God in the highest, he feeds me both with corporeal and with spiritual food. Amen."

Every diary of the early adventurers relates the rigors of this part of the journey. There was continuous hazard with much privation; often parties became lost and were required to retrace many a painful step. To put the men in better spirits the captain handed out a round of alcohol, so that some of the crew soon grew quarrelsome rather than obedient. As a fore-shadowing of his future achievements, Lee wrote, "Would to God the time may come soon when its use shall be entirely abandoned, except as a medicine."

The captain, endeavoring to find the trail he had taken on his former expedition, placed Jason Lee in charge of the camp while diligent search was begun for the path, much overgrown and almost obliterated by numerous counter buffalo paths. The horses, greatly fatigued and almost famished, fell behind as night drew on, and no water or grass could be found. The missionaries finally led the way to the bed of a mountain stream, but this was dry. Camp was ordered for the night, but because of fatigue and fear of near-by Indians no fires were lighted. They had now come to the most dangerous part of the Indian country.

The great divide was reached on the following Sunday, June 15, about nine o'clock in the morning. Here they left the source of the Sweetwater and came to the Sandy, after a hard march for man and beast. Famished and faltering, they were aware that they had scaled the crest of the great stone mountains, though the ascent had been made by varied and gradual stages. They were now in the South Pass, which soon became the famous gateway to the Pacific. Although seven thousand five hundred feet above sea level, the elevation is scarcely perceived. This passage was known to have been traversed by some of Ashley's party in 1823, and therefore should not be placed to the credit of Fremont, who found his way thither by guides fully twenty years later.

Following down the dry bed of the winding

Sandy, they came the next day within ten miles of their camp of two days before. The entire party was thoroughly exhausted; only the mules showed any spirit whatever, and the packs had been emptied of all their rations. A ragged line of plodding pilgrims extended several miles, the open prey of any predatory savage band. Still they struggled forward and down the western slopes, ever alert for water and grass.

In the picturesque green valley of Ham's Fork was the famous Green River summer rendezvous, which was reached on June 20. It was none too soon. They had been eleven days coming from Independence Rock, and now spent as many more days for rest and counsel while camped in this luxurious fastness of the traders. This was a time of barter and planning for the leaders of the company, and of carousal for the men who clamored for liquor and desperate ventures. For the missionaries it provided a short course in knowledge of the savages and the more savage trappers. Daniel Lee wrote of the reckless lust of the men, saying of one, "A newly hired man entered Captain Wyeth's tent with an air of confidence, asking for twenty dollars' worth of sugar to treat two companions who were then leaving the rendezvous."

In a different vein he pictured their surroundings in this natural paradise: "Snow-capped peaks and naked hills rise in boundless masses on every side, the birthplace of the great rivers that hold in their arms our continent. This region has not only been the hunting ground for a hundred tribes of red men, but their great battlefield, on which they have wielded the tomahawks and sped the arrow into the heads and hearts of many a foe, whose blood reddened the parched earth and whose scalps have been borne away in diabolical triumph. Are they indeed the sons of Ishmael that their hand must be against every man? When will their bloody strife cease? When Christianity enters. Without that, contention will continue and only end in extermination."

The missionary group injected a very unwelcome element into the wild camp, and threats of violence were made against Jason Lee. But before the first day had passed he had won the respect and admiration of the leader of the daredevils. A fascinating volume could be written of his peaceable conquests of wild-hearted men. News of the presence of men carrying the coveted Book reached the ears of the Indians trading in the great camp. On the first day Lee was greatly pleased to receive a visit from some Flatheads and Walla Walla braves, who gave him encouraging information regarding their respective people. In ecstasy of anticipation he recorded: "Blessed be God, I feel more and more to rejoice that I was ever counted worthy to carry the glad news of salvation to the far Western world."

The early morning watch on Sunday, June 22, found Jason Lee on guard. He tried to read his Bible in the glow of the camp fire of the near-by chieftains whose people would soon be instructed from the Book of Heaven. But he was so completely exhausted that he soon fell asleep. Upon awakening he was startled to find his tent crowded with Indians, not bent on mischief but eager to see the Book. This mysterious Heaven-sent message for which they had prayed and longed was now open to them. Some of its wonders and precepts were told and how it was designed for all mankind. They listened with the utmost attention and showed that it was "all good."

These Indians also wanted to have houses built for their families, and they told a pathetic story of how a white man had once bargained to build them houses in exchange for horses, but who took the horses without building the houses. Deploring the fact that dishonest men would take advantage of the susceptible natives, and realizing the far-reaching influence of such things, this new-found friend exclaimed: "My God, my God, is there nothing that will have any effect upon them? Lord of heaven and earth, move by thy Spirit upon their hearts and cause the penitential tear to flow."

Lee's birthday, June 28, found him rested from the awful fatigue of the continent-climbing journey, and musing on his fleeting years. His meditations portray his spiritual trend: "Thirty-one years of my almost useless life are like a fable gone. Once I sincerely wished that I had never seen the light, but bless the Lord, it is otherwise with me now, and I thank God that I was ever born of the flesh, that I might be born of the Spirit. O my God, help me to redeem my time, open the door of usefulness, and give me a heart to labor to promote thy glory, and the ultimate salvation of my fellow creatures."

The last Sunday of June found them still at the rendezvous. Here, amid all the frolic and carousal of intermingling races—blacks, reds, and whites; with traders and adventurers and outlaws; surrounded by all sorts of natives with furs and salmon for sale, their women begging and unutterably filthy, with papooses strapped to their backs; surrounded by lusts of the wild and the abandon of the mountains, Lee sat down to meditate in the camp of the godless. But the Author of the Book was with its interpreter, and he was able to call this his most Sabbathlike day since leaving Saint Louis. "Though far from God's visible temples and the soul-charming and spirit-exhilarating ordinances of his house, yet He whose presence fills the temple and gives it all its charms and all its attractions is here, and 'He makes our paradise, and where he is, is heaven.' "

Grievously disappointed at not receiving letters at Fort Laramie, the longing for some word from their loved ones became more and more poignant as the weeks passed by. They thought that at this summer meeting place their hopes would surely be realized. But no mail had yet arrived and camp was to be broken in two days. Lee wrote long accounts of their experiences to be sent to the Society and the Advocate, and intrusted them to his friend Milton Sublette, who was about to return to the borders of civilization. Interested friends would read the thrilling narrative about Thanksgiving time.

It fell to this patient man of God to guard the godless camp during the early watch of the last night at the rendezvous. Keenly aware of the general lack of interest in the mission, he wrote, "Some are opposed to our enterprise." But he was encouraged by a few assurances of good will and the longing entreaties of the red men to persevere and open the Book in the lap of their chief. On that last morning watch at Ham's Fork he mused on his providential friendships so singularly begun, and his far-away loved ones, from whom no letter had come. There was now no hope of news from home for weary weeks or disappointing months. A few final letters were written, including one to his representatives at Saint Louis, Sehon and Finley. When he should write again there was no knowing, nor how long word from home should be withheld.

No picture could provide a more thrilling background for swiftly moving dramas than the scenes enacted in the annual Rocky Mountain summer rendezvous, but the multitude of strange and wild events must be left unnoted. Mention has been made of the reconnoitering trip begun by the Rev. Samuel Parker and Dr. Marcus Whitman in the interest of missions. They spent the season of 1835 at the Green River rendezvous, with the American Fur Company. Here they learned much from the Indians, especially in the camps of the Nez Perces and the Flatheads, and it was agreed that a mission should be set up in their home lands west of the Rockies.

Insula was a great Flathead chief, who told of having gone out three days' journey to meet "a man near to God who was coming to visit them." That was the preceding summer, but a war party of Crows came upon them and these Flatheads failed to meet Jason Lee. But now other "men close to God" had come and they were glad.

Doctor Whitman here operated upon a famous mountaineer, removing "an iron arrow, three inches long, from the back of Captain Bridger." It was a delicate situation, but well met in a successful operation. The Indians were greatly impressed and promised every assistance needed to start a mission where their people could come to know about the good God. The doctor returned with the fur caravan for helpers to come out the next year and Mr. Parker continued on his westward way with Captain Bridger and the new Indian friends, headed for the Columbia River at Fort Walla Walla.

CHAPTER V

OPENING THE BOOK AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

ON the eve of the breaking up of the camp at the Rocky Mountains rendezvous, several Nez Perce and Flathead Indians joined company with the missionary group. Their homeward course became the common trail while they earnestly besought the custodian of the Book of Heaven to abide among their people. They seemed to be ready to have their children taught to read the Word, and they themselves wanted to learn to cultivate their lands, and were pleased with a partial promise to see their great chief when the company came to the place where Captain Wyeth thought to construct his fort. Lee promised that if they did not come that winter they "would come next or the following." The explicit understanding that he always strove to have with the red men often saved Lee much annoyance and gave him the confidence of all who dealt with him.

The company and the Indians were presently at the place of separation and a hearty handclasp and adieu sealed the event. Jason Lee was deeply moved by this parting scene and fervently prayed for guidance, after his devout manner:

"O Lord, direct us in our choice of a location; Oh that these sons of nature may soon be the children of grace!"

The second lap of that epochal journey was fairly begun on the morning of July 4. The rendezvous had gradually shifted from Green River to Ham's Fork, some ten miles away, a delightful locality where there was an abundance of forage. Here the stock was greatly refreshed and the final bartering of the traders took place. Captain Wyeth declared there were "too many Indians with us for comfort or safety; they let their horses among ours, so it is impossible to guard any of them." To the missionaries alone was the stay destined to prove profitable. They were studying the signs of the camp, where the uncivilized were craving the secrets of man's better fortunes and where, conversely, the wild whites were gravitating toward the primitive barbarities.

The foreshadowing of a business catastrophe began to appear at the summer trading camp. The Captain was a man of few words and left but a brief, hastily penciled diary of his expedition. Regarding this disappointment he only wrote, "Much to my astonishment the goods which I had contracted to bring up to the Rocky Mountain Fur Company were refused by these honorable gentlemen." In consequence he immediately began to plan for the erection of a fort to protect his company's interest along the path over which they would need to express their supplies and furs.

The motley Indian camps, where were held the wild and romantic conferences of the traders with their trappers, had become strange and providential trysting places for the missionaries and the natives and a veritable testing place for the men of God among the bullies of the wilds. Jason Lee had met his companions in travel in a way to win their admiration, and several encounters had served to establish him in the confidence of all, although but few gave him any encouragement as to the success of his enterprise. It is well to remember, however, that while the other ventures and business phases of this expedition failed, the mission of these men, sent of God to possess the land in his name, was successful.

During the preceding season Sir William Drummond Stuart, of Perthshire, Scotland, had come to the Rockies to hunt big game. With this truly noble Scotchman, said to have served under the Duke of Wellington, was a Mr. Ashworth. They were both highly respected by the mountain men and their proposal to join the fortunes of the caravan that was now moving off toward the famous Columbia was accepted as a favoring omen. Bent on adventure, they would be ready men in the hazard of the untried trail. The scientists, highly enthusiastic over the new forms of animal and vegetable life, remained in the company. The heralds of the Book were more than ever eager to disciple the red nations and present them blameless before the King.

From this rendezvous, over a rough and stony country, the trail led up Ham's Fork, a stream which was to become important on the Oregon Trail. To the south, Fort Bridger would soon spring into fame, and a little to the north the circuitous loop in the course of the Lewis and Clark expedition brought the two paths nearly together. These soon diverged, however, to meet again at Fort Walla Walla, and then followed down the Columbia together.

On this morning of Independence day, finding that Ham's Fork had lessened to a purling brook, the direction of travel was changed to the northwest for twenty miles to a source stream of the Bear River. This brook was known at the time as Muddy, but later as Rock Creek. Some of the most trying precipices of the entire journey were here encountered. The Oregon Short Line has reduced the herculean task of that expedition of footmen to the delights of a sumptuous train service.

The events of the Fourth are tersely told by Professor Townsend, Jason Lee, and Captain Wyeth, each in his own way. The latter wrote: "July Fourth, moved up the creek about a mile, then leaving it, made west by north over a divide and by a pass which occurs in the lowest part of a high range of hills, seven miles; then west thirteen miles down a ravine, which had a little water in it, to its junction with another small run, and the two are called Muddy. Here we celebrated the Fourth. I gave the men too much alcohol for peace, took a pretty hearty spree myself. At the camp we found Mr. Cerry and Mr. Walker, who were returning to Saint Louis with furs collected by Mr. Bonneville's company; about ten packs and men going down, to whom there is due ten thousand dollars."

The rich meadow was a holiday feast for the mules and horses and the few remaining cows belonging to the missionaries. Good water was abundant from the cedar-fringed snow-capped mountains. But, alas, it was liquor day in camp and coarse and brutal scenes soon demoralized the day of national freedom. There were few self-respecting men to criticize the wanton Bacchanalians. Of this debauch Jason Lee wrote: "The men must needs show their 'Independence,' and such another drunken, crazy, shooting, quarreling, fighting frolic I seldom witnessed; yes, even in this Western world ardent spirits are the bane of poor infatuated man." He soon dealt a strong blow to the manufacture of alcohol in the mission settlement. Some of the sober men contented themselves with fishing and were rewarded by a great catch; one man alone hooked thirty pounds of game trout.

The two *Journals* tell of the same events but from different motives, as shown in the accounts regarding the liquor and also the chance meeting with Captain Bonneville, of Irving fame. This farsighted man had pushed out to the great river the preceding year and was now returning heavily laden with valuable furs. Lee made every possible use of his sociability to acquaint himself with the adventurer's knowledge of the Indians. This chieftain of travel told of his great delight in telling the eager natives the way to the white man's God, and esteemed among the happiest hours of his life their camp-fire conversation on the eternal Word of the Spirit.

On the following day they came to the Bear River for encampment, but found only dry grass. The way was now most fatiguing for man and beast. The sixth of July, Sunday, was a severe and fretful time. A forced march was required over trackless and precipitous ascents and descents where the care of the pack animals and cows was extremely difficult. Lee frankly states that his mind was so disturbed about the rigorous way that he forgot it was the Sabbath until about midday. There were no provisions in their luggage and no game could be found. Even the Indians were put to their wits' ends for several days. Had it not been for the abundant trout, all would have suffered starvation. Some wild currants and gooseberries which they were fortunate enough to find, were pronounced delicious by the hungry men who had subsisted so long on dried buffalo without bread or vegetables of any sort.

Soon they came upon what was to them an astonishing thing—the Soda Springs of the upper Bear River. They were described as curious "white clay pits with a soft chalky soil, having springs of strong supercarbonated water in natural formations." Camp was not raised for a day and all took deep interest in the study of this rare miniature of the Yellowstone Park. "These springs throw out lime which deposits and forms little hillocks of a yellowish colored stone; also there are here peat beds which sometimes take fire and leave behind a deep light ash in which animals mire." This sentence description by Wyeth and the one above by Townsend were perhaps the first of this freak of nature. Several rare bird specimens were found here, though game was scarce. During the day they climbed a mountain from which the course of the river could be traced, and the captain knew he was nearing the site of his prospective fort. The men were soon to have less strenuous times.

Toward evening a visitor came into camp who was destined to play a prominent part in the future of our missionaries. He was Thomas McKay, a noted Indian trader, whose father had been massacred by the Indians while on board the ill-fated Tonquin of Old Astoria days. He was a stepson of Doctor McLoughlin, the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver, and at this time was in command of a band of Canadians and Indians on a hunting expedition throughout that general region. These men joined in, and on the tenth of the month all raised camp. Cutting through a range of foothills, they crossed over to the Blackfoot, where they again found Bonneville and his men "making meat." They had now come into a delightful, well-watered prairie and the weary horses were greatly refreshed after their hazardous mountain travel. They found buffalo to their hearts' content. Giant grizzly bears also abounded; one was killed that weighed six hundred pounds. It was as high as a steer, with a ten-inch lateral spread of the foot. At least twenty rifle balls were buried in the crazed, desperate beast before it was felled through the sure aim of Richardson. Here Captain Bonneville rested his men after their long, fatiguing journey. Along the streams were stretches of lava dotted with sunken spots, with walls of lava and basaltic dikes on either side, while on the hillsides appeared numerous dark caverns resembling small craters. These weird witnesses told of eruptions in the long ago, probably before the present order of creation. These volcanic formations increasingly hindered them during the day until at last the party was wedged among huge blocks of lava and giant basaltic columns and had to retrace their weary way.

While ascending an elevation on the morning of the eleventh, the keen eye of the leader caught sight of a prowling Blackfoot stealing toward the summit. McKay recklessly dashed after the intruder, but emerged later without his quarry. For several mornings the moccasin tracks of these dreaded Indians had been seen, and no doubt they were keeping a careful watch on the caravan, awaiting an opportunity to raid for plunder or scalps. Despite the possibility of a surprise from this tribe at any hour of the night, the encampment lay calm and picturesque in the moon-lit splendor of the Three Buttes. These remarkable conical peaks stood sentinel to watch the Portneuf in its flow toward the Snake River. During the day the Indians that had been with the company fell behind, to be picked up by Captain Bonneville. Their absence proved to be more of a blessing than otherwise, as their presence, especially their night singing and carousals, would have incensed the Blackfoot spies, and it may be that they chose to avoid their natural enemies.

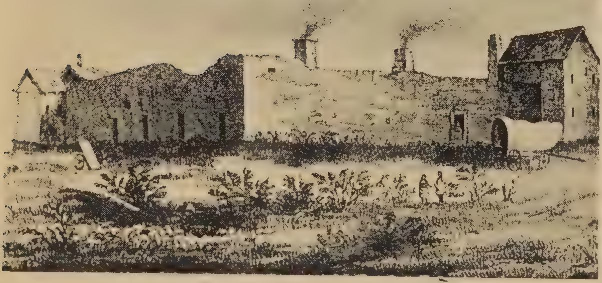
The twelfth of July was noteworthy, as Daniel Lee wrote: "Emerged from the mountains for the descent to the Pacific. Nearly forty days had been consumed in the journey over them and through the most dangerous part of the way, no enemy assailed our camp, and no evil was suffered to approach us." In two days they came to a delightful mile-stone of the trail, the banks of the great southern tributary of the Columbia. This mighty stream has been known as the Shoshone, in recognition of the dominant tribe, the Lewis, in honor of the great explorer; but more commonly the Snake River. The sight of this mighty tributary gave the first impression of the magnitude of the mystic river of the West.

Captain Wyeth, accompanied by three men, hastened off in quest of an advantageous location for his fort, returning with cheering assurances of having found a delightful site and also with the meat of a buffalo to whet the sluggish appetites of the men who had subsisted for many days largely upon fish. On the morning of the following day the entire company reached the place where they were to camp for a fortnight. Here the stock grazed and recuperated on the fertile plain. The captain first dispatched a number of men to fell trees and collect drift logs for his fort; then a hunting party was ordered out to stay twelve days if fortune failed to fill their saddles sooner. Twelve men made up this party, including the chief hunter Richardson, the young Englishman Mr. Ashworth, Professor Townsend, and two of the missionaries, Walker and Edwards. Each man rode a good mount and led a pack mule. No cards or rum were allowed, as they must by all possible dispatch procure meat sufficient to supply the men while en route over the sage wastes leading to the Columbia. Mr. McKay's camp was made on the river bank nearby. It was a mixed crowd of some thirty French-Canadians, half-breeds and Nez Perces, Chinooks, and Cayuses, with a few squaws. Their lodges were conical, made of ten poles drawn together at the top and covered with dressed buffalo skins. This was the typical lodge of these Indians while traveling—comfortable and commodious. An expert squaw would erect her house for the reception of her husband while he was removing the trappings from his horse. A test of speed showed that a squaw could accomplish the feat in the time required by four white men.

The Blackfoot Indians claimed this country as their haunts, and their concealed movements gave the impression that they were reconnoitering the white men's outpost. Uncommon watchfulness was required now, in the midst of sworn enemies—enemies who preferred the scalp of a pale-face to the felling of a regal buffalo, even to prevent starvation. More than ever the stories of the night camp fire scintillated with ferocious narratives of bloody conflicts.

Lee was anxious to be off for his own great task, and wrote, "A fortnight—it will seem long to me." However, it proved to be for him a time of intense suffering. He had gotten badly soaked while on a hunting trip, making a ride of thirty-five miles without food or drink, and upon his return he was thrown into a sudden cold that settled in his back and limbs. Through the long days he was solaced by the Bible and Judson's *Memoirs*. He wrote in his *Journal* with enfeebled hand: "I trust this light affliction will be beneficial to me and drive me nearer to the gracious

Ezra Meeker at Huntington, Oregon, Dedicating Marker



Fort Hall, 1834, Southeastern Idaho

throne. Oh that I were in a situation to do something for God!" More than he would ever know, his stay was laden with significance for all time to come.

Sunday, July 27, 1834, must always stand as a great day for Christendom in the vast Northwest. Jason Lee had recovered from his illness sufficiently to gather the men together, and upon their request to hold a religious service. It occurred at three-thirty o'clock in the afternoon. Lee did not dignify his address as a sermon, but insisted that it was merely an exhortation. He took his text from 1 Cor. 10. 21, "Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils: ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table, and of the table of devils." His own record of the service is disappointingly brief and unassuming, written in extreme weakness of body and mind from his intense suffering of the last ten days, and apprehensive that the godless whites and the ignorant red men had gotten little from his feeble words. It is therefore of interest to draw from the extensive account of the occasion found in Townsend's history: "Our good missionary was requested to hold a meeting, with which he obligingly complied. A convenient shady spot was selected in the forest adjacent. The greater part of our men, as well as the whole of McKay's company, including the Indians, attended. The usual form of the Methodist service was gone through and was followed by a brief but excellent and appropriate exhortation by that gentleman. The people were remarkably quiet and attentive, and the Indians sat like statues. Mr. Lee is a great favorite with the men—deservedly so—and there are probably few persons to whose preaching they would have listened with so much complaisance. I have often been amused and pleased by Mr. Lee's manner of reproving them for the coarseness and profanity of expression which is so universal among them. The reproof, though decided, clear, and strong, is always characterized by the mildness and affectionate manner peculiar to the man; and although the good effect of the advice may not be discernible, yet it is always treated with respect and its utility acknowledged."

A distressing fatality occurred on the evening of this same Sunday, in the accidental death of one of McKay's men—Casseau, a shrewd and active Frenchman, of particular value as interpreter among the Indians of the Columbia River. His funeral took place on the following day, and the good missionary was requested to conduct it, which he did after the established custom of his church. The body was wrapped in coarse linen, placed in an ample buffalo robe and lowered into the grave. It was the first Christian burial in the vast lands drained by the mighty Columbia. The loss of this life was unnecessary, as it came about from horse-racing. The desecration of the day as well as the sad sacrifice of one of their number induced Lee to admonish the reckless associates. His journal contains this prayer: "Oh that they would remember this, that they would think on their latter end."

A decent tomb was erected in the form of a black cross at the head of the grave. A palisade of willows surrounded the spot, about one hundred yards from the fort. Captain Wyeth's diary tersely records: "Service for him was performed by the Canadians in the Catholic form, by Mr. Lee in the Protestant form, and by the Indians in their form, as he had an Indian family. He at least was well buried." The only service performed in the Catholic faith, however, was the singing of a hymn for the repose of his soul; and neither Mr. Townsend nor Mr. Lee made the slightest reference to the Indian service.

Meanwhile the party that had been sent out in search of game had been very fortunate. Their camp had been made along a delightful willow-bordered stream, at a cool spring, perhaps sixty miles from the fort, the haunts of the grizzly and the drinking fountain of the well-fatted buffalo. On the morning of the tenth day out they had enough choice strips to begin baling their meat in buffalo skins dried for the purpose. Each bale weighed about a hundred pounds and each mule carried two bales, making in all over a ton of meat. On their return, arriving at the fort a day before they were expected, they gave a vigorous mountain salute. The report of so many rifles was "bad medicine" to the unsuspecting and brought every man to his guns. Guards were immediately mounted to face any advancing war party. But as the hunters had returned heavily laden with the best beef that could be found anywhere and as by now the rations at the fort were short and unappetizing, pardon was plenty as the pack mules swung through the gates.

That evening the party witnessed a curious scene. It was the accustomed devotions of the Indians of the McKay party. Thirteen red men with sober, thoughtful faces were seated on buffalo robes around a camp fire. After a silence of fifteen minutes the chief began a solemn harangue in an impressive tone. He reviewed their legend of the Great Spirit, who made the light and the darkness, the fire and the water, and he urged their devotion to him with prayers. This appointed leader then led off in a fervent prayer with his hands clasped over his heart and his piercing eyes upturned, beseeching heaven. This continued for twenty minutes and was followed by a song, with his head bowed to his breast. The worshipers, with clasped hands, swayed their bodies to the rhythm of the weird tune, and left upon the white audience an impression of sincere religious devotion.

The earnestness of this humble worship by the untaught savages was exceedingly impressive, as they called upon the Great Spirit for forgiveness for their sins and the continuance of his mercy.

As the night came on the camp slept in the calm confidence of the men of the mountains.

Captain McKay told his red servants of the purpose and desires of the missionaries who had come so far into their country. These tribesmen were visibly pleased, particularly as it was hinted that a settlement might be established near their own home among the Walla Wallas. It was fortunate that this party of trappers had fallen in with the Wyeth camp. In no other way could Lee have come so directly in touch with the leading tribes of Indians and also with the men who were in position to render most substantial aid.

CHAPTER VI

PERILOUS TRAIL BLAZING

ON July 30 the missionaries began the last long lap of the unexplored country leading to the Columbia River. They were to accompany the McKay party on its return to Fort Vancouver. As they were about to start, the Indians sought out their new-found friend and presented to him two beautiful white horses. Lee declared: "Surely the hand of Providence must be in it, for they presented them because we are missionaries and at a time when two of our horses are nearly worn out. This, if I mistake not, augurs well for our ultimate success among these generous red men. O Lord God, hasten the hour when we shall be able to impart unto them invaluable spiritual things which will ten thousand times repay them for their temporary things."

By this time the fort had assumed a prosperous appearance; the stockade and two bastions were erected in a very creditable manner considering the crude tools in use. The houses would soon be habitable and the men left in charge could complete the work at leisure, so it was that a week later the larger Wyeth party left their new-made fortress, and sallied forth to meet their comrades who had already set out westward. At sunrise, August 5, the "Star-Spangled Banner" was raised on the flagstaff and a salute was fired. Then ensued the customary uncontrolled drinking of free liquor, with all its carousal and debauch. Of this significant event the Captain gives the following brief account: "Having done so much as was requisite for safety to the fort and drank a bale of liquor and named it Fort Hall, in honor of the oldest partner of our concern, we left it and with it Mr. Evans, in charge of eleven men and fourteen horses and mules and three cows."

Concerning the departure of the McKay party the extremely meager record of Wyeth contains this line: "Thirtieth, Mr. McKay left us with Mr. Lee and Captain Stewart with him." These men bade adieu to the fort at eleven o'clock and also to its sands, that were often driven before the wind as snow. They traveled south, crossed a beautiful stream of clear water and camped on the Portneuf in the evening. Lee was still weak and suffering from severe headaches. Yet he wrote: "Lord, assist me with resignation to bear and profit by all of these light afflictions." Camp was made the next evening on the Lewis River, now called the Snake, where the nourishing grass was eagerly devoured by the horses. Lee was now suffering excruciating pains which made sleep impossible.

The party with which the Bible agents were now traveling was wholly unlike their former bodyguard. The larger part of the McKay party were Indians who carried their bows and arrows and customary trapping. The squaws were mounted astride, carrying muskets, with their children strapped to boards hanging on the pummel of the saddles or lashed on horseback alone. The small party with Captain Stewart served to preserve the dignity of civilization. However, the leader was a man of the hour for Lee, and his men had showed them every possible courtesy, not the least of these being a generous gift of a sack of flour.

The first day of August was signalized by camp being made at American Falls. An eagle had built his nest on a huge rock that towered above the picturesque waters. Here in later years the trail crossed the river, now spanned by a mighty bridge for transcontinental steam traffic. At a point just to the east, two separate trails southward started after a few years; one into Mormon land, the other into California in quest of gold.

Here Lee felt the speed of time. Another month had passed. "I have made little progress," he wrote, "in my journey westward, and I fear not as much as I might have done in my journey upward. O Lord, quicken me more and more, Amen." The march on the second day of August was short, for they came to a small stream with delightful cascades. The next day they traveled but three hours and made camp on Raft River.

This was Sunday and the Indians played football, which they greatly enjoyed. It had been taught them "by people calling themselves Christians, as a religious exercise." This day the leather-bound book received the following record: "Even here I have the word of God to read—what an estimable privilege! For it is able to make me wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus; O Lord, waken my drowsy powers to read and understand and practice all thy righteous will and pleasure."

Those who trace the Oregon Trail from American Falls on the north side of the Snake River to Fort Boise may wonder why on this occasion the longer circuit was taken over the barren sage lands south of the river. This was done because the Indians north of the river were known to be mixing their war paint and were on the hunt for scalps. It was thought also that the lower lands might furnish them more grouse, if no other game should come to hand. For two days they made a liberal detour even further south, in the hope of finding mountain sheep, but were disappointed. Rations had run dangerously scant and Friday was set apart for abstinence and prayer, with no breakfast except a little milk from the ever-faithful cow. But it was not a day of idleness, as they covered the full twenty miles, with but little wholesome food. In fact, there was slight prospect of game before they should reach Fort Walla Walla.

The most diligent quest was unrewarded and our sacrificing colporteurs would have fared badly but for a strange thing. The Indians, though aware of the desperate need of the white travelers, refused to disclose their better hunting grounds. But as Jehovah supplied manna and quail to a horde of slaves in that ancient exodus, so he stayed the hunger of his envoys in this wild, untraveled waste. The purpose of the missionaries had been noised abroad among the Indians, and their frugal but more devout squaws became God's messengers who left every morning at the tent door of the Lees a few dried salmon or newly caught grouse.

One day as Lee was milking his cow a band of frightful red men galloped up. He declared he would "lighten the old cow before he moved." So filling the pail he gave them each a drink of milk, rejoicing to find as they re-mounted, rifles in hand, that the intruders were some friendly Nez Perces. This day the full mileage was covered over sandy sage plains with a comfortless camp on a dry stream, save that here and there were stagnant pools of warm brackish water. With all the exposure and the lack of nourishing food Lee was not able to regain his strength or overcome the constant pains of the past weeks. Nevertheless, he found occasion to write, "Found some acceptance at the throne of grace, but still my insatiate soul cries out for more of God."

August 10 was the Lord's Day again and he gave voice to his usual regret at being deprived of the sanctuary privileges. But his worship was kept up even there, in a "void waste as in the city full." He wrote this choice bit in his meditations: "He is the Fountain of all blessedness, and all the means that can be used are only instruments or mediums through which he conveys his blessings; and he can as easily convey them to us in this barren waste, directly from himself, as he can to others through the preaching of his Word or by any other instrumentality. Blessed be his name, he does not forget or overlook us, even us, though so far isolated from the cilivized world in this heathen desert."

After a tedious and fatiguing experience in caring for the cows, they made camp at seven o'clock that evening, delighted to come again to the picturesque river whose refreshing turbulent stream had been denied them for nine days. Here, soothed and nourished, Lee turned to his Bible and poured out his devout soul in fervent prayer with a deep concern for the planting of the cross in all the lands being traversed, and for the prosperity of their remarkable mission. Amidst all the travel of the desert, the savage ways of the natives, and the lustful dissipations of white trappers, he found it in his heart to say: "Thank God, I find peace in believing and joy in the Holy Ghost. My ardent soul longs to be sounding salvation in the camps of these red men. I trust in God that I shall yet see many of them rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God. Lord, hasten the hour, and thou shalt have all the praise."

The superior character of Lee was nowhere put to a severer test than during these days of fatigue and hunger, and at no subsequent time did he find time to record his sentiments so fully, as he rose above the incessant annoyance of the flesh.

About this time two curious springs attracted his watchful attention. They were on the opposite side of the river and burst from the rocks fully fifty feet above the surging stream. Impetuous torrents gushed out as white as driven snow, the naked rocks augmenting the splendor of a seeming snow mountain. He declared: "A contemplation of these astonishing works of the Creator is profitable, for while it tends to show us our own weakness, ignorance and insignificance, it gives us more exalted views of the power, wisdom, and greatness of the Almighty Maker."

A band of peaceable and friendly "Digger Indians" was camped at the great falls of the river when Captain McKay arrived with his struggling party. They had only a few horses and carried no guns, as they subsist chiefly on fish and roots. They had come here for salmon, as the falls had long been a favorite drying ground for their yearly supply. Their wigwams, constructed of willows covered with grass, closely resembled haystacks of about fifteen feet diameter, and appeared to the weary travelers as very comfortable summer lodges. These Indians were well formed and in healthy condition. The twelve-year-old boys went entirely naked, the men wore scant breechcloths, while their squaws kept some skins about them. The entire village was excited at the sight of the horned cattle, and their horses took fright. Barter was easily negotiated, and, at the rate of two fishhooks for a fourteen-pound fresh salmon, many a savage appetite was promptly domesticated. A quantity of dried fish was taken in exchange as a reserve supply during the continued pilgrimage.

But now a sad necessity confronted the keepers of the cows. They had to retrace their trail more than five miles to find even the most indifferent grazing, returning the next morning through the gazing "Digger" camp. By the middle of the hot August afternoon they had trudged two dozen weary miles. The barren hills and sand plains were beginning to exasperate the strong and heroic. There was nothing pleasurable except the noble river with its chattering cascades and beautiful though sterile banks. On the fourteenth of the month, when the march was cut short by the utter exhaustion of the cows, they found a delightful camp on an island in the river. Here all most gladly tarried for a day. There was an abundance of fish food, but, with the ravenous men, a change from the starvation that had followed strength-giving buffalo steaks made many revolting appetites. Jason Lee had gained the distinction of possessing the digestion of an ostrich, and it was now greatly needed. Their scant supply of salt had long since been depleted by theft from the prowling Indians, as well as from loss through storms. But here on the isolated island they were rejoiced to find a fine powdered salt in the low grass.

A forty-mile double-quick march was indulged in on Sunday, the seventeenth. The leather diary says it was "rather more than a Jewish Sabbath day's journey, but there seemed no alternative." Two days later was the anniversary of the fateful day upon which Jason Lee had set out from his Stanstead home to make the long trail, Bible in hand, to disciple the Flatheads. He wrote with deep feeling: "One year has elapsed and I have not yet reached the field of my labors. O how I long to erect the standard of my Master in the region which Satan has so long claimed for his own."

The monotony of the wearisome journey over the trackless wilds had begun to harass the taut nerves of the pilgrims. Even the Sundays had been but days of toil and fatigue, yet we read the reverent line: "Far be it from me to murmur or complain. All is right, all is as it should be." For several days they had traveled through a gnat-infested belt in what is now the southwest of Idaho and across into eastern Oregon. Mountains began to appear and offer their rugged opposition. They were soon to pass over the lost route of Hunt and his party who returned in 1813 from ill-fated Astoria. This important section of the trail was subsequently covered with the twin steel bands of the railroad. But at the time of this expedition, with the mystifying mountains, the mammoth timber and the torrential streams that cut across the necessary course, there was need of new strength for the surveyors. The path led through what is modern Baker City and La Grande, with the finding of delightful warm springs and salt-covered stones en route.

Good fortune greeted the messengers on Friday, the twenty-ninth of August. While toiling up through the Grand Ronde valley they fell in with a village of "Kiooses" (Cayuses) where provisions were procured. The chief feasted the two Lees with characteristic ceremony on dried salmon and berries. A broken conversation was carried on in the Nez Perce dialect, some words of which the missionaries had acquired. The chief of the Walla Wallas was present, the one Lee had promised to visit if at all convenient. He disclosed some highly prized old papers that were written on and which contained a calendar with the months and Sundays distinctly marked. This curious souvenir was most probably gotten from some attaché of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Jason Lee gave the chief great joy by writing in red ink the mission of his party and their signatures. In return for the favor of beholding the Book-bearers of the Great Spirit and with the hope that a mission was to be established among his people, he gave each of the missionaries a very practical and generous gift. Upon invitation, the chief and several of his braves came to the white tent of the missionaries, each bringing his token of esteem, a horse. They seemed fully compensated for the generous gifts when a few fishhooks and articles of mountain outfits were presented to them in evidence of good will.

Two days later the larger band, including Wyeth and his men, came into this valley. They had had harrowing encounters on the north side of the Snake River and had crossed to the Malheur about a week previously. While his logbook is exasperatingly brief, Captain Wyeth took space to say: "Scorpions are here quite common, two nights since I was just about lying down, when on my blanket I saw something move; I folded it in the blanket, and on carrying to the fire found it to be a very good sized scorpion." There were in his party now "seventeen: boys, Indians, literati, and all." They nooned at the Grand Ronde on the thirty-first with the "Kioose" camp, into which Captain Bonneville had strolled and where two of McKay's men had tarried. Here they learned that Captain Stewart and Mr. Lee had passed two days before.

At no better point can we bring into this story of the trail that familiar character of Washington Irving, the intrepid Captain Bonneville. He had been exploring the Rocky Mountain country since 1831, being the first to drive wagons through the South Pass. This was in 1833, when he went as far as Wind River (Wyoming). Senator Benton, Missouri, had predicted that this famous pass of the Continental Divide would become the key to a thoroughfare leading to the Pacific Coast. The fame of this achievement was widely heralded, and Doctor Whitman likely heard about it two summers later, as he tarried at the Green River rendezvous. Undoubtedly, Whitman here became convinced that wagon wheels would carry his bride and his possessions across the mountains to the seat of his mission home! It is unfortunate that the overzealous friends of the brave Doctor should so long have insisted that he was the first to accomplish this feat.

Bonneville reached Wallula, then Fort Walla Walla of the Hudson's Bay Company, in early March, 1834, the year of the pilgrimage. He passed over the Blue Mountains, by way of the Grand Ronde valley and the Umatilla, then "returned to the general rendezvous for his various expeditions." At the rendezvous he bargained with trappers and started west again with a supply of goods, but he was not able to meet the competition of the American Fur Company and the Hudson's Bay Company. Like Captain Wyeth, he was soon to be doomed to disappointment. However, each served the future of Oregon in a large way; one, later the hero of a great novel, by taking the first wagons through South Pass, and the other as the travel-guard of the first colonial leaders of the vast country. The memory of Wyeth and Bonneville lives through the years, and two towns on the south bank of the Columbia River bear their respective names.

Passing northward from the delightful grassy plains, Lee and his companions entered the rugged Blue Mountains, where forest fires were raging, and the blinding smoke obscured the sun. Daniel Lee wrote, "We wound our zigzag way upward to the heights and down the dizzy sides, and crept along the dark rocky chasms, two toilsome days, till we came to the vale of the Umatilla." Here they quenched their thirst and the horses got a bit of grass. After leaving this stream the ascent was made to the summit on the north side, overlooking the valley of the Walla Walla. The last mountain camp was made on the crest of the Blue Range at what has come to be known as Lee's Encampment, as he had charge of affairs on that particular night.

The following day, September 1, they arrived at Fort Walla Walla and were heartily welcomed by the factor, Lieutenant Pierre S. Pambrun. This hospitality had been refused Captain Bonneville two years before, as the Yankee trader was known to be the agent of a rival company. Pambrun had been placed in command of this fort two years previously and was destined to endear himself to the overland emigrants, who from this time on continued to pass through in increasing numbers.

Fort Walla Walla had been built in the earlier days of the strife between the warring fur corporations. Alexander Ross, the agent of the Northwest Company, was the moving factor. It passed to the Hudson's Bay Company upon the consolidation of the two British organizations. The fort was rather less than a mile above the river of the same name, and was located on the Columbia about ten miles below its confluence with the Snake River. It was constructed solidly of drift logs and so arranged with galleries as to accommodate the traders and provide domestic comforts, as well as to serve as a strong defense against the Indians of the vast region. There were the customary two bastions and a surrounding stockade. Two miles to the south were the mountains, of considerable size. The great river cut through the basaltic walls that towered three hundred feet high; aside from these somber yet picturesque formations the extending landscape was a bleak sand waste.

The hungry travelers, having fasted of necessity the day before, eagerly devoured the sumptuous repast set before them in the fort, calling it a "well-directed assault." But this attack was promptly followed by another, equally surprising to themselves and to the gracious hosts. Scarcely was their hunger appeased when Captain Wyeth, last heard of in the Kioose camp, appeared at the gate with Professor Nuttall and Townsend, all hungry as wolves. The last dinner of the genial bird-man had consisted entirely of rosebuds.

Captain Wyeth, on leaving Fort Hall, had hastened west by a more direct course, crossing the desert that stretched northward from the Snake River. This brought the party past the Three Buttes and Godin's Creek in a straight course for Fort Boise. But it was a sorry trail, for they had close escapes and encountered extreme hardships. During the second week of August they had a narrow escape from the dreaded Bannocks. The party on the southern side of the river had avoided this. The larger party at the north lost themselves in the maze of mountains as they followed the forks of the Lost River and thereby got into the "Devil's Bedstead." It was a veritable inquisitional rack with torture but little short of excruciating death by thirst and exhaustion. The travel of one day, getting lost, and the next day retracing their weary steps in order to reach the open plain saved them a worse catastrophe. Otherwise they should have come upon the battlefield of the Bannocks in awful carnage with the Blackfeet. The trail of these warriors led to the Snake River and thither the famishing party followed, glad for even so gruesome a trail. They were not molested, and the folly and toil of a wrong course had proved their salvation.

The only moralist of this exciting and nerve-testing section of the trail was the ornithologist, and we quote a few lines from his thoughtful *Journal:* "We had always been provided for; often when we had despaired of procuring sustenance, and when pangs of hunger had soured our tempers and made us quarrelsome, when we thought there were no prospects before us but to sacrifice our valuable horses or die of starvation, have the means been provided for our relief. A buffalo, an elk, or an antelope has appeared like the goat provided for the faithful Abraham, to save a more valuable life, and I hope that some of us have been willing reverently to acknowledge from Whom these benefits and blessings have been received."

Both these pathfinding parties had been on and off the Oregon Trail. The trail as it was later established left the Snake River at the mouth of Burnt River and followed this to its north bend, from whence it took a direct course to Powder River, a shallow and narrow stream with its fringe of willows, where no game could be found save an occasional grouse. Winding up this stream and then northward to the Grand Ronde, the travelers came to a famous halting place. Here was a circular and level basin twenty miles long, with three hundred thousand acres of rich lands awaiting the some-day settler. Thence into the Blue Mountains so named, probably by Fremont, on account of the dark hue that overcast the mountains and the dense pine forests.

Long stretches of the famous Oregon Trail had now been blazed forever by these heroic vanguardsmen. The immense overland journey was summarized by Daniel Lee in *Ten Years in Oregon,* as follows:

"From Independence, Mo., to the Platte, 17 days, 340 miles; on the Platte, 14 days, 280 miles; from the Platte to the Rendezvous near Green River, 15 days, 300 miles; from the Rendezvous to Fort Hall, 12 days, 240 miles; from Fort Hall to Fort Walla Walla, 30 days, 600 miles; Independence to Fort Walla Walla, 88 days, 1,760 miles."

This reckoning does not include about forty days of enforced encampments and omits the tiresome detours. Consequently, about two thousand miles had been covered in their pathless travels during four months and a week. To this should be added the pioneer necessities and hardships in travel from old Stanstead at the north of New England, through a dozen States to Saint Louis, and then across Missouri to the final camp of civilization.

CHAPTER VII

DOWN THE WESTERN RIVER

THERE yet remained the final lap of the majestic Columbia, a distance of two hundred miles to Fort Vancouver. Lee was anxious to be off and down the river to examine the lower country and minister to its Indians.

Daniel Lee modestly devotes but half a small page to their exceptionally hazardous encounters while going down the Columbia from Fort Walla Walla to Fort Vancouver. This is his account: "September 3. Having left our horses and cattle here, we took our leave of Mr. Pambrun, and embarked in a boat of the Hudson's Bay Company for Vancouver, where, after a tedious voyage of twelve days, we arrived on the 15th. Meantime we had heard of the safe arrival of the May Dacre, Captain Lambert, and that she was lying in the Columbia, near the lower mouth of the Walamet River. This intelligence was very gratifying to us all. At Fort Vancouver the missionaries were received with much politeness and kind attention by the chief factor, John McLoughlin, Esq., and other gentlemen of the establishment."

The expedition had started out at Independence with Milton Sublette as pilot. When he turned aside, Captain Wyeth assumed active guiding. At the rendezvous the travel-stained McKay became the scout and led on to Fort Hall, and was then assisted by Captain Stewart in bringing the custodians of the coveted Book to the expectant red men. Upon reaching Walla Walla the heart of Lee beat strongly for the surrounding villages, but ever before him was the westward vision of the lower Columbia tribes. He longed to complete the survey, that the precise location for his mission might be selected and work speedily begun.

Now he assumed command and engaged a barge to transport his party of five and their depleted luggage down the river. Captain Stewart and Mr. Ashworth secured passage with them. Soon their hopes of a calm journey were dashed to pieces—likewise the barge.

The first to follow them was Captain Wyeth, who was feverish to get to his ship and to negotiate matters of trade importance with Doctor McLoughlin. He started down the river on the fourth, and in three days arrived at The Dalles, where he hired Indian canoes for the party that was following on horseback.

Here the Captain tarried two nights and was rewarded by the arrival of his belated men, who had lost a horse and a mule that was valued at the price of ten common horses. A year later he was at camp in this same place and there slept with him a traveler who had come on a sacred errand. This was the Rev. Samuel Parker, who, as has been mentioned, had set out with Marcus Whitman over the trail taken by the great trader the previous year. One had returned to the East for a commission and associates to establish a mission among the Western tribes, while the other continued the long trail to survey the savage land and its needs and report a year later. When Wyeth and Parker met, the versatile minister was taught a short vocabulary of the Chinook language, sufficient to do business among the natives and to relate to them the plan of the church to send the Word and men to teach them the better life.

A terrific gale swamped Wyeth's boat and disclosed the inability of his newly hired Indians to master so turbulent a stream. After battling with the stormy river, he came to the lower Dalles, where he overtook the missionaries who were in a fearful plight from their struggle in the cascades. But he hurried on, and by the fourteenth came to the sawmill of the Hudson's Bay Company, about six miles above Fort Vancouver. Here he ate the first good meal he had had for several days and at noon came to the fort. He wrote in his *Journal:* "I found Doctor McLoughlin in charge, who received us in his usual manner. He has power and uses it as a man should to make those about him and those who come in contact with him comfortable and happy."

Wyeth arrived at the fort before his brig anchored in the Columbia. Soon he crossed to Wapato (now Sauvies) Island and built Fort William. Here he deposited his goods and began salmon packing, but his fish spoiled, and a monopoly in furs was against him. A desperate effort to get established proved futile and soon he abandoned the enterprise; but he must ever be remembered as a hero with Yankee initiative. Though he failed in his business project, he greatly stimulated interest in Oregon and served as convoy to the missionaries.

Important features of the trip down the river were recorded by Professor Townsend. He observed the habits of the river Indians. Though squalid and miserable-looking they were reported as being upright and honest in barter and usually of correct moral life.

The river course passed the graves of many Indians, with their conical driftwood forms. Some of these burying grounds were of considerable extent. Downstream they came by Deadman's Island, where for ages the dead had been laid away awaiting their return to the happy hunting grounds.

The Cascades on the lower Columbia, the roar of whose troubled waters could be heard for miles, proved the undoing of all plans for speedy descent of the river. Just above them the scientists encountered a terrible downpour and gale that greatly injured the valuable specimens that

Doctor Nuttall had so laboriously collected. Professor Townsend added, "My bale of birds, which was equally exposed to the action of the water, escaped without any material injury."

In those days nothing but the larger barges could pass through the Cascades. Consequently, most of the party made a portage and reloaded below, though the larger barge of the missionary band was forced through the torrent and then into still water near the shore. As all were bedrabbled and hungry, a fire was kindled and the wet wood was finally coaxed into a comforting camp fire. After a hasty meal of fish the barge was reloaded and the missionaries turned toward Vancouver, where they hoped to touch shore the following morning. Lee tells the story of their arrival: "Arrived at Fort Vancouver at 3 o'clock (September 15, 1834); found the Governor and other gentlemen connected with the fort on shore awaiting our arrival, and conducted us to the fort, and gave us food, which was very acceptable, as we had eaten our last for breakfast. We received every attention from these gentlemen. Our baggage was brought and put into a spacious room without consulting us, and the room assigned for our use, and we had the pleasure of sleeping again within the walls of a house after a long and fatiguing journey replete with mercies, deprivations, toil, and prosperity."

This fort, established in 1825, had speedily become the "grand mart and rendezvous of the company traders and servants." It was built in the form of a parallelogram, two hundred and fifty yards by one hundred and fifty, inclosed by a wooden wall twenty feet high, with bastions furnished with two twelve-pounders. There were two courts surrounded by offices, warehouses, workshop and the like. The governor's house stood in the center with a large public dining hall. There was a farm of three thousand acres and a garden and orchard. Here the party rested and were refreshed from their expedition across the pathless continent. Before nightfall the welcome news came that the overdue May Dacre was in sight, having been freed from the sandbar seventy miles down the river. The sturdy soul of Jason Lee prompted a final entry in the *Journal* just before he laid his tired body down to rest: "Is not the hand of Providence in all this? Would to God that I could praise him as I ought for his gracious dealings with us."

When these missionary pioneers set themselves to the task of casting gospel seed into Oregon soil, a vast domain lay before them. They had traversed the longest width of the continent and had helped to blaze the trail for more than half the distance. Through all this virgin missionary field they were found in counsel with the red men and in prayer to the Great Chief, that guidance might be given in selecting the precise site of the "Flathead Mission." Now that the continent had been traversed and many tribes interviewed, a final decision must be made. The seriousness of this decision was upon our mission leader, as is shown from an entry in his diary: "Could I know the identical spot the Lord designs for it, be it even a thousand miles in the interior, it would be a matter of rejoicing. O my God, direct us to the place where we may best glorify thee and be most useful to these degraded red men."

After resting but two nights after their long journey the missionaries began to reconnoiter the surrounding country. On September 19 they dropped down the river in a boat provided them. Daniel Lee states in *Ten Years in Oregon,* "Doctor McLoughlin kindly furnished two men to go with us, and horses to ride, and a good supply of provisions for the whole trip, which would employ us several days." A few days were spent surveying the possible sites in the vicinity of the junction of the Willamette and the Columbia, making their headquarters on the May Dacre, which lay near the newly established trading fort of Captain Wyeth. They went up the "west channel of the Willamette and after that, up a creek, arriving at a farm owned by Thomas McKay, our friend of the mountains."

The fatigue of this task cannot be realized by those who are not familiar with the dense underbrush, the tremendous forests, and the water courses of the lower Columbia region. They obtained more horses here, passed on through Tualatin Plain, and after three days were well up the

Willamette valley. They "swam" their horses to the east bank of the river and were at French Prairie, where about a dozen families of the retired French Canadians of the Hudson's Bay Company had settled in a lucrative wheat industry. "They seemed prosperous and happy, and gave us a polite and generous welcome to the best they could set before us," wrote Daniel Lee. "One night Mr. Gervais set up our tent in his garden, among melons and cucumbers. It reminded one of the Scripture, 'A lodge in a garden of cucumbers.'" He also stated that "a location was chosen to commence our commission." This locality was destined to play a unique rôle in the days of the beginnings in Oregon.

On September 25 they dropped down to the famous falls where Oregon City soon came into being, and on Saturday, two days later, returned by boat to Vancouver. Inspiration followed not the fortunes of the fur industry, but the agents of Him who cared most for the return of his lost flocks in the Pacific Northwest. Jason Lee did not retire that night before recording his convictions: "After mature deliberation on the subject of a location for our mission, and earnest prayer for divine guidance, I have nearly concluded to go to the Willamette."

The following day was Sunday and the missionaries rejoiced that they were to spend a quiet day in the fort. While the charter of the company provided for religious exercises and the chief factor himself conducted the ritualistic services of his established home church, no gospel sermon had as yet been preached on the western side of the great stone mountains.

It had come to Jason Lee to be the first to give the word of exhortation at Fort Hall and there to read the funeral service over the remains of an unfortunate employee of Captain McKay. Now, on September 28, 1834, he accepted an invitation to preach in the hall of the company at Vancouver. This he did, both morning and evening, to a motley audience. The message was heard by English, Scotch, Irish, French, Canadians, half-breeds, Indians, and Japanese, though "some did not understand two words of English." Lee wrote in his *Journal:* "Am thankful that I have been permitted to plead the cause of God on this side of the Big Mountains where the banners of Christ were never before unfurled. Great God, grant that it may not be in vain, but may some fruit appear even from this feeble attempt to labor for thee." With the task upon him of deciding the site of his mission, he closed the day in prayer. "My Father in heaven, I give myself to thee; may I ever be thine and wholly thine, always directed by thine unerring counsel and ever so directed as to be most beneficial in the world and bring most glory to the Most High that I may at last be presented without spot and blameless before the throne."

CHAPTER VIII

CLAIMING THE WILLAMETTE

WITH the dawn of the next day Jason Lee heard the Voice saying, "This is the way." It led up the valley of the Willamette. He had taken counsel with many traders and trappers, with the chieftain leaders of the Walla Wallas and the various Flathead tribes, and also with Doctor McLoughlin. It will always remain a matter of conjecture as to what extent any or all of these witnesses augmented or affected the guidance of Him who sits uppermost in the councils of the nations. Lee kept his own counsel, welcomed advice from every source, and now turned southward.

Perhaps the astute Doctor McLoughlin knew the natives better than did any other, except possibly one man. This was the Indian agent at Saint Louis, William Clark, whose fame was wide for his insight into Indian nature. Those who urge the influence of the former may well be reminded of the judgment of the latter. From a letter written by a resident of Saint Louis, who knew General Clark and his sentiments, we learn that the old Indian agent urged that the Methodist Church be authorized to undertake the mission to the far-away Indians because of the aggressive spirit of that denomination and the heroic conduct of the Methodist preachers whom he had known.

Many ill-advised conjectures have been published as to why the "Mission to the Flatheads" was not established among them. The situation was clearly understood, however, by Missionary Secretary Bangs, who states in his *History:* "On arriving at the country of the Flatheads, about which so much had been said and written, they found them to be few in number, and these few of such a migratory character, that they concluded it best to select some other place as the center of missionary operations." It is well that such official records were preserved.

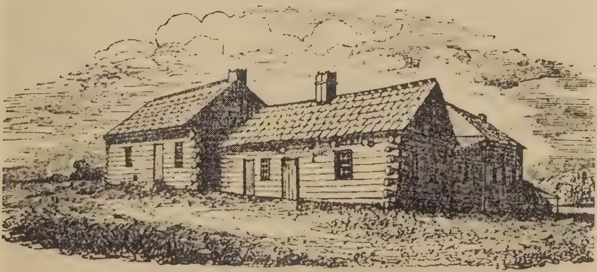
Consequently, we do not share the pathos of the bishop who imagined how with heavy hearts the missionaries passed beyond the inland home of the Flatheads and trudged on to the coast country, there to find the brig May Dacre with their provisions and equipage, and then to undertake the return to Wai-il-at-pu (Walla Walla). Nor do we share his thought that the dread of this labor made it easier to decide for the more westerly valley. We must give to our missionary colonizers the credit of meaning what they wrote in their *Journals* on the way; we must keep in mind the common ignorance of the vast field, unknown even to the government; and we must remember that the end of their transcontinental journey was the anchoring place of the May

Dacre; no matter where they should subsequently set up their mission.

On Monday, the 29th day of September, the missionaries set out from Vancouver with horses in exchange for those left at Walla Walla, and with cattle—eight oxen and ten cows. Men from the fort were provided to drive the cattle and to transport the supplies. On the following day the cargo was transferred from the May Dacre and the boats started up the Willamette with Jason Lee and Walker accompanying, while Daniel Lee and Edwards set out with the horses. The end of the long journey came October 6, shortly before nightfall. They alighted and built a camp fire and rested, awaiting the dawn of a new day of hope to the Indians and to the vast Northwest. The hardships of the journey were passed, but the toil of the founding of the mission colony must begin without delay, as the rainy season was approaching. "But first," says Daniel Lee, "we had to prepare our tools, and gear our oxen. We handled axes and augers, hung a grindstone, split rails, made yokes and bows for the oxen, and made a yard to catch them in. Men never worked harder and performed less."

On Sunday, October 19, Jason Lee preached at the home of Joseph Gervais, a member of the Hunt party, who had remained and settled on the beautiful Willamette. Here Solomon H. Smith was found teaching the few children of the settlers, the half-breeds and the natives, and, ac-

At the Grave of Jason Lee, Salem, Oregon



First Mission in Pacific Northwest at Mission Bottom

cording to a son, he assisted in locating the mission near his school.

The primary object of the continent-wide pilgrimage was advanced by receiving the near-by Indians, opening to them the coveted Book and taking some of their children into the Mission, even before the house was completed. By the first of November the undressed logs were in place, part of the roof on, and the furnishings stowed away. This first mission house west of the great divide was eighteen feet by thirty-two, of two apartments, with four small windows whose sashes were carved out by Jason Lee with his pocket knife. There was a fireplace and a chimney made of sticks and clay. A table and stools were soon added. A month before the anniversary of the manger advent of the Christ-child the unkempt children of the Western wilds were gathered into this log house to hear the wonderful story of the Book of Heaven.

About the middle of December the superintendent found it imperative to return to Vancouver, where on the fourteenth he preached, and baptized twenty-one people, four being adults. This was the first baptismal service ever held in the Oregon country. The appreciative audience gave him twenty dollars. Cyrus Shepard had remained at the fort at the advice of Doctor McLoughlin, and taught a school, which Solomon Smith had taught the year before, and John Ball the previous season. In a personal letter Shepard wrote to an Eastern friend: "The school consisted of about thirty half-breed children. At this place I was, as it were, borne on the lofty wings of fame and received applause far beyond my merits. Teaching the children to sing excited such interest that Doctor McLoughlin, governor of the fort, requested me to assemble the children every Sabbath evening in the dining hall to read the Bible, sing hymns, etc."

The labors of that short term had brought a rich reward in the consecration of the children of the attaches of the company. In March, Shepard went up to the mission and assumed the responsibility of instructing the Indian children of the near-by natives who had come to look with favor upon their new neighbors.

During the winter, and before the house was fairly completed, there came into the settlement a dozen overland pilgrims from California. They were mostly from the United States; a few sailors and some hunters. One of the party was "a Mr. Kelly, of New England, who entertained some very extravagant notions in regard to Oregon, which he published on his return." Of this enthusiast enough is stated elsewhere to assure the reader that he was a friend and worthy champion of the American conquest of the Northwest.

Their leader was Ewing Young, who eventually figured prominently in the little settlement. One of the men of this party, Ezekiel, made the mission a set of cart wheels, the first ever seen in the Willamette. The construction of the barn that was needed to shelter the stock and future crops was begun with fine assistance from these new arrivals. This granary was forty by thirty-two feet and had doors and a floor of sawed lumber, laboriously sawed by hand. During the spring of that year a thirty-acre field was well fenced and plowed and planted to oats, corn, wheat, and vegetables. The farm was to be the means of support to the school and a benefit to the natives as well.

During the spring season of breaking the ground for their first seeding, a party of Umpqua Indians visited the mission and left a boy by the name of Joe to be taught religion and to labor. Others were received, but this one gave hopes of a bright future until his death by consumption in August. An orphan girl, Kanoteesh, was taken in and named Lucy Hedding. Lucy died of scrofula two years later and her enraged and superstitious brother sought to kill Daniel Lee and Cyrus Shepard, being diverted only by the stealth of a friendly native.

The subduing of the forest and the breaking of the prairie soil brought on the usual malarial results. A few years before, the Hudson's Bay Company had opened up a tract near Vancouver, and a fever had broken out that swept away many thousands of the natives in a terrible scourge. The Indians were unable to meet the disease with their crude medicines. Every subsequent year the fever had taken toll and entire villages had been swept away. Daniel Lee became so reduced that he found it expedient to go to Vancouver for treatment. He was immediately advised to go to the Sandwich Islands in a boat about to take up anchor. Doctor McLoughlin, the friend of about everybody in any need, gave him free passage.

Notwithstanding the precarious health of all the missionaries from the fatigue of the long journey and their arduous labor, the mission school grew. But the intense fever and malaria that occasionally gripped all the missionaries were to become a serious menace to their progress. There was no precedent to serve as guide, but with the guiding Spirit came growth as the seal of his favor. At the close of the first year it was found necessary to enlarge the mission house. Some of the students were proving apt pupils of enlightenment, and the light of the Book their fathers sought was shining on them.

The first Sunday school opened west of the Rockies was begun on April 5, 1835, "with fourteen members: three native youths and eleven half-breeds," according to the teachers. A graphic account continued: "Of these, seven are members of a day school, which is supported by one of the settlers for the benefit of his own family. Four were members of our family. The others commenced learning their letters. Since that time our school increased to twenty-seven, and soon it was increased by seven more natives, whom we expected to be added to our family in a short time. Three of them are the children of a civilized Indian; formerly from the vicinity of Montreal, L. C., who died a few weeks since, about ten miles from this place; the other four are his slaves, but will be free when they come on the mission farm, for we allow no slaves here. A number of married people are members of our school, several of whom began with the alphabet. The opening of this school has excited considerable interest, both with the parents and the children." A dozen hymn books which had been brought out on the May Dacre proved useful in teaching the songs of the Lord to the songless children, and soon they could also repeat the Lord's Prayer and favorite passages of the Bible.

A striking commendation of this initial pioneer Oregon school was made late in 1835. The Rev. Samuel Parker, previously referred to, had pressed on westward to traverse the field and return home by way of the Pacific. His consecration to duty and his insight into human nature are appreciatively told in his volume, *Exploring Tour Beyond the Rocky Mountains*. A two days' visit with one of kindred passions served to cheer the heroic band.

This welcome guest wrote in his *Journal:* "I rode, on Thursday, the 26th [Nov.], 12 miles to Jervis [Gervais] settlement, and was delighted with the country—a short distance up the river, the Methodist Church of the United States has established a mission among the Calapooah Indians, of whom there are but few remaining. They have at this time fourteen Indian children in their school, supported by their families, and the prospect of obtaining others as fast as they can accommodate them. Their facilities for providing for their school are good, having an opportunity to cultivate as much excellent land as they wish, and to raise the necessaries of life in great abundance, with little more labor than what the school can perform, for their support. The missionaries have an additional opportunity, which is to establish a Christian influence among the people of these infant settlements. Mr. J. Lee preaches to them on the Sabbath. They have a very interesting Sabbath school among the half-breed children. These children generally have fair complexions, active minds and make a fine appearance. The prospect is that this mission may lay a foundation for extensive usefulness."

Mention has been made of the Cayuse and Walla Walla Indians who conferred with the Lees en route through their country in 1834. Welaptulekt, of the Cayuses, showed a deep interest in the mission, and now, as it was built in the Willamette, though very far away, he brought his family and settled near the school, that he might see the progress of his sons in the knowledge of the Book and the work of civilization. But the epidemic soon claimed two of his children, and in that dread Indian fear of "bad medicine" he hurriedly fled to his homeland. This incident aroused the superstition of the red men for a great distance thereabout and peculiarly hampered the missionaries. This was in the autumn of 1836, when the Whitmans and the Spauldings were approaching their fields of sacrificial labors up the Columbia near the fur-trading fort at the mouth of the Walla Walla.

After a century of civilizing activities in the Pacific Northwest, with home-building and institutional ambitions, we are satisfied that no more strategic arrangement could have been entered into to subdue those wilds than to first take possession of the lower Willamette valley as the natural starting point for every future advance.

CHAPTER IX

EARLY SIGNS OF A FUTURE STATE

"Morning in the Northwest dates from this time."—Barrows' *Oregon.*

SEVERAL events now transpired that served to hearten the missionaries. They had been using a small castiron corncracker in which wheat could be but poorly ground, and a wooden mortar, said to "hold about a bushel, in which was pounded off the hulls of the barley used in soup." But now before the first full year had passed a grist mill was erected at Champoeg by Webley Hauxhurst. Early in January, 1837, he had attended the class meeting in the mission, was deeply convicted of his sins, and experienced a genuine conversion. He was the first white convert in Oregon.

The mission became a welcome retreat and in the summer of 1835 served as a hospital to a second party from California. They had been attacked by the Umpqua Indians, robbed and wounded. Among them was Doctor Bailey, a surgeon, who had received a deep cut in his lower jaw from an Indian ax.

Before a year had passed the mission established a precedent on slavery for the tense years to follow. One of the settlers, Louis Shangarate, formerly a company trapper, had died, leaving three orphan children and several Indian slaves. Mr. Lee yielded to the request of Doctor McLoughlin to become their guardian and, emancipating the slaves, received all into the mission. This charitable undertaking was but an ordinary incident in the unceasing usefulness of the mission in those formative days. The harmonious intercourse with the company on the Columbia is shown in the gratitude of their retired servants. The officers at the fort joined in the following letter, inclosing one hundred and fifty dollars as a present:

Fort Vancouver, 1st March, 1836.

The Rev. Jason Lee:

Dear Sir: I do myself the pleasure to hand you the inclosed subscription, which the gentlemen who have signed it request you will do them the favor to accept for the use of the mission; and they pray our heavenly Father, without whose assistance we can do nothing, that of his infinite mercy he will vouchsafe to bless and prosper your pious endeavors, and believe me to be, with esteem and regard, your sincere well-wisher and humble servant.

JOHN McLOUGHLIN.

The attendance at the mission increased. The malarial troubles subsided and Daniel Lee returned in health. At the close of the second season the farm had one hundred and fifty acres under plow and prosperity rested on the manual labors as well as the spiritual endeavors of the mission.

In the autumn of this year two British ships anchored off the shore at Vancouver. The Nereid had come on company business from London, and the Columbia (Captain Dandy), which since May had made a return trip to the Sandwich Islands. On its outgoing voyage was Samuel Parker, bound for home. Daniel Lee returned on the Nereid, and the Rev. Herbert Beaver and his wife, of the Church of England, were also passengers, having come to minister to the company. Then on the twelfth of September the Whitman party came down the river, ending their overland pilgrimage in the interest of the American Board of Foreign Missions. This was a remarkable meeting of men and women set to the gospel task. All were greeted with cheer and a "God-bless-you." The women of the American Board Mission were graciously detained here for a few weeks while Doctor Whitman and the Rev. Mr. Spalding retraced the Columbia to locate their stations. During these days Mrs. Whitman in letters sent home gave vivid pictures of the gardens, the apple trees, dairy, and farm and fort life. She also wrote of the convivial tendencies of the gentlemen of the company and of a temperance society here and at "Willamet," formed by Mr. Lee.

Three remarkable events transpired in 1836. These were the proposed manufacture of alcohol, the visit of William A. Slacum in his cruise of the Northwest waters; and the organization of the cattle company that brought in the first stock for the settlers. In all of these events are shown the strategic value of the mission and the worth of its loving spirit.

When Ewing Young came up from California he brought several brood mares, but the encounters of his party with the natives were adversely reported to Doctor McLoughlin and he refused him the accustomed favors. In consequence this independent adventurer sought to retaliate, and thereon hangs the story of the first manufacture of alcohol in the Northwest. When Captain Wyeth forsook his post at Fort Williams, at the mouth of the Willamette, Young secured a huge kettle that had been used in pickling salmon. With this the firm of Young and Carmichael began distilling an alcoholic beverage to sell to the natives and attachés of the dominant company. Immediately there was excitement because of the devastating possibilities. Intoxicants were sold to half-breeds and settlers and the previous good order around the old fort was disturbed by lawlessness and carousing.

As the excitement moved up to the mission valley a mass meeting was held at which was organized the first Oregon Temperance Society, and with the persuasive influence of Jason Lee, the ambitious manufacturers were dissuaded. A formal resolution signed by twenty-eight protestants seemed too real an opposition, and with the proffer of the Mission to reimburse Young for any outlay, though this was never accepted, the incipient monopoly was crushed. Beyond doubt Young's enmity would have allowed him to glory in the discomfiture of the British had it not been for the tactful intercession of Jason Lee and his associates. The men soon turned to other vocations and in 1837 Ewing Young erected the first American sawmill, near what is now Newberg. It was a crude affair and cut badly, but was the beginning of a mighty industry.

Upon the return of Hall J. Kelly, with his published account of the sovereignty of the Hudson's Bay Company, not alone in stifling all competitive business but in discouraging any settlement of the country, President Jackson ordered out William A. Slacum, of the Navy, to investigate the interests at stake in the region of the joint-occupancy. The relation of this expedition to the colonization of Oregon is given in another chapter, but its providential bearing on the success of the first importation of stock for the settlers belongs to this account of the beginning of the Mission.

The first cattle to come to Oregon were brought up the coast to Astoria on the Hudson's Bay coasting vessel Cadboro. About 1830 they were taken up the Columbia on board a scow made for the purpose and installed at the fort. When the missionaries came four years later they were advised to leave their cows at Walla Walla and they were later given eight head in exchange. By

1837 the company had a herd of about two dozen. With the coming of independent settlers, attempts were made to buy cattle of Doctor McLoughlin but without success. No beef was sold to anybody, not even to Sir Edward Belcher for his men of war. The increase was carefully guarded that the vast acres of abundant pasture might become the home of well-favored herds. But Ewing Young, coming from the Rockies by way of the Santa Fé trail and California, knew of multitudes of Mexican cattle roaming over pastures no more than six hundred miles away. He had brought his horses over a trail that should open to milch and beef stock. He confided his belief to Jason Lee, who promptly shared his enthusiasm for the formation of a cattle-getting expedition.

Thus it came that the Willamette Cattle Company was organized on January 13, 1837, at Champoeg, with Young as captain and P. L. Edwards treasurer of the project. Several hundred dollars' worth of stock was subscribed by the anxious settlers and Doctor McLoughlin, after subtle opposition, put in $900 for his retired men, to whom he was owing a considerable sum in back wages. Lee sponsored $500 for the mission. The new-found friend, Lieutenant Slacum, who was about to return to Washington with his report, underwrote the enterprise for a sum sufficient to make an aggregate of $3,000, besides providing free transportation to California for all who should go in search of stock. Atwood falls into the common error of saying, "Doctor McLoughlin gave valuable assistance to the movement and took shares in the stock." It were better stated that he discouraged the enterprise in every possible way, knowing its consequences on his fur monopoly. But when Jason Lee presented the matter in person and persistently, the shrewd Chief Factor saw that he could not block the movement and reluctantly gave his support by taking stock for his retired men out of their unpaid wages. Lee told him of the inevitable coming of more cattle, that a company had been formed and men chosen to undertake the expedition, that free transportation was assured without the aid of the company's transports, and that nothing short of too great resistance from the natives en route would thwart the project. Then it was that the venerable Factor gave his assent.

On January 10, 1837, Lee wrote a letter, published in the Christian Advocate, June 9, from which we take the best brief account extant.

> We went to the lower part of our settlement to meet Wm. A. Slacum, an officer in the United States Navy, and a government agent. I went with him to the houses of all the settlers, and introduced him at the Mission House. He expressed great astonishment at what had been done in the settlement in an agricultural line, and the progress the children had made in speaking and reading English.
>
> The settlers have no meat cattle of their own, and the Hudson's Bay Company refuse to sell. They have

loaned us cows for milk, but to eat a piece of beef is out of the question. We are heartily tired of this state of things, and as it is not a difficult thing to bring cattle from California, we have resolved to form ourselves into a joint stock concern to effect our object.

It is impossible to carry on an establishment of this kind successfully without cattle. . . .

The party, consisting of eleven whites and two or three Indians, availed themselves of the kind offer of Mr. Slacum and will sail to-morrow on the Loriot, free of expense. . . .

Mr. Slacum takes great interest in our mission. . . .

Yours truly,

JASON LEE.

After landing at the old Spanish port, Bodega, Slacum, Young, and Edwards sought an interview with General Vallejo, at Monterey. This was necessary in order to overcome an old law forbidding "the transportation of females out of the country." After days of anxiety and of importuning corrupt Mexican officials they received the coveted permit, June 22, to take eight hundred head out of that Mexican country, provided the officials were paid rather than the monasteries to whom the cattle belonged. Several of the men had labored in a sawmill to get ready money, and now all began with a will to assemble their herd. Two months was taken in breaking the wild beasts enough to be driven and to ford the rivers. Edwards gave the best account of the hazardous encounters and wrote that they were "like so many evil spirits." The rigors of the wild country taxed the party to such an extreme that not until the middle of September were they able to cross the Siskiyous.

In October our cattle pilots brought 630 head into the Willamette valley. They had lost 100 head to the treacherous Spanish inhabitants as they were setting northward and nearly as many more disappeared in the wilds or were stolen by the Indians en route. While $3 was the original cost per head they were divided up at a valuation of $7.67. Eighty head went to the Mission. Several horses were brought through and sold at public sale. The success of this great Oregon boon was shared by many, but too much credit cannot be given the missionary colonizers. One who was at Vancouver at the time the party left for cattle declares that the British immediately organized the Puget Sound Agricultural Company to control that part of the country.

That good brig, the Loriot, carried to the Missionary Society a letter from the leader of the Mission asking for "pious men." They were sorely needed to direct the native children striving to learn a better civilization. The missionaries had written before for aid but had found no time adequately to portray their charges, the Indian children. Their letters were slow in reaching the States, nor was time found to describe the country or to picture the numerous hardships encountered. Now, in this urgent report appeared a brief paragraph that not only suggested the ceaseless toil of the missionaries, but also the inability of the friends at home to realize its high merit. He wrote: "You ask for some description of the Indians, their habits, etc., etc., but, sir, with manual labor, sickness, preaching, etc., I have been fully employed—but I hope soon to be able to do something in that way." Had Jason Lee been the equal of some others in writing thrilling accounts of his labors, he could have shone in fairer luster the while. But with each circling year his genuine integrity and far-visioned leadership grew more luminous.

Re-enforcements were added to the meager Mission party in May, 1837. They had sailed from Boston the preceding July, in the Hamilton. Ten months had been spent in a voyage of many encounters and trying privations. Lee had gotten word of their approach off the Oregon coast by way of the Sandwich Islands, where they had taken ship in the Diana, under Captain Hinckley. Consequently, he hastened to Vancouver to greet his new comrades and pilot them up the Willamette. The arrival was in safety and great cheer. Much of the new supplies was stored at the fort, and adequate transportation for the missionaries and their baggage was gotten from Doctor McLoughlin. The second mate of the ship was engaged to work for the Mission. His name was J. L. Whitcomb, and he was destined to take a large place in the constructive life of the colony.

Voyaging up the Willamette gave Jason Lee opportunity to estimate the helpers sent him. There were three men, five women, and as many children. Dr. Elijah White, who headed the list, came under commission to be Mission physician, and before they had reached their destination word came asking for haste, that the Doctor might tend a dozen sick inmates of the school. Alanson Beers had come from Cincinnati to become blacksmith and general mechanic, and he always proved himself to be of truest steel. William H. Willson, a ship carpenter, had volunteered to become the builder of Mission houses. He was whole-souled and genuine and improved the months of the voyage by studying medicine under Doctor White. Later, in the days of need, he became a practitioner. Of the women, Mrs. White had longed from childhood to devote her life to the distant natives, and Mrs. Beers, of a quiet philosophical turn and accustomed to work, became a veritable mother in the Mission. Even more joyously welcomed than these esteemed housewives were the maidens destined to become the wives of the missionaries, Anna Marie Pittman, Susan Downing, and Elvira Johnson. The first was to become the wife of the superintendent, should they so desire upon meeting. An essential genius, tall and dark, pious and ever consecrated to her work, she promptly won the heart and smile of Jason, then her oarsman up the mystic Oregon River. The second, attractive and always in good taste in her words and apparel, was already betrothed to Cyrus Shepard, from Lynn, Massachusetts. Miss Johnson, a pure missionary soul, always amiable and zealous in good works, was to become the companion of a missionary yet to sail.

With the coming of these efficient helpers, the work of the mission was better organized and far better results could be anticipated in teaching the natives the religion of the Book and in directing their hands to self-support. The Mission building had been enlarged and now, including the Indians, there were fifty-four persons sleeping in it. Two houses were erected that summer, one of logs and the other of sawn planks. The settlement was now more comfortably housed and all worked in harmony, while the social activities were very pleasurably increased.

And there was work enough for all. Those who have grown up among the more settled conditions of the Atlantic States and in the more modern days in the West cannot easily grasp the enormity of the pioneer work that was to be done. Work seemed to be infectious, so that a discerning Indian once exclaimed, "The Bostons [Americans] make everything work. They make the wind work, the water work, the horse, the ox work. After while they make the Indian work." But while the winds and the water falls were made the white man's servants, and the ox and the horse readily did his bidding, it was left for the Siwash Indians to test their teachers.

CHAPTER X

FOUNDING A CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY

THE most radiant day in all the missionary era in old Oregon was the sixteenth day of July, 1837. Out of it came the first church organization on the Pacific Coast. While the Sabbath services were called for worship and communion, the occasion has become famous as the scene of the first Christian home founding, several conversions among the whites and their accession to the church, and also the initial sacramental service and baptisms solemnized at the oldest of the missions.

One of the two eyewitnesses to record the events of the day was Daniel Lee, who simply said of the motley congregation: "At 11 A. M. we assembled near the Mission house, in a grove of firs. The congregation embraced Frenchmen, Americans, Indians, half-breeds, the Mission family and school, and some others, a mixed company, strangely thrown together in this distant land. All were decently clad, and observed a becoming deportment." Upon the rustic seats were the Frenchmen with their native companions and their children. Indians and their squaws were fringed around, decked with their scarlet shawls, beaded leggins, and moccasins. But the presence of five white women was the most wonderful thing, with their new ideas of virtue and domestic standards. No need exceeded that of chaste Christian homes in all this wild land. Their sacredness had never yet been known. In fact, as Doctor Parker said in his *Journal*, two arguments were always given against the Christian marriage of white men to red women. The men would never take such wives back to civilization, and the native women could not grasp the sacredness of the marital vow and might break it at any caprice.

These five missionary women were called to sow the seeds of virtuous living. In the midst of wild scenes of sensuality they erected the hearth and the altar that should mean everything to the Indian women. A genuinely Christian commonwealth was to be established and a leading part was to be taken by these women of higher thought and purer purpose. It was they who would inspire their children and the youth of following years with patriotic devotion to home and country.

A new hope arose on that July day with the rising notes of the opening hymn, "When All Thy Mercies, O My God," while the recent encounters and the surrounding wilds emphasized the appropriate lines of reliance on his grace:

"Through hidden dangers, toils, and death
  It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
  More to be feared than they."

Immediately after prayer by their leader, Jason Lee escorted Miss Pittman to the rustic altar and they were married by Daniel Lee. While the mystified onlookers still wondered, Cyrus Shepard and his affianced, Susan Downing, stepped forward to be united in the holy bonds by the groom of the past moment. Then with these wholesome examples of their leader and teachers, there followed a third wedding, when an Indian maiden, Nancy McKay, of the Callapooias, became the wife of Charles Roe, a young man of good hopes in the settlement.

The Mission physician, Doctor White, also wrote of that wedding day, but in a more jocular strain. The grove, he tells us, was "about three hundred yards in front of the house." He himself had gotten the boys to cut off the lower branches for a better circulation of air, so as to overcome the prevalent malaria. He also wrote, "Mr. Lee arose and delivered a very pathetic discourse, after which he alluded to the approaching ceremony." What a plot lay here with all the detail for a clever romancer! But our missionaries cared not for self so much as the record of lives well lived among their miserable wards.

Following the reading of the rules of the church the third groom of the eventful day was baptized, in any age a worthy act to follow a marital pledge.

After a soulful sermon by Jason Lee from the text, "Come thou with us and we will do thee good," a refreshing love feast was held and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed. The presence of the Spirit was manifest even to the curious, so that all were greatly impressed, and several Canadians, Catholics, and pagan red men vowed to evermore live purer lives and seek the salvation of their souls. Two young men united with the church band, bringing its membership up to fourteen. These were Charles Roe and Webley Hauxhurst, the latter having been the first convert among the settlers. He had come across the continent from Long Island and at New Year's time, during class meeting, he was so sensibly converted that he was brought to a thorough change of heart. His personal letter says: "I learned more in that week than in thirty-one years before. When I saw the Indian children praying and worshiping God, I thought it was high time for me, who had lived thirty-one years in sin, without ever praying for my soul; and being in your class meetings, and hearing you ask questions, and telling your feelings, I expected you would speak to me, and what could I say? I felt like a person lost forever." With this sense of his need he soon found pardon and peace and became the first fruits of the Spirit in Oregon.

Event followed event in panoramic fashion. The summer harvest time had come and the care of the grain and vegetables required the labor of all, including the new physician and the superintendent. The transporting of the goods brought in by the Diana was undertaken by Beers and Willson, but as they had only light canoes the task became very tedious. A blacksmith shop was built, a hewn-log house for Doctor White, and a schoolroom was added to the Mission house. Here Miss Johnson gathered the Indian children for their first lessons, and Mrs. Shepard deftly made and mended their clothes. The rest of the women were employed in the home at every form of domestic necessity.

It seemed possible to instruct the wild children in the use of the plow and the ax as well as in the gospel and worship, but as work apart from hunting and fishing was not attractive to the Indians, most of them proved slow pupils. The adult Indians would not readily change their ways, although a sincere effort was made to awaken among their children a liking for the labor of civilization. Cyrus Shepard was given this task, and none ever wrought more faithfully. The pupils made some progress in morals and language as well as in the element of labor. During the summer forty were enrolled in the school.

The vacation month of August was taken by Jason Lee and Shepard to explore the outlying regions and ascertain the character of the tribes and the country, also in quest of rest and a delayed honeymoon for themselves and their wives. They explored the upper Willamette valley, eastward to the source of the Mollalla and down along a rare Indian country. Then a longer journey was undertaken to the coast, down the Salmon River, among the Tillamooks. On this latter journey they were fortunate in having Joseph Gervais as guide along the heavily timbered waterways and over the coast range. Adequate roads have not yet been built here.

For more than a year Jason Lee had been suffering from intermittent fever, and any violent exercise caused such pain that he was now fearing he might not regain his health should he stay longer in the country. Only four years before he had left his Stanstead home, in perfect health. This vacation was of great benefit to him, according to a diary which he began but was unable to continue owing to the ruggedness of the trip. Here is an interesting entry: "Had I kept a regular memorandum the three years past, I could have recorded little in reference to my own conduct that would have afforded pleasure and satisfaction to myself, in the review, or that I should be willing to exhibit to others, for their imitation. Yet many things might have been recorded that would most strikingly have illustrated the goodness of God to me. I think I may safely say concerning my own conduct, that the more prominent features, or, rather, the general outlines of the picture, have been such as would be, in the main, approved even by the judiciary. But the filling up, the filling up, there is the difficulty. I know full well that the main object

I have kept in view has been the glory of God in the salvation of souls, and, having judged it expedient under existing circumstances to employ much of my time in manual labor, I pursued it with that diligence and energy for the first twelve months which I have reason to believe superinduced the intermittent fever."

More missionaries arrived at Vancouver on September seventh, on the Sumatra, having sailed from Boston in January. There were necessary supplies and equipment for the mission and seven passengers destined to a sacrificial service: the Rev. and Mrs. David Leslie and their three daughters, the Rev. H. K. W. Perkins and Miss Margaret Smith. A farm with a modest house was bought of a Canadian who had settled near the Mission. Here the Leslies began housekeeping, as also Mr. Perkins, who, on November 21, was married to the estimable teacher, Miss Johnson. It was soon found wise to build better against the constant fever and numerous diseases, and the construction of a hospital building was begun. With the transferring of the supplies from this second ship there was enough for all to do. This re-enforcement of suitable supplies and workers was more than welcome.

But few pupils aside from orphans had been secured, as the parents were afraid to leave their children at the mission, fearing that they would become slaves. A meeting was held on Christmas day to consider the best way to educate the near-by Callapooyas. It was decided to organize the settlers, to encourage native agriculture, and to aid the Indians in building more comfortable homes. Four hundred dollars was pledged freely by the French and the missionaries. Many who had scant comforts sought to encourage such a practical evangelization of the tribe. But the project was doomed by the habitual indolence of the red race. They could be good but would not work, until they could not work and would not be good.

In February, 1838, Jason Lee set out for the rugged Umpqua region, two hundred miles to the south, returning early in March somewhat improved in health, though he had encountered severe hardships and numerous perils. There was a trading post at Fort Umpqua, and while there Lee made careful observations as to the number and condition of the Indians. It now seemed advisable to extend the field of the mission in other directions. The Dalles of the Columbia seemed the most promising site, and Daniel Lee and Perkins were assigned to that work. This strategic post of the river Indians would likely have been taken the following August by Doctor Whitman for his work had not the Methodists gone when they did. American settlers were soon to enter this gateway.

The spring of 1838 was a pivotal time in the destiny of the Northwest. During the preceding winter it had become more and more apparent that someone should return to the East in the interest of the mission. Further, there had been such rapid changes in the Willamette valley, among the Indians, the fur gatherers, and the venturesome settlers, that there was a general unrest, with the certainty that before long nations would strive for ownership. One who many years ago caught the import of those days said: "There was in all minds a clear conviction that some forward movement of civilization to occupy Oregon was in the thoughts and on the tongues of statesmen and diplomats. Great nations were awakening to the greatness of the land beyond the mountains. The few God-commissioned men who had led the advance of civilization and religion into the wilderness were feeling stirring within them that prophecy with which God touches the souls of his agents when he has for them mighty preparations for mighty events which his providence half conceals, half discloses" (H. K. Hines, *Missionary History*).

After fervent prayers and serious planning by council it was decided that Jason Lee himself must hasten eastward, to champion the cause of the Mission among the churches and to acquaint the legislators with the value of the great basin of the Columbia. The motive in the mind of Lee and his associates for this urgent overland journey has been variously estimated. S. A. Clarke, in his *Pioneer Days of Oregon,* says: "By this time Jason Lee had enlarged his vision to include the idea that it was more important to settle Oregon with Americans than to try to convert a race that was expiring." The writer shares, but more moderately, the thought of the compiler of Bancroft's *History of Oregon,* who declared: "From this point we regard Jason Lee less as a missionary than as an American colonizer. When he first conceived the idea of appropriating the valley of the Willamette for the Methodist Church under the protection of the United States is not very clear." And certainly from the sources of information at hand, it is not shown that he had ulterior motives, but sought the salvation of men and not land possessions. He might well have hoped to make his church potent in bringing the country under the control of the States. The hazardous surveys he had made and the council meetings all suggested the most serious devotion to his evangelical mission among the Indians and oncoming whites. Going for the enlargement of his mission, with the awful strain of the long journey which he knew full well, and the slow response of the nation, he could have had but one hope, the planting of the gospel standard more securely. He would do it wherever the number and needs of the Indians justified, and wherever American settlers might establish themselves.

No less than a mighty faith, resolute will, and full devotion to his mission could have induced him to go. He was then suffering from past hardships, he was needed at the mission, he would have to leave the wife he loved so tenderly, every personal interest seemed to discredit any selfish desire to go East. But God was sending him out. This idea was shared by his associates and by his devoted wife, who said: "I will not take it upon me to advise either way, and I will not put myself in the way of the performance of your duty. If you feel that you should go, go; for I did not marry you to hinder but, rather, to aid you in the performance of your duty." Lee's deepest feelings on the subject are recorded in his *Journal:* "I endeavored to persuade myself that it was not my duty to go, and tried to compose my mind to represent the circumstances and wants of the mission in writing." But God was ordering him back to quicken the home church, and he obeyed, saying, "I prepared to leave home, and wife, and friends and retrace my steps to the land of civilization." It was not until he had concluded to go for his mission that the colonists arose and formulated their memorial to Congress. The preponderance of mission men interested in this document shows the close relation between the civil liberty then desired by the settlers and the moral uplook of the red race.

On the morning of March 25, Jason Lee left his home in the Mission for the homeland in the East. His wife put into his hands a tender farewell poem, the first verse ever written in Oregon. Two of the stanzas follow:

"Must my dear companion leave me,
Sad and lonely here to dwell?
If 'tis duty thus that calls thee,
Shall I keep thee? No—farewell.
Though my heart aches
As I bid thee thus farewell.

"Go and seek for fellow laborers;
Tell them that the field is white.
God will show them gracious favor
While they teach the sons of night.
Bid them hasten
Here to bring the Gospel light."

CHAPTER XI

THE FIRST GREAT SORROWS

THE story of the Eastern trip, the awakening of the church, and the return of Lee with his remarkable re-enforcement will be told in another chapter. During Lee's absence, David Leslie acted as superintendent of the Mission, and no man could have proved more worthy. He was known to all as "a man of ability, of considerable culture, of clear judgment, of great stability of character." His first task was the cultivating and garnering of produce and grain to supply the yearly need of half a hundred. Pack horses, with ample saddlebags made of elk skins, carried the newly flailed wheat to mill and brought back the flour.

And now came the first great sorrow to this devoted group—the death of Mrs. Lee and her new-born son. As she had been the first American bride in the land, so she was the first wife and mother to lay down her life. No records remain of the burial service, but devoted grief-stricken comrades laid her away in the grave and ever cherished her memory. The place of her interment is a green mound in the Lee Mission Cemetery at Salem, Oregon, where others of heroic faith and sacrifice have since been laid to rest. Many years after her death an Indian girl who had witnessed this Christian burial described it to the daughter of a missionary, with a glow of eternal hope. She had never before seen such a burial, where grief-stricken hearts wept their agony, yet deep within possessed the calm and peace of expectant hope.

Graven on a white marble slab, storm-seared through the changing seasons, is the obituary of this first martyr of the Flathead Mission. (The actual date of her arrival in Oregon was the last day of May.)

Beneath this Sod,
The first ever broken in Oregon
For the reception of a
White mother and child,
Lie the remains of
ANNA MARIA PITTMAN
Wife of
REV. JASON LEE
And her infant son.
She sailed from New York in July, 1836;
Landed in Oregon June, 1837
Was married July 16, 1837;
And died
June 26, 1838,
Aged 36 years

The most significant achievements among these Indians were accomplished through the manual school, and the moving spirit of this was Cyrus Shepard.

The Book of Heaven, opened for the natives, was also being accepted by settlers who had come under the spirit of the Mission. During a revival in the following winter, 1838 and 1839, many were converted, especially at the watch-night service. A number of these were children, but some of the wayward Westerners also found redemption. Among the latter were James O'Neal, who was with Captain Wyeth in the expedition of 1834; J. Edmunds and H. Campbell, both Americans. These found peace, and in a letter of January 4, Shepard wrote, "Satan began to tremble." Solomon Smith, who had long felt his need of saving grace, was visited by the missionary, Mr. Perkins, on his way from the seat of the revival to The Dalles, and being urged to immediate decision, was converted. His native wife was also spiritually awakened and speedily sought the uplift of her people in the Clatsop region.

Shepard's health had suffered greatly while on the long trail of 1834. Later the incessant demands, as well as the inroads of fever, had brought on a stubborn decline, together with scrofula, so that it became necessary to amputate a leg. He did not rally, and on New Year's Day Cyrus Shepard, the first Indian teacher in old Oregon, was mustered out of his mission to an eternal reward. It was a staggering blow not alone to the sad wife and two children, but to the little colony so recently bereft of its genius, Mrs. Lee. Daniel Lee wrote of his dead comrade, "Our brother loved society, but he was happier in doing good. In labors he was abundant, endeavoring to do good in every way in his power to all around him, both to their souls and bodies. Often did he visit the Indian lodge with food for the hungry and medicine for the sick. For the children in the mission under his care he felt a deep and abiding interest. To teach, to clothe, to feed, and to save them, soul and body, was his utmost desire and this with the blessed hope of his own salvation, made him constantly trample on pleasure and pain."

This rare teacher imparted his most enduring lesson in his triumph over excruciating suffering. The entire valley, the Indians included, was greatly influenced for many years by the patient sufferer and his triumph in death. A few days before the end came, he wrote: "God has dealt with me in a manner which it is impossible to describe to you. Such support, such a removal of every care, the mind constantly far from every anxious thought, I could never have conceived to be possible. Under the most excruciating pain, when at every breath it seemed impossible to refrain from screaming as loud as my strength would bear, those cries were mingled with shouts of praise! I would say to you: such has been the abundance of peace given that not a rising of impatience, or fretfulness, nor a murmur or a complaint has ever been felt by me during my sickness. Farewell! The God of all peace, grace, and consolation be with you continually." This was signed, "A part of Cyrus."

The God of missions was not found unprepared for this loss. At the time, William Geiger, recently from Doctor Whitman's work, was en route to California and stepped aside to supply the need. He proved to be an efficient teacher of the three dozen children then enrolled.

Many events transpired that must be omitted from this record, but we must picture Willson laboring alone on Puget Sound, building a Mission house there. Lee had explored the field with him and soon was to return with a watchman for that signal watch tower of religious and civic liberty. In August another sorrow came when George Stontenberg, the adopted son of Doctor White, was drowned while fording the Willamette on horseback.

The hospital had been constructed to care more adequately for the sick and suffering. Daniel Lee, coming from his labors at The Dalles, found many enfeebled from fever and exposure, augmented by overwork, and wrote, "Let the friends of missions but remember that sickness disables for efficient labor, and that the missionaries in Oregon have suffered a large amount." This hospital building was the best of the Mission structures, at the old station, having a second story and double piazzas. It not only provided wards for the sick but shelter for three of the missionaries and their families, besides the steward, George Abernethy.

This crowded housing was due partly to the fact that there never had been ample provision for their number but more especially to the unfortunate circumstance that the home of David Leslie had been burned the preceding December. It was a heavy loss, all the furniture and clothing being destroyed. In his executive work, exceedingly onerous, Leslie was greatly assisted by his indefatigable workman, Alanson Beers, who was always true to the best interests of the mission.

A new element was added to the valley in 1838, when two Catholic priests, F. N. Blanchet and the Rev. Modeste Demers, came by the annual overland train of the Hudson's Bay Company. They were from Canada and served the hierarchy well.

Some who knew the movements have called attention to the fact that as soon as the Methodist band came under Jason Lee, an Episcopal chaplain was asked for by Doctor McLoughlin. The naturalist, Townsend, who was at Fort Walla Walla when the Whitman party came, says that this chaplain, the Rev. Herbert Beaver, came according to a provision of the company charter that had been unheeded until Jason Lee appeared at the gates of their chief fort. And the Whitmans and the Spauldings, sent out by the American Board, had hardly begun aggressive movements in that wide inland field when Catholic emissaries, coming under the patronage and escort of the British company, were found lifting the flaps of the skin-covered wigwams of those who eventually brought murderous disaster upon those Protestant stations.

It may be remembered that no attempt had been made to educate the half-breeds or to Christianize the Indian children until Lee and Whitman came with their companions over laborious trails. Now by boats and over the familiar courses of their overland travel in Canada preferred agents were brought. The first, however, so displeased the Vancouver Chief Factor that his return to England came speedily. The others were comfortably established at the same fort and assisted in ramifying the entire country, with substations at all Hudson's Bay posts. This chain of events suggests at least a striking coincidence.

At the time the two advance guards of Catholicism were tarrying at Fort Walla Walla they baptized the child of a Cayuse chief, the convenient god-father being P. S. Pambrun, the Factor there. The company interpreters, being Catholics, naïvely told the natives that this was the only true faith, and thereby was begun the dissatisfaction that has reddened so many missionary annal's.

Promptly upon receiving their printing press from the Sandwich Islands, the inland Mission began, at Lapwai, to print religious tracts in the Nez Perce dialect. The interest aroused among the eager natives was so great as to tax the capacity of this simple hand press and many Indians were awaking to a better sunrising than they had dreamed of at their sun-pole festivities. The priests, aware of the lessening grasp of their policy of ignorance, began to circulate an ingenious chart known as "the tree" which arrested the attention of the susceptible and already too superstitious natives. As a consequence much harm was done to the spread of Bible truth, and the plan of substituting images and beads for true devotions and the awakening literature in the tongue of the Indians caused trouble between friends.

At this time there were sixteen Methodist missionaries at the old station and at Wascopam, The Dalles. The American Board had begun their work at Lapwai and at Cimakain, near Spokane, as well as at Wai-il-at-pu or Walla Walla. Thus within five years after the Bible was first opened among the Indians of the Pacific Northwest there had come ten ministers and two Catholic priests, two physicians, six mission laymen and thirteen American women with five children. As many more children had been born in the mission homes. Twenty settlers had arrived and ten of the retired employees of the fur company had begun strongly to favor the American colonial influences.

The women at old Fort Vancouver had their daily tasks. During the thirties the wife of an emigrant officer wrote, "Few books give information regarding the domestic economy of a settler's life. The whole comfort of a family depends on the mistress." This was Mrs. C. P. Strickland Traill, who also wrote: "This prospect does not disturb me. Have I not the right to be cheerful and contented for the sake of my beloved partner? The change is not greater for me than for him; and if for his sake I have voluntarily left home and friends and country, shall I therefore sadden him by senseless regrets?"

Every woman of the frontier learned to make butter and soap, to bake "hop-rising" and "salt-rising" bread, to cook salt meat and fish, to knit and spin, to care for the chickens and the cows. This was the hard lot of the women of the missions, who gave themselves to their tasks in free and loving service.

The old mission garden was the pride of those early days. Cyrus Shepard had started it and had made it a resort for visitors in the valley. H. K. W. Perkins wrote, "It was originally planted by Cyrus Shepard's own hands. This was the most pleasant place connected with the mission." The Mission rose was a "beautiful flowering shrub," developed by Mrs. Alanson Beers. Upon her arrival in Oregon she found among her keepsakes from home a withered flower. By careful nursing she restored it, so that, as Mrs. Odell said, "from that small beginning has come forth all its wealth of beauty."

Perhaps the first white woman to visit the shores of old Oregon was Frances Hornby Barkley. She came in 1787 on her honeymoon, with her husband, under Captain John Meares, and witnessed the sad attack and murder of a boat's crew of Indians. She was present when the strait of Juan de Fuca was entered, and when the Imperial Eagle visited Nootka she was there. The men of those days endured many hardships, but surely the wives of those sturdy adventurers were called upon to bear much in toil, privation, pain and sorrow.

CHAPTER XII

THE EAST IS AROUSED

BUT what of Jason Lee, who on that memorable morning, March 25, 1838, had said good-bye to his wife and friends and resolutely set his face to the Eastern trail? With him were P. L. Edwards, whose time of service at the Mission had expired; a Mr. Ewing and two native boys from the school; W. M. Brooks and Thomas Adams. Dropping down the river fifty miles to the fort, they saluted Doctor McLoughlin in the manner of the times and then rowed up the Columbia to The Dalles, where Perkins and Daniel Lee had begun the station at old Wascopam. This venture was inspected, and on Sunday Jason Lee preached in the Chinook jargon which he had mastered since passing there on his westward journey. The message was interpreted in their own dialects to the Klickitats and the Nez Perces present.

In two days the second lap of the journey, one hundred and fifty miles, was resumed on horseback, reaching Fort Walla Walla on the thirteenth of April. The Indian horses were sent back to their Dalles owners and necessary mountain outfitting began. The next day Lee went over to the Whitman Mission at Wai-il-at-pu and gladly spent several days there in counsel and encouragement. It was the first meeting of these missionary leaders. Lee preached on Sunday with Doctor Whitman as interpreter. In a letter to her parents, Mrs. Whitman told of an old chief, Umtippe, who had been seeking the Bible account of heaven. He could not live much longer and he was deeply convicted of his many sins. He was so soundly converted under this sermon that she wrote: "Never can a person manifest a greater change. That selfish, wicked, cunning, and troublesome old chief, now so still and quiet, so attentive to the truth, and grateful for favors now given! Surely, naught but the Spirit of God has done this."

Lee was so zealous for the common missionary cause that he visited Spaulding's station, over one hundred miles out of his way, and prevailed on Doctor Whitman to allow his associate to go to The Dalles and assist in erecting the building just begun there. The two formative years of these eastward stations were reviewed in Lee's message. While the most meager accounts are preserved in family letters, it is highly probable that the memorial being taken to Congress was a subject of serious conference together with the matters of the Mission which they held with common concern. The best possible equipment was provided for this journey, yet it was very scant. Mrs. Whitman made two firkins of butter, one for Lee and one for McKay, the fur trader.

Just before leaving, letters came from the Mission home and Jason Lee was greatly cheered, "to hear from all my friends and especially from my dear wife." This was likely his last letter from her. In his diary he wrote: "How different this world is from that which is to come! Here we are often separated from the dearest objects of our affection; there we shall have no desire unsatisfied if we are with Jesus."

On reaching the Snake River, above old Fort Boise, camp was made over Sunday, June 3. Here Lee preached in both English and French and baptized Donald, a son of Thomas McKay. The escort of this weathered Westerner was a boon to the missionary. But when orders were given on the following Sunday to break camp and begin the next long stretch, Lee resolutely resisted. He showed how they had made just as good time in six days' travel as seven, and said that the excuse for beginning on Sunday was a paltry one, not sufficient to justify the wanton wounding of the feelings of friends, and that most certainly could never suffice at the bar of God. In those days it was no easy task to teach mountain traders the moral code, not to speak of the Bible commands. But while Lee was later talking with God about the unholy desecration of his day of rest, the order rang out "not to move camp."

They passed through Fort Hall, which the missionaries had helped Captain Wyeth construct four years before, and in June 28 came to Bear River. This was Lee's thirty-fifth birthday and another occasion for this characteristic self-examination. Lee and McKay had been much together during the past four years, and each highly regarded the other; one a hunter of furs, the other a hunter of souls. At this point the hunters were to turn south, and McKay intrusted to Lee his three sons, whom he was sending to the States to be educated.

Lee and his party turned resolutely eastward, expecting to find the annual meeting of the Rocky Mountain traders on Horse Creek. But in this they were sorely disappointed. It had shifted to the Po Po Agio, two hundred miles farther on. Lee's companions were afraid of that rugged way and thought to turn back, but the sacred mission of their captain prompted him to continue alone, should they forsake him. Their heroism returned and together they began the climb that brought all safely over the continental crest into the Wind River region. They found the rendezvous on July 8, on an island in the Po Po Agio, a mountain stream that flows into the North Fork of the Yellowstone. This was a noteworthy gathering, the last assemblage of the American and independent traders. Here they found nine missionaries of the American Board, "going to re-enforce the small band on the banks of the Columbia." There were four women and five men, among them being W. H. Gray.

The outgoing helpers of Whitman were cheered by those returning. "They joined in the prayer meeting here in the mountains, more than a thousand miles from church, or congregation of worshipers."

Two weary months of plodding back over the trail brought Lee on the first of September to the Shawnee Indian mission—the post nearest the Oregon stations, at the western gate of civilization. Here he would confer with those who had given him good advice four years before, on his way to found the Flathead Mission. But at midnight he was awakened by a weather-worn messenger, bearing the sad word of the death of his wife and two-day-old son.

The identity of this messenger has often been in dispute. Gustavus Hines asserted that Doctor McLoughlin hastened out the express that carried the word, but this messenger went only from Vancouver to the other river fort of the company, Walla Walla. In Gray's *History* is found this statement, which must be relied upon: "Spaulding's Indian messenger delivered the package to Gray, at Fort Hall. Gray employed Richardson (a young man he had engaged as guide and hunter for the party, on starting from Westport, Missouri), to take the letters and deliver them to Lee, for which he was to receive $150." So it appears that the stricken mission family hastened the word to Doctor McLoughlin, who passed it on up the Columbia to Fort Walla Walla, then a

Mission Indian sped on to Fort Hall and now Richardson, the missionary's friend of the plains, brought him at hush of night the soul-saddening message.

Only sixty days had elapsed in hastening this message from Oregon to Missouri, an almost incredibly short time for that period. The delivery of this message, and the payment by Jason Lee of a sum agreed upon by others, really constituted the first overland express or mail service on the Oregon trail.

The grief-stricken Lee remained at the Mission a few days among sympathetic friends. Then, committing himself to the comfort of the Spirit, he resolutely turned to complete that continent-spanning journey. Upon reaching Saint Louis, he learned that the Illinois Conference of his church was in session at Alton in the adjoining county. Not stopping to relate the gospel story of the Indian Missions in that old romance-laden French post, a story more strange and wonderful than trappers could tell, he hastened with his five companions to the seat of the Conference. As Lee related the deeds and hopes of the Mission among the so-called Flatheads, he stood forth to these truly heroic Western ministers as a noble messenger and a willing martyr.

From Alton he crossed the State, speaking at Carlinville, Springfield, Peoria, and Chicago. This was the year after Springfield became the capital of Illinois, but three years after Chicago was organized as a city, and ten years prior to the completion of its first canal and the old Chicago and Galena Railroad. In Peoria several of the citizens were so greatly aroused that they formed a company to migrate to the far distant Oregon—the first organized band of Americans to cross the mountains with the set purpose of founding a permanent settlement.

In those days the stage was the very welcome mode of travel through the oak and walnut forests of the Northwest Territory. Detroit was visited, and speeding across the lower Great Lakes Lee came to the lumber district of his younger days. He spoke at Utica, and was given an offering of one hundred and seventy-two dollars. Continuing through the Empire State he reached New York City on the last morning of October. Between the morning of his start from the Mission to this one of his arrival at the seat of the Missionary Society lay seven long months of hard and weary travel, but it was the dawning of a larger vision for the church which he sought to interest more deeply and vitally in his Pacific tribes.

Wilbur Fisk had died during the preceding February, but Nathan Bangs was still the home champion of the Mission. Under date of November 9, the Advocate printed a very clear statement of the confidence then reposed in their missionary: "The object of Mr. Lee's visit among us at this time is to mature plans for the enlargement and more energetic prosecution of the important Mission he has so successfully begun and conducted at the expense of much labor and sacrifice." The conditions of the Mission and its prospects, as also the means necessary to its proper advancement, were so skillfully presented to the managers that they unanimously concurred on December 6 to authorize the sending of "five missionaries, one physician, six mechanics, four farmers, and one missionary steward, with their wives, making thirty-two adults, who shall be connected with the Oregon Mission under the superintendence of the Rev. Jason Lee."

It was advised that some of the missionaries be physicians also, if possible, and that their wives be capable teachers, with the stipulation that all should engage to remain ten years unless released sooner by the board or the superintendent. A sawmill was ordered, with all necessary tools; also building materials and implements. Five thousand dollars was to be expended for goods to be selected by the superintendent, and, because of a troublesome controversy that arose later with Doctor McLoughlin, we note the record regarding a proposed flouring mill: "It was also resolved that Brother Lee be requested to build a grist mill at the Willamette Falls, whenever it shall in his judgment become necessary for the interests of the Mission."

This mammoth re-enforcement was to cost thirty thousand dollars to outfit and transport, including the salaries of all for the first six months. But while that was fully a third of the amount pledged for all other missionary activities of the church for the year, much more would be required eventually. Consequently, a campaign was begun among the churches and Lee was set to the task of filling the moneybags. He became a flying evangel among the cities, beginning in New York, with romantic and stirring accounts of genuinely tested heroism. In November he visited at Wilbraham, where he had been a student, and was well known for his sterling spirit and integrity. With him were the sons of Captain McKay, whom he entered in the school, assuming their support against such time as the old trader should be able to reimburse him or the Missionary Society, should the account be underwritten in the name of missions.

The familiar scenes of Wilbraham intensified his enthusiasm for the education of the benighted Indians in the Mission. On Sunday night he addressed a great crowd. The fire of the Lord rested on students, faculty, and citizens alike, as this missionary hero recounted his struggles of the past few years. The printed account is suggestive: "To have a correct idea of his power and of the great interest he arouses in behalf of his Oregon Mission, he must be seen and heard. I think I never attended a meeting of greater interest, and never saw a nobler specimen and example of what a missionary should be. We think the impulse given by Mr. Lee to the cause of missions in the churches of the country will increase until the end of time."

Later he visited Washington, where he had excellent opportunity to present his memorial to the legislators themselves. Here spectacular meetings took place, when William Brooks, one of the Indian boys who had come with him, spoke while his teacher interpreted. Brooks urged temperance for his people, insisting that "The Indians of Oregon must have agreement in writing that white man does not sell whisky to Indians; white man make it and white man must drink it." In a significant way he would exclaim, "Oh, these Yankees!" It was said: "His tears spoke with resistless eloquence." Surely, this was a providential opportunity for Lee to urge upon men of influence some deeper concern and greater knowledge of Oregon. At one meeting two members of the House spoke—C. Morris and P. G. Goode. A press correspondent wrote: "The financial results of the meeting were one hundred and three dollars, to which are to be added the proceeds of the sale of some jewelry." And where such enthusiasm arose that valued ornaments were prayerfully put in the collection, legislators assembled would no doubt be touched with some better thoughts of that needy land.

Fuel was added to the missionary flame by the report of William A. Slacum, of the navy, who had been sent by the Federal authorities to ascertain the exact conditions in Oregon. His report to Congress had been given wide publicity. At a meeting held in Philadelphia this unexpected friend spoke with telling effect. "The Rev. Jason Lee, missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, came eighteen miles to meet me. In company with him, I called on all the settlers in the lower settlement, and next day visited the Mission House and the upper settlement. No language of mine can convey any adequate idea of the great benefit those worthy and most excellent men, the Messrs. Jason and Daniel Lee, and Messrs. Shepard and Edwards, and their assistants, have conferred upon this part of the country, not by precept only, but by example, as the results of their labor show." He described the mission equipment and its labors, the country at large and its sparse settlements, and then concluded: "The day that witnessed Jason Lee's descent from the Rocky Mountains was a day of gladness and joy, and it would be for you, my friends, to assist in perpetuating the glorious work in which he has periled everything to give life and light to those who sit in darkness."

Concerning the enlarging of this work the Missionary Society said: "It is therefore highly important that the best interests of all be secured and that the institutions of Christianity be early established there, that the settlements may be saved from the contaminating influences of vicious indulgences.

"Though this outfit will be very expensive, and for a time it will require much to keep the mission in operation, yet, if success crowns our efforts, the expenditure of the Missionary Society will be diminished by the cultivation of farms, etc. And this mode of conducting the mission is considered essential to its successful operation."

This time the party was not to go by overland trail. From New England to North Carolina and westward to Illinois the call went forth that the missionaries assemble in New York City, to sail September 1, 1839, but their sailing was delayed for more than five weeks, during which time friends ministered to their necessities.

As it was desired that men going to the mission should be accompanied by their wives, Jason Lee was married before they sailed to Miss Lucy Thompson, of Barre, Vermont, in whom he had become interested during his protracted stay in the East.

A remarkable farewell meeting was held, October 3, in the Green Street Church. The missionaries spoke of their hopes and the Rev. Robert Alder, D.D., of London, gave an enthusiastic address, after which the chairman, Secretary Bangs, gave the charge to the consecrated band.

The roster of their names was read by G. P. Disosway, the list including Rev. Jason Lee and wife; the Rev. J. H. Frost and wife; the Rev. Gustavus Hines, wife and child; the Rev. W. H. Kone and wife; the Rev. A. F. Waller, wife and two children; the Rev. J. P. Richmond, M. D., wife and four children; Dr. I. L. Babcock, physician, wife and child; George Abernethy, missionary steward, wife and two children; W. W. Raymond, farmer, and wife, H. B. Brewer, farmer, and wife; L. H. Judson, cabinet maker, wife and three children; J. L. Parrish, blacksmith, wife and three children; James Olley, carpenter, and wife; Hamilton Campbell, carpenter, wife and child; Miss Chloe A. Clark, teacher; Miss Maria T. Ware, teacher; Miss Elmira Phillips, teacher; Miss Orpha Lankton, stewardess; Miss Almira Phelps, teacher, and the Indian boy, Thomas Adams.

On the morning of October 9, the steam tug Hercules carried the missionaries and their friends from Whitehall dock to their waiting ship, the Lausanne, which lay in the bay. A multitude had gathered to bid them good-by. While dropping down toward Sandy Hook, a final farewell service was held, with singing and prayers, and an address by Doctor Bangs. The Richmonds and the Campbells each had a child baptized, one being christened "Oregon." The music of the closing hymn floated over the waters:

"Stranger land! with night enshrouded,
Lo! we come in thee to dwell;
Leave a home of light unclouded,
God is with us, 'All is well.'
Farewell, brethren,
Native land, farewell, farewell."

Two years before Lee first went to the Flathead Mission Melville B. Cox had sailed for Africa, seventeen thousand dollars having been contributed to the Missionary Society as a result of his enthusiasm. But with the call of the red race for the Book and its heralds there came nearly thirty-eight thousand dollars. With Oregon more foreign than Africa this was a great triumph.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PERIOD OF ENLARGEMENT

THE last run of the Lausanne on its long and eventful voyage was made in a due course from Honolulu to the mouth of the Columbia, a favoring sea making the days pass quickly.

By the mystic telephony of the wilds the arrival of the party was now looked for, and in May (1840) Daniel Lee left his field of labor at The Dalles, visited the parent Mission on business, and dropped down to Clatsop Plains. He was accompanied by Solomon Smith and his wife, recently converted, who were to settle on a farm there near the proposed Mission station, and work among her Clatsop people. Lee's crew of Wasco Indians were converts of The Dalles Mission and lustily sang the Mission hymns in camp, or chanted as they rowed—a strange contrast to the boisterous impassioned chants of the Canadian boatmen. Silas B. Smith, then a babe, son of Solomon Smith, many years later said, "But as far as the acquisition of the region for the United States was concerned the wild men with the hymns won."

When they came to the native town of Chinook, ten miles from the mouth of the Columbia, the

Lausanne was seen approaching off Cape Disappointment. In true Chinook fashion, Chenamus, then king, whose father, old Comcomly, still lives in legends and Indian lore, set out in his royal canoe to meet the voyagers, his attendants in full military uniform. He was accompanied by his queen and Daniel Lee, who could scarcely wait to greet those who had been so long and eagerly expected. In the afternoon the ship came to anchor in the bay, with joyous greetings. At Baker's Bay, a one-eyed Indian with an English name, Ramsey, became pilot, but when above Oak Point, a mulatto, named George Washington, sent by Doctor McLoughlin, came on board as the river pilot and soon succeeded in grounding the ship on a sand bar. Ramsey, the red man, returned with pride to pilot the white missionaries, and on June 1, 1840, brought them to a safe anchorage off Fort Vancouver.

More than half a year and a journey of thousands of miles had been required to bring the Mission party to their new home, and as the great re-enforcement was transferred to the entrancing shores of the Columbia there arose a universal prayer of gratitude to Him whose they were and whose providence had brought them safely to their chosen field of work. Shelter and courteous hospitality awaited all at the fort, where they were immediately occupied in unloading the cargo and storing the Mission outfits and numerous equipments. In a few days a conference must be called and assignments made that would send them to their several separate fields of labor.

Meantime another assembly had just taken place on the Atlantic coast, the memorable General Conference that was convened at the time the Lausanne was about to anchor from her long voyage. In the Episcopal Address, read by Bishop Joshua Soule, the last great subject discussed was missions. An interesting extract follows: "The character which the Oregon mission has recently assumed is well calculated to invite your particular attention to that extensive and important field of missionary enterprise. We can have little doubt that, with the blessing of God attending our efforts, the time will arrive when the interests of the missionary colony, and the success of the work among the aboriginal tribes, will call for the organization of an Annual Conference in that vast territory. And our grand object should be to preserve one harmonious compact in the unity of the Spirit, and the bonds of peace, and that Methodism may be one on either side of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, and on all the islands of the sea."

These delightfully patriotic sentiments were graciously acceded to by the British delegate from the mother Wesleyan Conference. Bearing in mind the strife of the nations over the ownership of Oregon, it is refreshing to know that a great church showed herself superior to any bond save that of humanity's need of Christ.

While a few gospel heralds were striving to awaken the degraded Indians of the lower Columbia that they might receive the Spirit mark of Christ on their flattened foreheads, the leaders of the church were at the same time arousing the East with their passion for Oregon. The extension of the mission, with the arrival of the substantial re-enforcement, and its vision of Oregon as a new and Christian territory, definitely and forever turned the thought of the church to a conquest that should include far more than the Flathead Indians.

Nine ministerial members were now associated with the Mission and the time had come for their first formal assignments. Upon the call of the superintendent they gathered at Fort Vancouver on June thirteenth, to receive their appointments, and for such consultation and instructions as would assist each in his particular field. They were stationed as follows:

Superintendent—Jason Lee.

Willamette Station—David Leslie.

The Dalles—Daniel Lee and H. K. W. Perkins.

Clatsop, near the mouth of the Columbia River —J. H. Frost.

Nisqually, on Puget Sound—J. P. Richmond.

Umpqua—Gustavus Hines and W. H. Kone.

Willamette Falls—Alvin F. Waller.

Doctor White was continued as physician at the mother station. Doctor Babcock went to The Dalles, accompanied by H. B. Brewer, who was to serve as Mission farmer. W. H. Willson, who had become acquainted with the Puget Sound country, was detailed to assist Doctor Richmond at Nisqually, and Miss Chloe Clark was selected as teacher at that station. George Abernethy, steward, and Miss Orpha Lankton, stewardess, were assigned to the Willamette station.

One who had repeatedly traversed the paths of these makers of the Christian Northwest gave a graphic description of the country. "The places to which these missionaries were appointed stretched over a region two hundred miles from east to west, and three hundred from north to south. The isolation of each station was almost complete, as it required days and often weeks of the most perilous and lonely travel to pass from one to another. Only people who 'count not their lives dear unto themselves so that they may finish their course with joy' ever do such work in such a cause."

The after-Conference task of getting to the new appointments was not an easy one. Initiation into the Oregon mode of travel was a novel ordeal. Daniel Lee wrote, "Canoes were provided for us, and all scattered away, some up the Columbia, some down, some up the Cowlitz, and some up the Willamette." For those who were to go up the Willamette canoes stocked with provisions and blankets were ready by the evening of the fourteenth, the day after that primitive Conference. Owing to the very high water, they cut across the low lands at seven o'clock in the morning on the fifteenth, and by one o'clock had reached the great tumwater, the Falls of the Willamette. Here was a village of one hundred and fifty filthy, depraved Indians, and here, after a few months, Waller was to begin his work. These were the people for whom he and his helpers had come across the continent, to tell them of the true Spirit and the arts of civilization.

Soon after noon the following day the party arrived at Champoeg, the lower part of the Mission settlement, the station proper being some sixteen miles above. Horses were brought down and by nightfall all had safely arrived at the mother Mission. It was certainly a crowded nest now, but all were thankful to share privations together, in, as one said, "the most delightful country we ever beheld." They prayed that their lives might remain precious to Him who thought them worthy of such a ministry.

Jason Lee had made a painstaking investigation of the entire country prior to his eventful trip East in 1838. Now he had about him capable assistants for the stations already operating and the three to be founded, Umpqua, Clatsop, and Nisqually. Those who were assigned to the southerly field had accompanied the larger number as they set out for the mother Mission. After a few days of reconnoitering and planning a very distressing fear took hold of him. He was learning for himself what those who had remained at the Mission in his two years of absence already realized. The Indian tribes were melting away. By pestilence and gross sinful practices the tribes had been depleted by thousands.

One of the most coveted regions, the Umpqua, had been given to Gustavus Hines and W. H. Kone. Lee was unwilling to send them into this treacherous country alone and hastily arranged to set out in the middle of August for a more thorough exploration than he had previously made. He was accompanied by Hines and Doctor White, with an Indian guide, all on horseback. On the twenty-first of the month they crossed the Elk Mountain, the divide between the upper Willamette and the Umpqua Rivers, and the next day came opposite the trading fort of the Hudson's Bay Company. Here Doctor White turned back, leaving his companions to pursue their hazardous undertaking. Hines recounts these adventures in his personal experiences entitled *Wild Life in Oregon.*

Mr. Goniea, the Frenchman in charge of the fort, sent his Indian wife and her brother to guide the missionaries to the coast. About two hundred natives were found in three villages at the mouth of the turbulent river. Their sullen silence upon the appearance of strangers was ominous. Lee knew that they were in the midst of a bloodthirsty tribe that had recently taken revenge on various bands of white intruders. But with his reliance upon the sword of the Spirit he called for a gathering of their leading chiefs and warriors. Presently these were seated in a semicircle and an interpreter announced their readiness to hear what was to be said. Lee, who had become so well acquainted with Indian nature, told them of the object of their coming, of the long trail from their home land, of friends who urged them not to hazard their lives, and also of the word he had heard regarding the Umpqua tribes and his great desire to give them the Book of the Great Spirit.

The impression made by this first gospel entreaty among the Umpquas may be imperfectly seen from their reply. "Great Chief: We are very much pleased with our country. We love this world, and desire to live a long while in it. We very much desire to become old men before we die. It is true we have killed many people, but we have never killed any but bad people. Many lies have been told about us. We have been called a bad people, and we are glad you have come to see us for yourselves. All the white men we have seen before came to get our beavers; none ever came to instruct us. We are glad to see you. We want to throw away our bad things and become good."

Though they bowed in reverence to prayer as the parley closed, the natives went out into the night to watch their untried visitors. The shot pouch Lee carried was thought to contain pestilence. When a safe retreat had been made the following day their guides, who had kept a wakeful watch through the night, assured Lee they had been but a step from death. A huge camp fire had disclosed the evil designs of the prowling bloodthirsty natives. Though the Indians promised to treat a missionary well should he settle among them, adverse opinion of the Umpquas was recorded. "Under the impression that the doom of extinction is suspended over this wretched race and that the hand of Providence is removing them to give place to a people more worthy of this beautiful and fertile country, we arrived at our encampment, and found ourselves again on the California trail."

In thinking of the missionary colonization of the land, it should be borne in mind that this statement foreshadowed the belief of the Indian teachers. The pall of death was on the coast tribes and God would soon welcome a race capable of building up a commonwealth in his name. These same gospel teachers would soon turn from their missionary efforts among a dying race to the ministry of possessing a promising land for a more progressive people.

CHAPTER XIV

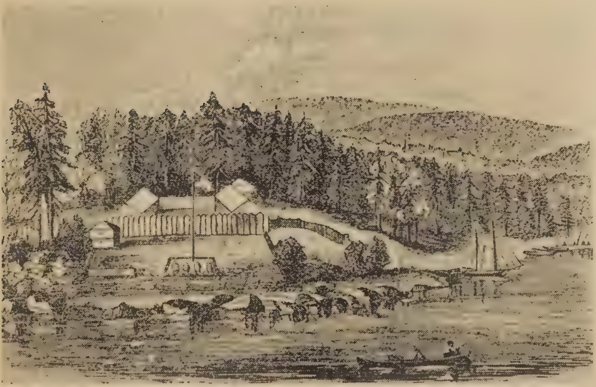
THE CLATSOPS AND ASTORIA

MOST romantic of the ruins of first settlements in the great Pacific Northwest are those which give charm to old Astoria. The period of ocean discovery, when the ships of nations plied the Pacific in search of lands for their crowns, the miraculous episode of the discovery of the mouth of the Columbia by Captain Robert Gray, on May 11, 1792, the spectacular Astor settlement in search of fur and salmon, followed by the British conquest—all these and more must be omitted from this story. But these stories should be read—in the accounts of the ocean voyagers, in the *Journal* of Gray, the familiar story of old Astoria by Washington Irving, and the less known but more accurate narrative by the Frenchman, Gabriel Franchere. More weird than all these, however, and closer to this account, were the legends and the gruesome life of the natives who so long had inhabited the country, whose cry the missionaries had heard. The ebbing tide of time takes out to sea all traces of all deeds of man about Clatsop Plains, except such as were preserved by the missionaries, who furnished the first permanent settlers their incentive to abide there.

It was not until August, 1840, that arrangements could be completed for those who were to establish the Clatsop station. On the third day of that month the Frosts embarked with their mission and household goods, on a company boat manned by Canadian and Hawaiian oarsmen. Frost had been in the itinerant ministry for five years in New York State, having begun at the time the Lees were leaving Independence on their first long overland trail. When re-enforcements were sought, Frost readily volunteered and was appointed to Oregon by Bishop Hedding in 1839. Now, after a long year of travel on many waters, with his capable companion, he was dropping down the great Western river to found a Bible school among the natives at the most westerly station of the most degraded "Flatheads," the Chinooks. Following the Conference at Vancouver in June, they had been warned repeatedly by the men there, who said, "Don't go to those Clatsops; they will kill you." But the devout man would resolutely reply: "I am under orders and must go, and shall consider myself immortal until my work is done."

Various writers have done these natives injustice, in charging them with the murder of the ill-fated crew of the unfortunate British vessel William and Anna, but this is not probable. Silas B. Smith, himself an early American native of the country, says after years of research, that no such clue has ever been disclosed and that both

"The Pioneer," Campus, Eugene, Oregon



Fort Astoria, About 1813

Doctor McLoughlin and the ingenuous McKay were convinced that the crew perished in the merciless breakers.

On the way down the river the Frosts spent two nights on shore, in hastily made camps. The first night all suffered excruciatingly from the savage attacks of an innumerable army of oopoonoochick-chicks, or "moschetoes." They reached the old Fort George, Astoria, on the sixth day of August, where they were cordially entertained at breakfast by Mr. Birnie, who was in charge. Solomon Smith and his Clatsop wife were already on their farm near the Mission. Smith knew the native dialect, and his wife, who had come to know the true God, was eager to open his Book among her sadly benighted people. In this most God-forsaken place these two families were to strive together in the hope of the gospel.

The first sermon ever preached at this romance-laden port of Astor, of the British, and of the fur and fisheries company, was on August 10. Frost spoke from Job, where is described the judgment pronounced upon the ungodly, who boast, "What is the Almighty, that we should serve him? and what profit should we have, if we pray unto him?" Also the verse: "How oft is the candle of the wicked put out! and how oft cometh their destruction upon them!" And no prophecy has been more forcibly fulfilled in the covetous and wayward West. His own soul's cry was voiced in his third text, "I have set the

Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." The second had been Jesus' entreaty: "If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be." It was an earnest and searching message.

A gloomy tragedy was the first of a pathetic record of disasters at the Mission. This was the foul and stealthily planned murder of one of the salmon fishermen of the company at Fort George by thieving Indians. Factor Birnie requested Frost to say the burial rite of his church over the remains of his employee, as Jason Lee had for McKay in the loss of his interpreter at the inland station of Fort Hall.

The extreme wretchedness and lust among the near-by Clatsops so overwhelmed Frost that he wrote to Jason Lee to hasten an aide to him. As help did not come, he went up to the mother Mission with his appeal, only to find there an epidemic of ague and fever. Every mechanic able to work was engaged in the construction of the sawmill. However, W. H. Kone was assigned to assist him and together they set out, accompanied by Mrs. Kone. The boat voyage of one hundred and sixty miles was but well begun when a fateful wreck occurred with the loss of such treasures as Mr. Kone's watch and the still more invaluable tool box.

Soon after they reached Clatsop Plains the Mission house was begun, between four and five miles from the river and about a mile from the Smith cabin, which latter was the first settler's cabin built at the mouth of the Columbia. The rainy season was beginning when the logs and split-cedar shingles had been placed and the missionaries installed. They had brought a Frazier's number four patent cookstove and a barrel of pork from the Willamette, so nearly lost when the canoe was wrecked. A quantity of salmon was bought at the Fort George store and eight hundredweight of flour had been brought down from Vancouver. They also had some molasses and a keg of butter.

When not engaged in the daily task of getting up wood, calking the leaky roof, and learning the Clatsop habits and language, they were busy sowing the seed of the Word, often encountering bears and other prowlers of the plains as they went about. As they told the natives of the good Spirit and his home, they were likewise taught the traditions of the land. Among these were the legends of God's goodness in sending the salmon, and the horrible burying alive of a sick man of whom they must be rid when the run of the royal salmon should begin. Kotala, head man of the tribe, called with some of his men, to know the object of the strangers in coming among them, and seemed pleased with the story of their mission and the Book. He promised to use his royal influence and his own example to restrain his people from crime and wantonness.

The site of the Mission did not prove satisfactory, however, and a new location was found on the Columbia bank, four miles from the original site and midway between Point Adams and Young's Bay. The Mission could now be reached by boats, with no tiresome cross-country tramps for supplies, and a delightful view of the entrancing waters. Near by was Konapee and also the salmon fisheries. Here a better house was built, a one-story log hut, twenty by thirty, with the floor and roof of rough lumber brought from Vancouver. Mrs. Kone, in ill health, was transferred in a chair. As she continued feeble, Doctor Babcock came down from Willamette, and upon his advice she was taken to Vancouver for treatment.

In early spring Smith brought down two horses and began farming in real earnest. Potatoes and vegetables were planted and much pioneer struggle was endured in breaking up the stubborn century-sodden soil. The exposures and privations had made havoc of the health of all and the outcome at times looked dubious.

The *Journal* of the missionary alone disclosed the secrets of those uncertain days. He had written: "My cause is before the Lord, and I would fully confide in his wisdom and goodness, to preserve me and mine, although in an Indian country surrounded with intense moral darkness, and to guide us in the way that will be acceptable in his sight. Oh what degradation do we witness every day! What wretchedness have we seen since we have come in this wilderness! Is not the time coming when this desert will bud and blossom?"

None about the Mission understood English but the missionaries and the little son of the Frosts, the Smiths, and an American settler, Calvin Tibbits, but these were learning the Clatsop tongue, and when the natives came around they were told the old sweet story of the Saviour's love. But the natives were shy and preferred the hunt of fowl and fish. Mr. Frost later wrote: "When the Indians came in, which was very seldom, I would speak to them in their own tongue, which by this time we could speak very well, but we found it altogether insufficient as a medium by which to communicate to their dark minds the doctrines of the gospel. And as they had now come up to take possession of their summer residences, I used to go to their lodges to converse with them upon the subject of religion; and requested them to meet in the chief's lodge for the purpose of hearing me explain the Bible to them on the Sabbath. This they promised to do, and the chief was engaged to use his influence to get them together for the purpose. The next Sabbath I attended the appointment and found several at the lodge. I sang a hymn and prayed with them, and then read a portion of the Scriptures and gave such explanations as the circumstances would permit, and closed the interview. They said that this was good, and that they would all attend the next Sabbath. But when the next Sabbath came they had scattered; some were shooting wild fowl, and others were fishing, so that I had none to preach to but the old chief and his wives and slaves."

Early in June Jason Lee with his wife and J. L. Whitcomb and family came down. Lee was on a tour of inspection, while the Whitcombs had come to settle. Special efforts were made to awaken the Indians to a concern for religion, but with unsatisfactory results. A characteristic reply was made by a brave who said he did not want to know any more, as he knew how to steal, and that was enough for him. It was a very gloomy outlook. The *Journal* of the date contained the following: "The wretchedness of the heathen is untold. The gospel only can ameliorate their condition. And oh how difficult to communicate one truth to their dark understanding! Yet we will continue to try. We will use the means within our reach, and leave the event with God, in whose hand are the hearts of all men!"

The river route was then the only road inland to the Willamette. It was believed that the natives knew a rough trail by way of the Tillamook country, but it had never been traversed by white men. With the hope of finding this shorter way, Frost and Smith set out to explore, in September, accompanied by three Indians and a young English sailor. They went south to Salmon River and then over the Coast Range into the Yamhill country of to-day. A week was taken for business and visiting at the mother Mission, when they set out on their return, being joined by two white men and an Indian, taking a few horses and cattle. These were the first cattle taken to the Clatsop Plains. The following year Peter Brainard and Calvin Tibbits brought in a herd from California over the same route.

In addition to finding this shorter roadway it was hoped to ascertain the strength of the Tillamooks, who were reported to be large and influential. A thorough investigation showed them to be of the same habits and general character as the Clatsops, and not over two hundred in number.

Scarcely had Frost returned from this trip when the oncoming winter made it necessary for him to return to the Willamette for supplies and farm implements. It was exasperating to have to retrace the three hundred and twenty miles so soon, but in this trying way much of the season necessarily was spent. This trip was taken by water with a crew of Indians.

Kone had been detailed to care for the farm and complete the original cabin on the first location made by Daniel Lee and Mr. Frost. He went bravely to the task, but Mrs. Kone was in broken health, and as there seemed to be no hope of her recovery so long as they must encounter such hardships, application was made for their return to the States with their baby boy. They sailed on the last day of November, 1841, on the Columbia, bound for Oahu. So it was that the Frosts spent that long stormy winter alone with the Clatsops, seven miles from Astoria and their neighbors, the Smiths.

Toward the early spring, after musing on their disappointing hardships and the privileges of Christian society at home, Mr. Frost wrote: "The same Lord who guides them to their labors of love is here, and the same Spirit which leads them into the way of truth and peace is hovering over us in this dreary region, and replenishes our hearts with daily showers of peace and mercy; and if it is the will of the Lord that we should remain here during the term of our natural lives, we hope at all times to be able to say, 'Thy will be done,' and if we could see the way opened, and spiritual good being effected among these wretched heathen through our instrumentality, we would rather be here in this lonely situation, surrounded with dense moral darkness than in the city full, where all the comforts and conveniences of life are to be enjoyed with relatives and friends."

Late in April they received their first letter from home, having sailed away from the homeland over a year and a half before. The land of Cathay was nearer in mail service. In June they were cheered by a visit from Jason Lee and the steward, George Abernethy. These men were accompanied by the Parrish family, and as W. W.

Raymond and family and Miss Phillips arrived the following month, to take charge of the farm, there was a soul-refreshing summer season for the lonely missionaries. At this time the farm cabin was completed with lumber from the Vancouver mill, hauled in from the river in a cart—the first frame dwelling erected in the Clatsop country.

While the success of this mission was being weighed in a critical balance, it was visited by Doctor Richmond, who had closed his labors at Nisqually, and with Whitcomb, Leslie, and Doctor Bailey was sailing on the Chenamus, Captain Couch. Suffering from excruciating pains and a badly affected throat, from the excessive dampness of the country, Frost undertook a voyage in order to see a physician. When a little above Oak Point, however, two remarkable natural phenomena obliged him to return. Mount Saint Helens was in eruption, and the river had become frozen over. The latter occasionally occurs farther upstream, under the influence of the floating ice and snow from the Cascades, but no other volcanic display of the queen of mountains has ever been recorded, though great lava beds down the mountain inclines tell of a mighty upheaval.

While the winter dragged along, with lazy Indians and drizzling rains, there were a few events of gracious import. On New Year's Day the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed and their hearts were refreshed. Doctor

White came down and operated on Frost's throat, "removing a troublesome palate." Upon his return the physician took with him the sick missionary's letter of request for discharge. It had become apparent that he could not longer render efficient service to the Mission. After holding on against hope he had found that his fears were well founded. A year before he had writtten in his *Journal:* "I am quite confident, from all the observations which I have been enabled to make relative to their moral and physical condition, that there never will be anything like a permanent Christian Church raised up from among them." Nor has there been to this day, and we approve his actions. The race was slaying itself by filth, unnecessary disease, and starvation in a land of plenty. Out of a dozen known children, born that winter, but two survived. The race was indeed doomed, and their benefactors must flee for their own lives.

For three years the good seed of civilization had been cast into the shallow soil of the Chinook souls, and also the more fertile places of American settlements. All who passed by realized that a real transformation had come since the Bible men had come, with the Word in their hearts and a few tools on their backs.

The next annual meeting was held at Willamette Falls in April. Frost made his report, settled the Clatsop accounts, then with his devoted wife, set sail in the bark Diamond for Oahu via the coast of California. Doctor Babcock and Daniel Lee were aboard the same ship going to the Islands to spend the winter.

Though this Mission had not been successful, Frost graciously wrote that he did not "in the least regret that he embarked in that enterprise, although he now returns to his native land with but little hope of enjoying good health again in this life." During his missionary tours, with his wife, he had traveled about forty thousand miles and spent over twelve months on shipboard. That the true spirit of his Master abode with him is shown in this closing paragraph of his history: "The kind and most affectionate manner in which we were received by the board of managers of the Missionary Society, and by our Christian brethren and friends generally, has more than healed all the wounds that time and time's sorrows have made."

Many years after Frost's death his wife, who had remarried and was known as Mother Beggs, said of her old-time wards, "They were not as bad as represented, except in the matter of infanticide."

But the Clatsop plains were not left unmanned, for Jason Lee was soon there to install J. L. Parrish, and with him were the families of Leslie and Judson, who had returned from the Islands on the Diamond.

For many years this blacksmith minister welded the Mission to many an iron and savage heart. It was he who opened the first school for the children of the settlers on the plains, in the fall of 1844. W. W. Raymond began a larger school the next year, which Elmira Phillips completed. In a few years the old mission house was converted into a boarding school for the youths from Astoria and the entire lower country. W. H. Gray was at this time residing at Astoria, and together with Alva Condit and their wives a Presbyterian church was organized, under the leadership of Lewis Thompson.

American settlers began to come in in 1843, when Eldridge Trask, W. T. Perry, Thomas Owen, and William Hobson and their families came to remain. They were accompanied by George Summers, J. G. Fuller, Ben Wood, and H. A. Eberman, R. W. Morrison arriving the following year. These all came to establish American homes and industry. A sawmill was built in 1844, on a small stream, near the Columbia, just below old Cathlamet, about opposite the modern town of the same name. It was an overshot wheel, thirty feet in diameter, all wooden to the crabapple cogs. Then lumber sold for ten dollars a thousand feet and labor was paid a dollar a day in orders on the Oregon City store. On the third of April, 1849, General John Adair reached Astoria. He had been selected by President Polk as the first collector of United States customs in the land. It was the missionary, Parrish, who performed the first marriage of the settlers. This took place in the spring of 1846, when Mary Hobson became the wife of William Doak. The nuptials of John Minto, later of Salem, and Martha Morrison occurred the following year. Many years later, after sufficient time for thorough tests, Parrish declared, "I have seen as bright converts among the Indians as the whites, and that, too, among the Clatsops." Together with the Chinooks at the north, these lower Columbia tribes greatly aided the oncoming settlers and themselves received the message of the Book. They aided the whites in every kind of labor, but in return lost the right to their loved lands and salmon haunts. They got the moral lesson, not always or often heeded, and gave back the model of their swift canoes for the clipper ships and the ocean greyhounds of modern commerce.

CHAPTER XV

THE CONTEST FOR PUGET SOUND

THE beginning of Christian activities on Puget Sound occupied a unique and very important place in the settlement and the American ownership of this remarkable country. No single chapter could more than hint at the fascinating story of the achievements of the church through the last century in western Washington.

Jason Lee, David Leslie, and W. H. Willson had marked the site and had begun the construction of the compound at Nisqually, the name being of Indian origin. Willson served as guide to Doctor Richmond and his family and Miss Chloe A. Clark as they set out for their romantic work. No trail on the coast was beset by greater difficulties than the one which led from the Columbia River up the Cowlitz, then over rough country to Puget Sound. The hardships of canoe and saddle could not be endured by shallow souls. But God's heroes were now advancing to their post close by the only port of civilization yet established there. They arrived before the end of June, 1840.

The fort at Nisqually was begun in 1830 by the Hudson's Bay Company as a trading post, but most of the buildings were erected in 1833, during which year Dr. W. E. Tolmie, then in charge, authorized the first service ever held in the Sound country for the evangelization of the Indians. He kept the gates closed against barter on Sunday. A Mr. Heron, who was in charge of the religious functions, recorded that on Saturday, December 9, of that year, a large number of natives were encamped around the fort "to pass the Sunday with us. They assembled and desired to be shown the way to act in regard to the Divine One." Their ritualistic missionary says: "I told them they should not kill each other; that they should not steal; that they should love one another, and pray to God, or, as they say, to the Great Chief who resides on high. In fact, I did my best to make them understand good from evil. They promised fair, and had their devotional dance, for, without it, they would think very little of what we say to them." This religious interest seems to have lasted but a short time.

A subsidiary interest of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, was organized the year Lee first went to the Sound. Several hundred thousand acres of prairie land were taken for their industry. Within a decade they had over twenty thousand sheep and many horses and cattle.

The Nisqually Mission house was constructed of lumber laboriously whipsawed. It was originally eighteen by thirty-two feet, with walls nine feet high. A stockade encircled the building, with a sufficient garden space for the mission. The station was but half a mile up from the Sound and an equal distance from the fort. How strangely unlike were their errands and how unlike the sequel of their endeavors!

These were the first American citizens to locate in what is known as the Puget Sound country. Doctor Richmond had come to make the country his home. On August 16, 1840, only a few weeks after her arrival, Chloe A. Clark and W. H. Willson were united in marriage. The happy groom had observed his future bride as he boarded the Lausanne as she lay off Astoria. At that time he decided, according to their daughter, Mrs. J. K. Gill, of Portland, Oregon, "that he would give up being a bachelor." This was the first marriage in the Puget Sound region.

Services were held for the Indians on Sundays, week-day journeys were made among the surrounding villages, and soon fifty children were attending the school. When Doctor Richmond had closed his labors of the first year and was about to report to the Conference, which was held at the Manual Labor School early in May, 1841, a most remarkable event transpired on Puget Sound.

This was the arrival of the surveying expedition under Lieutenant Charles Wilkes. The squadron sailed up the Pacific Coast, passing Cape Disappointment at the entrance of the Columbia, April twenty-eight, and entered the

Straits of Juan de Fuca the first day of May. Many surveys were made and names were given to the points of greatest interest. Commencement Bay, now the harbor of Tacoma, was named in recognition of its being the place of the first surveys and where the vessels were anchored through the summer. The reports of the expedition show that the lieutenant was much pleased with the Methodist Mission at Nisqually. As the English had been examining these waters for two years and giving great grants of land to the dominant company, the missionaries framed their memorial in 1839, hoping to arouse Congress to action. And now, within a year from the time the Mission had begun training the Indian children, the American government had its crew at work in real earnest. With the approach of Independence Day, arrangements were made to celebrate the glorious Fourth in strict navy style. This was the first commemoration of the day in the vast Pacific West and merits a place among the first things in old Oregon. The celebration was held on the beautiful lake which the natives had called "Spoot Sylth," but which ever after has been known by the memorial name, "American Lake." The name of the missionary's wife was America Richmond. This is but one of the rare coincidences of those formative days which bristle with romance and attest the presence of a hidden power that was turning the country from the strong grasp of a fur monopoly to the service and settlement of independent and patriotic home builders. The first American child born on Puget Sound came to bless the home of the Richmonds, in whose family Bible is the following entry:

"Francis Richmond, son of John P. Richmond and his wife, America, was born at Puget Sound, near Nisqually, Oregon Territory, on the twenty-eighth day of February, Anno Domini 1842, and was baptized by Rev. Jason Lee, Superintendent of Oregon Missions."

Before two years had passed, Doctor Richmond was forced to leave his work, its rigors and privations having made serious inroads on his health. With his going away and the depletion of the Indian wards of the school, the Nisqually station was abandoned. But the first resident American on the great Sound returned East in 1842 and made his report to the missionary authorities in May, the following year. The hand of a man of God had touched the helm and guided the ship of state toward a greatly desired haven.

A firm link had been forged in the long chain of events that should eventually secure the land to America. In fact, it was a turning epoch in the settlement of the international controversy of the border line. Doctor Richmond never lost sight of his high calling. In after years he served his church and state as minister, legislator, and educational superintendent, and after some forty years wrote of those early days:

"From the time that Jason Lee was sent to the coast, he and the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church labored to establish a foundation of proper influences and principles that would be helpful to the emigrants that would follow. In the meantime they were to use every appliance available for the betterment of the condition of the Indians. My part in the work was to represent American citizenship and American enterprise on Puget Sound. I had no complaints to make against the Hudson's Bay Company in the matter of hospitality, but I wish it distinctly understood that they received proper compensation for the favors shown and help granted. I could not but be impressed with the conviction that I was regarded as an intruder; nevertheless, I believed that the soil upon which I was treading belonged to the United States and was a part of my own country."

Soon after the settlement of the boundary dispute, Fort Nisqually was attacked by the Snoqualmie tribe, one man being killed and several wounded. As a result, a federal fortification was constructed six miles to the north. The old Indian name of the place was Cheeloacoom, from which was derived the modern Fort Steilacoom. Here a town sprang up which to-day is near-by the seat of the State Asylum for the Insane.

The first settlement made by overland emigrants going north of the Columbia River was in a picturesque locality at the head of Puget Sound. In 1845 Colonel M. T. Simmons located a claim that included the falls on the Deschutes River. Here he built a gristmill the following year and the site was called Tumwater. Just at the north across the bay Edmond Sylvester took a claim and in 1847 built a dwelling house, thus giving Olympia its hopeful start. The same year Colonel Simmons and a few other pioneers erected a saw-mill at the falls, the first lumber mill to appear in this vast timber area. Two years later, 1849, there came into the bay, Budd's Inlet, a brig, the Orbit, for a load of piles for San Francisco. This began the ever-expanding trade in forest products for which western Washington early became famous.

The first settlement in the middle Sound country was located at Alki Point, on the south side of Elliott Bay, November 13, 1851. A sturdy band of emigrants had come out of the middle States. They had crossed the continent, subjected to all the hardships and dangers of the early fifties, to help found a commonwealth in this most northwesterly section over which the stars and stripes then waved.

But they soon crossed the bay and on May 23, 1853, settled on the first plat of Seattle. Among the first settlers here were A. A. Denny, C. D. Boren, D. T. Denny, W. N. Bell, C. C. Terry, Lee Terry, J. N. Low, Dr. D. S. Maynard, W. Gilliam, the Russells, Maples, and Mercers, Hayford, Holgate, Van Asselt, and others. Most of these men had wives who shared their determination.

Mr. A. A. Denny was the first postmaster, and on August 27, 1853, he received the first United States mail ever delivered in Seattle. His log cabin that served as post office was located where the Frye Block later was established. The first steam sawmill on Puget Sound had been erected at the foot of Yesler Way the year before. It fell to the wife of the pioneer Methodist preacher, Mrs. D. E. Blaine, to teach the first school.

The first Christian services in Seattle were Catholic, under the direction of Bishop DeMers, in the cook house of the Yesler mill. The next meeting was held by the Rev. Benjamin Close, who soon secured D. E. Blaine as pastor. This first resident pastor preached his first sermon at Alki Point, November 27, 1853, in the log-cabin home of Samuel Russell. On December 4 he preached in the house of W. G. Latimer in Seattle. A society was then organized, including Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Denny, J. H. Nogle, Jacob Maple and the pastor's wife. A church building was soon begun, and in May, 1855, it was dedicated, being the second church erected in the State of Washington.

With the discovery of gold in California, San Francisco Bay became a harbor for ships from about every port. At that time the Oregon Mission took on a proud sister at the south in the coast wise Mission Conference. Only four all coast sessions were held, as developments were coming so rapidly. On March 17, 1853, the

Oregon Conference held its first session, at which time Bishop E. R. Ames appointed Benjamin Close and W. B. Morse to the Puget Sound Mission, the former as superintendent.

The first religious services on Whidby Island were conducted by the new superintendent at the residence of Grove Terry. On April 27, 1853, two days later, he crossed the beautiful island to the home of Colonel Isaac Ebey and here performed the wedding ceremony of Miss Chloe Terry and R. L. Doyle. At this time there lived at the Cove a physician, Dr. R. H. Lansdale, a Methodist, and in his home was held the first Quarterly Conference, on the Monday evening of this eventful three-day visit of the preacher. The first death among these first pioneers was that of Mrs. Ebey and the funeral service was conducted by Mr. Close.

In his manuscript *Journal* of 1854, Morse, the first pastor appointed to the Island (1853), tells of the growth of the Mission: "Coveland and Bellingham Bay, Joseph Elder; and Port Townsend and Port Gamble, W. B. Morse." A lumber center was being established at Port Gamble, while Port Townsend was being spied out as a suitable port of entry and a great commercial terminal, while good coal had been located near old Whatcom on Bellingham Bay. Each hopeful place aspired to become a future center of commerce and industry.

Doctor Lansdale pioneered in the north end of

Whidby Island, and located on Crescent Harbor. Here there settled some fine Christian families—Wallace, Busby, Nesbit, Izett, Bruce, Caleb Miller, James and Milton Mounts, and Judge Chenoweth. The first white child to be born here, April 20, 1852, was Mary West Wallace. The home of William Wallace became the preaching place, and the site of the first schoolhouse. Among the first settlers at Oak Harbor were Captains George Morse and Edward Barrington.

The Gray's Harbor region was not overlooked by the venturesome settlers, and when N. Doane was presiding elder of the Puget Sound District, 1859, he went into this country and began Christian work; leaving J. S. Douglass there as pastor. Montesano became the county seat many years before Hoquiam and Aberdeen appeared.

The first courthouse built in the State of Washington was located at Jackson's Prairie, midway between Vancouver and Olympia. Judge William Strong was placed over this new district, and he held court at these three places. The old log temple of justice still stands in a protecting State park on the Pacific highway.

About five miles southwest of the city of Tacoma may be visited the Nestor of churches on Puget Sound, built in 1853 at Steilacoom. Here was a budding water-front town, a dock for old For Nisqually at the south, and Fort Steilacoom at the north. As Benjamin Close went about the newly made settlements he came to this place and preached. He was met by Captain LaFayette Balch and Doctor Weber, with others, and a church was demanded for the future city.

At that time John F. Devore was on a ship headed for Olympia, where he was to become the pastor. But smallpox was said to be at Olympia and they had a minister already, so the Steilacooms, promising to build immediately, won Devore for their program. He landed August 23 and in a few months had a church built on a lot donated by Captain Balch. In 1859 J. H. B. Royal became pastor of "Steilacoom and Puyallup," with White River thrown in for good measure.

Olympia was not long neglected. The first religious service there was held in the summer of 1852, in a saloon on Main Street, where Young's Hotel stood for many years. The ministers were William Roberts and J. H. Wilbur. Their appearance was announced by the blast of a cannon. The people, who feared they were being summoned because of disturbing Indians, were glad it was no worse than a call to worship. In 1853 the Rev. Mr. Close lived here and also supplied other points as pastor. In 1855 John F. Devore, who had built the church at Steilacoom, was assigned to Olympia and soon began the building of a church. It was this enterprise that brought him his pioneering reputation. Captain C. Crosby owned a sawmill at Tumwater, over two miles up the inlet. A request to help build the church brought a banter that the preacher might have all the lumber he could raft away in a day. The dapper preacher, properly clothed and outfitted, early one morning went to the mill, assembled and carried to the beach a full bill of his needs and when the tide came in was ready with his lumber. On the turn of the tide he started for Olympia, rounded a dangerous point, and after night came on had his cargo safely landed with enough lumber for his church.

Among the first to join this pioneer church were Judge D. R. Bigelow, John Dickenson, Alfred Hall, Henry Chapman, and Dr. R. M. Lansdale. Here a Wesleyan Institute was begun in 1856. The worthies of those days included Isaac Dillon, J. W. Miller, N. Doane, B. C. Lippincott and G. W. Roork, who served as ministers and teachers as necessity arose.

The Indian disturbances that soon arose demoralized the work on Puget Sound for a few years. A leading pioneer near Olympia, Mr. White, father-in-law of Judge Bigelow, was treacherously killed by Indians whom he had befriended, and other depredations were committed. In the early sixties, however, activities were greatly increased. At this time a vigorous boom began in Seattle, and with the settlers came people of all denominations. Daniel Bagley was a moving factor among Methodist Protestants, and later Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians arose to share the redemption task of the growing city, crude enough, but hopeful.

The survey of the country north of the Columbia river may well be closed by returning to the place where the first sermon was preached in the vast Pacific Northwest, Vancouver. In the manuscript minutes of the Oregon Conference, 1853, is this entry: "Vancouver, Cascades, and The Dalles of the Columbia, Gustavus Hines." Under this pioneer preacher of the missionary days these settlements developed and churches were established which have evermore carried on.

However, the real organizer of the church at Vancouver was C. O. Hosford. It was he who lived among the people and built a church on a site donated by Mrs. Esther Short. It should be remembered that the Shorts were the first to challenge the Hudson's Bay Company for the right to take up land north of the Columbia. Their brave stand came to its climax in the pioneer spirit of the wife, Esther, who settled the dispute of the fort authorities by her own fiat of American rights to a home and the pursuit of happiness.

The political cast of western Washington was unlike that of any other part of the Pacific Northwest. The Columbia River perhaps was more tenaciously guarded than any other section by the Hudson's Bay Company and the British diplomats who continually urged the river as the international boundary. But it was within the country protected by the joint-occupancy agreement so that, as Professor Meany urges, there was no reason "to heap abuse upon the British for opposing this scheme of government." However, he allows himself to say, "In 1843, at the time of organizing the provisional government, Oregon was more British than American" and on the second page following (*History of Washington,* p. 145) he states that "The provisional government was practically reorganized by that large immigration of 1843." It was the influx of Americans at this time that decided the national preferences of the people.

When the separate territory of Oregon was fully organized and described, there remained a huge irregular section later to be carved into the states of Washington and Idaho, with the western parts of Montana and Wyoming. This territory was then loosely and picturesquely described on the old maps as Washington Territory. It reached from the peaks of the Continental Divide in the Rocky Mountains to the pounding tides of the Pacific Coast.

At the Champoeg meeting, July 5, 1843, the entire Oregon country was divided into four districts, with the future State of Washington, then known as the Twality District, at the west. The Clackamas District embraced everything from the familiar trails leading northward from Vancouver, through the vast expanse of country drained by the Columbia River to its headwaters on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains.

The newcomers to Puget Sound promptly set up a clamor for their rights of self-expression and soon insisted upon political recognition that might advance their own interests. They had come to feel that the organization of the Territory of Oregon in 1848 was centering developments in the lower Willamette District. So it came about that the Territory of Washington was carved out at the north and recognized by Congress on March 2, 1853. When the new governor, Isaac I. Stevens, gave his first message, February 28, 1854, he aptly summarized the hopeful outlook, as follows: "The outpost of the great Northwest, looking on the Pacific and on Hudson's Bay, having the elements of a great and varied development, commerce, manufactures, agriculture, and the arts, it has received the name of the Father of his Country, and has had the impulse of its life at a great era of American progress and civilization. Its name, its geography, its magnificent waters are known throughout the land. The immigrant looks forward to it as his home; princely merchants as the highway of the trade of nations; statesmen and patriots as a grand element of national strength and national security. Our whole people have arisen in their strength and are now reducing the vast wilderness between the two oceans, and binding our people together with iron rods. The Eagle of our country's majesty has winged his course to the distant West, and Japan, China, Australia, and Hindustan will be brought into fraternal and mutually beneficial communion with us. In this great era of the world's history, an era which hereafter will be the theme of epics and the torch of eloquence, we can play no secondary part, if we would. We must of necessity play a great part if we act at all."

CHAPTER XVI

THE DALLES GATEWAY

THE first extension of activities from the central hive of the Oregon Mission was begun at The Dalles of the Columbia. For a longer time than is known, here had been a favorite ground for the salmon catches of the Indians. Later it became a strategic post in the fur industries. It had long been the most hazardous gateway to all whites passing up and down the river, because of the savage depredations of the Wasco Indians and other contending tribes.

Here all trails converged and it must ever remain a gateway to the Pacific. The work at this point was committed to Daniel Lee and H. K. W. Perkins, who set out March 14, 1838, in two canoes, with a small supply of provisions. By the first of April they had selected a location near "a valuable spring of water, some rich land, and a goodly supply of timber, oak and pine, and an elevated and pleasant location for a house, almost in their shade." This was three miles below the site of the modern thriving city, The Dalles, and half a mile up from the southern shore.

It is not probable that this remarkable resort would long have been left unoccupied had the

Methodists overlooked it. Doctor Parker had already spied it on his reconnoitering expedition, and Marcus Whitman had passed that way, while W. H. Gray seems to have urged that the American Board open up work there. But when the autumn re-enforcement came and the Whitman Mission cast about for an attractive situation a Mission had already been established.

Here at the gateway of the mystic river was the winter retreat of many Indians who spent the summer fishing for their royal salmon, and a resort for several bands of the Walla Walla and Nez Perces, who came to trade their buffalo robes for salmon and spend a winter where fuel was more abundant than in their own country inland. So seldom does one see a description of the locality as it looked in those wigwam days that a paragraph from the pen of the founders of the Mission is given here. "Ten miles above the station at the Shoots are two villages, Tekin and Wiam. These are Wallah-Wallah, and at the Long Narrows on the north side is Wishram, where we first meet with the Chinooks. Next three miles below is Ka-clas-ko, near which the Mission houses stand (improperly called Wascopams). Ten miles, you come to Clat-a-cut on the north side. Fifteen miles further down is Klemiak-sac and Kow-il-amok-an. Three miles more, NeNooth-tect, then Scaltalpe, and Wah-he at the head of the Cascades. Besides, on the north side of the river, a short distance inland, were the Click-atat Indians, and to the south twenty-five miles the village of Tilhan-ne, inhabited by the Wallah-Wallahs. All these number less than two thousand of all ages" (*Ten Years in Oregon*).

The houses were covered with bark, having board walls split from cedar set on end and supporting the rafters. The floor was usually three feet below the ground surface; there was always a fire-place in the middle and a smoke hole at the top. Several families often lived together in a single house, lazily subsisting on the salmon taken from their ample caches, with roots and berries and abundant toothsome game.

The curious custom of flattening the heads of the children, as described in a previous chapter, was not in vogue among the so-called Flatheads or the Salish proper, but only among such as the Chinooks of the coast country.

While the natives of the Willamette were slow to work even for their own good in the construction of the mission they wanted, and those at Clatsop utterly refused, these at The Dalles encouraged their benefactors by willingly cutting the timbers and bringing them to the site of the Mission. They began to fancy great benefit to themselves, but as to the kind we shall see. The house was begun about the first of April and within a week Jason Lee called while on his memorable Eastern tour. On the day of Lee's departure, Perkins dropped down the Columbia in a canoe to bring his wife to the Mission home. She came on May 5, when the walls were up, but with neither the roof on or any floors laid. With her zealous consecration she dedicated the unfinished rude cabin to Christian services and set the first example of domestic love and purity.

From the beginning these natives encouraged their teachers by readily assembling for instruction, and they were sober listeners to the preaching of the gospel on Sundays. It was possible from the first to employ interpreters who taught the missionaries the jargon of the motley tribesmen who lived near by and of such as made The Dalles their occasional resort.

Much of the first summer was spent in constructing the house, as many hindrances occurred. Several trips were required to bring supplies from the mother Mission, and one trip was made to Fort Walla Walla for horses. Each of the missionaries was kept from the field fully five months of the year. In midsummer the acting superintendent, David Leslie, came to inspect the work and render any possible assistance. He was accompanied by Mrs. White. On their return they were caught in the Cascades. Mrs. White's babe was drowned, and only by the aid of some friendly Indians were any of them rescued. When the turbulent waters engulfed all their baggage Leslie's Bible was hastily thrown toward the shore and was thereby saved. It was reverently preserved and is now in the historical museum in Portland, Oregon, no souvenir of those Flathead Mission days being more hallowed than this old copy of the Book of Heaven so devoutly coveted by the red men.

A little old book has come to light, volume 586 of the library put out in 1854 by the Sunday School Union, entitled, *Sketches of Mission Life Among the Indians of Oregon.* Its authorship is anonymous, but it gives pictures of the life experienced by the Brewers, who later were workers at The Dalles Mission. There is a minute description of the Mission grounds; "The house which our friends occupied was erected at the commencement of the Mission, and was, of course, a rough abode, and built even in its rough style with much labor and inconvenience. The logs were brought by hand, with the aid of the Indians, about eighty rods. The boards of the floor and ceiling were sawed out by hand. The shingles were made twelve miles from the spot and brought on pack horses. At first it consisted of one room, but now a kitchen and woodshed had been added. The precise site was upon the upper, south bank of the Columbia, about half a mile from its channel. The front door of the house opened toward the river, in which direction was a fine yard, inclosed by a high wall of earth, affording a pleasant playground for the children. From the south end of the house the door opened into a square of nearly an acre of ground of 'Common' or public promenade. Upon the opposite side of the square, on the south, stood the church, a plain log building, and near it a schoolhouse, which, if not beautiful to the eyes as many which ornament the growing villages of the States, was to the eye of the Christian very beautiful. On the east was the house of Mr. Perkins, who had assisted, as we have stated, to commence the Mission; opposite his residence, on the west, was what the missionaries pleasantly called their 'civilized barn,' because it was in the style of those in the settled parts of the country. Near this was a workshop, which completed the settlement of the whites. A short distance from the square was a beautiful spring of pure water, which the Indians called 'Wasco,' hence the name 'Wascopam,' which sometimes gave title to the Mission."

Early in September, the station being well under way, Daniel Lee set out for the Willamette to bring home some necessary stock. He gathered up six Indians to accompany him, and they were a grotesque company. Their native guide failed to arrive and Lee undertook a hazardous short trail over the mountains. When but a short distance on their way they were overtaken by John A. Sutter, then en route to California, where he came into prominence in the early gold discoveries. The supplies lasted six days, but the trip consumed two weeks and entailed great suffering with untold hardships. Two horses were killed for meat and the party was lost for days in the mountains. After a rest at the Willamette station the return trip was begun, with a herd of fourteen cattle. By the aid of a guide and two white men a safe arrival was made at The Dalles in October, after eight days' travel.

Meantime, Perkins, after waiting anxiously for the return of his companion and fearing the approaching winter, had set out for the Willamette, accompanied by his wife. When Lee returned with an additional helper, a Mr. Anderson, the necessary farm implements were crudely made, and sheds and fences were constructed. The time for studying the native dialects and teaching the red inhabitants was greatly broken, but every morning and evening "the Scriptures were read and expounded to the natives, who chose to be present at prayers."

What a contrast between their legends of the Great Spirit and the new hope of a clearer knowledge of his good will! These Dalles Indians had been accustomed to nightly carousals and wild dances. The numerous medicine men were in the habit of opening their houses and keeping up the excitement for many nights, with blazing fires, dances on elk skins, and loud knocking on suspended poles beaten by cedar boards, with the invoking of the familiar spirit, or "tamanawas," of the dancer. Under the spell of his "familiar" the dancer fell exhausted, as in a trance, requiring the skill of a mesmerist to awaken him. The feat of fire eating was a sign of great power, employed by the medicine men to awe the simple savages. Lee won great fame by exposing the trick, showing that when the lips were shut over a bundle of sticks the fire would go out. At these festivals medicine men often cruelly lacerated their bodies. Their ceremonies and legal rites at the death of a high-born Indian were extravagant and weird in the extreme.

The Perkinses started back to The Dalles early in December with an infant son, but when twenty miles up the great river were caught in the frozen waters and obliged to return to Vancouver. Here Perkins made himself useful by preaching at the fort, and his wife was enabled to recuperate. In the middle of February they succeeded in reaching the Mission. Breaking the stubborn soil was soon begun for their first crop. The natives were encouraged to put out grains and vegetables on shares. But when these promising gardens were pilfered by prowling outside Indians, the Mission red men grew discouraged and not only forsook their own work but began indiscriminate stealing from the Mission acres. With the abundance of berries and roots and salmon they never consented again to degrade themselves by farming. But the Mission produced a fine crop of potatoes and other vegetables. An irrigation system that appropriated the water of the spring added to the success of this farming enterprise and was prophetic of vast irrigation projects of later days.

Native superstition and belief in a hidden power were an aid to their accepting the teachings regarding prayer. But their very literal applications often made the missionaries desperate. When they were urged to work for their provisions and clothing, they began to rebel, saying, as one did, "If I am to work for it, I can earn a coat at any time at the fort." A Mission boat was set adrift by a troublesome Indian so that his canoe would be bought to replace it. But the kind advice he received, together with a coveted musket, led him to be sorry and he was heard to say, "My heart is now full of pray."

During the second winter the religious needs of the Indians were so persuasively presented that a remarkable awakening took place. The missionaries went from lodge to lodge, praying and exhorting, and nightly meetings were held in the recently erected church. The church, twenty by thirty feet, was usually taxed to the doors, while many of the Sunday services required overflow meetings in the other building. Morning and evening prayers were held. Lee wrote that "more than half the number gave evidence of a happy change. Their agitated hearts felt an unknown peace, a joyful peace sat on their faces, and their lips praised the name of Jesus." Those who came to care for the Book now loved the Saviour of all men and would often be heard to repeat "Micah Jesus Christ e-toke-te!"—"Thou, Jesus Christ, art good!" Or "Cupet mi-cah mi-mah e-toke-te!"—"Thou alone art good!"

Ellis Photo

Pulpit Rock at The Dalles

A characteristic prayer has been preserved in the following words: "O thou great God on high, we now pray to thee. Our fathers knew thee not; they died in darkness, but we have heard of thee—now we see a little. Truly we are wretched! Our hearts are blind, dark as night, always foolish; our ears are closed. Our hearts are bad, all bad, always bad, full of evil; nothing good. We pray now to thee. Oh make us good! Put away our bad hearts. Give us thy Holy Spirit to make our hearts soft! Our hearts are hard like a stone. Give us light, oh make our hearts new, good, all good, always good. We stole, told lies, were full of anger; now none! Nash-keallka-ka-dow—never so again! Now we desire thee, oh come into our hearts—now come!"

The ardent missionaries arranged the table grace in a jargon of the upper river tribes.

"O Sohole Ishtumah, etokets mikah;
O God good art thou;
Toweah etoket itlhullam mikah minchelute copa
this good food Thou hast given to
ensikah. Kadow quonesum minchetcameet
us. In like manner always look kindly upon
ensikah Uminsheetah conawa eloketa copa
us and give all good things to
mikah, emekan
us, for the sake of Jesus Christ, Amen."

No labor among Indians was more picturesque nor rewarded with greater results for the time.

One of the earliest tracts of the church tells the remarkable story. But discontent eventually broke into the peaceful mission. When a converted chief was savagely killed by an enemy and the missionaries forbade bloody retaliation, they began to see no use of praying. When it became necessary to turn away a young Indian who, unfortunately, died soon after, suspicion arose and the relatives demanded indemnity.

As there seemed to be imminent disaster to the well begun work, Lee hastened to Vancouver and procured firearms. Upon his return he was gratified to learn that his associate had weathered the storm and was bringing many savage penitents to the altar. The simple gospel story of Him who died to take away sin was softening the stony hearts. Classes were formed for the converts and regularly visited by Perkins, while Lee, from house to house and village to village, went down the river as far as to Vancouver, a welcome guest among all the Indians. He tarried here at the fort and preached, and otherwise endeared himself to the traders. While some clever writers have referred slightingly to Daniel Lee's reception by men of the company, he evidently harbored no unpleasant feeling, judging from his *Journal* record of the occasion. In this he wrote of his great obligations during his residence there. A camp meeting was held three miles below the Mission, at Cow-e-lape. Many visits had been made up and down the river and among the Klickitats and a wonderful enthusiasm arose, with many a genuine transformation of life. There were about twelve hundred Indians present. Their wigwams, made of willow poles and grass mats, stretched in a great circle, fronting the half acre area used as the place of meeting. The week was notable for its devout and serious behavior. On the closing Sunday hundreds joined in the holy communion. It was just before their salmon season, and as the camp meeting closed they went in peace, rather than the customary strife, to gather their desired supplies.

Then came the eventful summer of the great enlargement. In this welcome band of helpers was Marie T. Ware, the betrothed of Daniel Lee. After the Conference adjourned at Vancouver these happy lovers were married by Jason Lee, at the fort, on June 11, 1840. The lone woman of The Dalles Mission, Mrs. Perkins, was also very happy, for now she would have congenial company. This was the first marriage of whites that ever took place north of the Columbia River. To this day the quaint certificate of marriage is treasured by the heirs who recount the great kindness shown their parents by Doctor McLoughlin, whose name is upon the certificate as one of the witnesses.

In the course of time there were added to The Dalles Doctor Babcock, as physician, and H. B. Brewer, as farmer, both of whom were destined to render a worthy service in old Oregon.

CHAPTER XVII

INDIAN CAMP MEETINGS AND WAR CLOUDS

THE first formal annual meeting began May 10, 1841, and continued nearly two weeks. There was no change at The Dalles and the missionaries hastened back home, arriving just before midnight of Saturday, June 5.

A log meetinghouse had been started, but it was soon blown down. An addition twelve by twenty feet was therefore added to the residence and fitted out for the meetings.

By this time The Dalles Mission was often visited by emigrants en route to Oregon. Many came in dire want of provisions and clothing, which were supplied as far as possible, with added prayers for heavenly favors for the travel-worn homeseekers.

A third camp meeting was held in March, 1842. Though attended by fewer than before, several were so powerfully reclaimed that the Mission was encouraged. Yet frequent disappointments occurred from the backsliding of the Indians. These camp meetings have seldom been mentioned, but they were among the most picturesque events in all the rare and strange happenings of the old Oregon Indian missionary labors. The account in Hines' *Missionary History* seems to confuse the first and second of these spiritual revivals, and the Brewer sketches do not include the first, as they came too late to be eyewitnesses.

During the summer of 1842 Mrs. Lee suffered greatly from the ague and fever. In November her husband was called to the Willamette, returning on the last day of the month in company with Doctor White, now Indian agent, who with a peace party was en route to quiet the restive Walla Wallas and Cayuses. Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Littlejohn were also at the mission at this time, having come to spend the winter under more congenial conditions than their own station afforded.

Jason Lee came up to The Dalles for the first two Sundays of February to preach and to administer the sacraments. His great errand, however, was the pacification of the turbulent tribes. The coming of so many white settlers and rumors that they would lose their lands made the Indians suspicious, and the laws proposed by Doctor White for their behavior were soon thought to be too exacting. When the Methodist superintendent visited the disturbed natives he succeeded in calming them. Farmer Brewer reported to the Indian agent: "The Indians of this place intend to carry out the regulations you left them to the letter; they have been quite engaged in cutting logs for houses and live in expectation of better dwellings by and by. For the least transgression of the laws they are punished by their chiefs immediately."

It was a cold, stormy winter, with the Columbia full of broken ice. Jason Lee wrote late in January, "With the snow, the wind, and the drifting ice and the violent currents of surging waters, escape seemed impossible, but I was fully composed and able to stay myself on the Lord."

The diplomacy of Jason Lee was thoroughly tested here. He invited the great Walla Walla chief, Pen-pen-max-max, Yellow Serpent, to meet him at The Dalles Mission and hold a council. Yellow Serpent's people were deeply involved in the warlike rumors and he came with a party of trusty warriors. He had known Lee since the latter had first traversed the country and later in the education of a son who was given the name of Elijah Hedding. Lee said to them: "If you imitate our industry and adopt our habits, your poverty will soon disappear and your people will have things as well as we. Our hands are our wealth, and you and your people have hands as well as we, and you only need to use them properly in order to gain property." When they asked if the Indian agent really intended to give them anything, they were told that "to be always looking for gifts was a sure sign of laziness, for the industrious would rather labor and earn a thing than to beg it." Lee told them that the poor white settlers who came through their lands would settle in the Willamette Valley and soon have "horses and cattle and homes and other property, the fruits of their labor."

At this time Marcus Whitman was in the East on his famous and sometimes overlauded "saved-Oregon ride," while his wife was at The Dalles, and there was need of Lee's frank words. Yellow Serpent and his men returned home satisfied and we have every reason to believe that a war was averted. It is evident that no man wielded such an influence for the evangelization of the Northwest tribes as did Jason Lee, though after his departure a speedy crash came to all the upcountry missions.

The indomitable Whitman made his dash East in the interest of his Mission and to present his plans to the Missionary Board under which he labored. There is no evidence that he directly influenced the settlement of the Oregon boundary question, but there is ample proof that he anxiously sought to save his Mission. The letters of Mrs. Whitman and her conversations at The Dalles, as also the repeated statements of A. L. Lovejoy, Whitman's companion as far as to Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River, are conclusive evidences. A careful search of Doctor Whitman's letters and the archives at Washington can disclose no trace of any real political significance.

Many friends were now arising at Washington to influence the government in its tardy stand in defense of Oregon. The petition and presence of

Doctor Whitman fitted into the long contest and must share credit with others. Fuel need not be added to the flame of controversy; it was once too full of fire. Professors of history and ministers in leading pulpits have alike erred regarding the sober but romantic truths.

A careful rereading of the Whitman letters will be enlightening. The following extracts are from a long letter written by Mrs. Whitman to her father April 12, 1844:

Waiilatpu, Oregon Territory.

MY BELOVED FATHER:

I was coming up the Columbia River from the Willamette and Vancouver with Rev. Jason Lee when your welcomed letter reached me. My husband had each of the stations of the Mission to visit before he could come after me. Mr. Lee brought me on my way home as far as The Dalles, to Mr. Perkins, one of their stations, where I spent the winter of my husband's absence. . . .

While at the upper Mission above Willamette Falls a camp meeting was held near by, which I attended, and a precious season it was to my soul. To witness again the anxious tear and hear the deep-felt inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" as I once used to, filled me with joy inexpressible. It continued four days and resulted in the conversion of almost all the impenitent on the ground. From this precious season, after a week or two, we came to the Falls, where a protracted meeting was held. While that was in progress, the news came that my husband was on his return with a hundred and forty wagons containing an immense party of emigrants, and that probably he was now at Waiilatpu. This was cheering news, as I had just heard from the Islands through Mr. Hall that, in recent news from the States to the Islands down as late as April, 1843, no mention was made of his arrival. This had given me much anxiety, but it was not long before the other intelligence came. The last week in September, I left the Falls for Vancouver and The Dalles in company with Mr. J. Lee, the Superintendent of that Mission, and turned my back upon many dear friends in Christ with whom I was permitted to form an acquaintance and a Christian attachment never to be forgotten.

Having been so long secluded, I was well prepared to enjoy society, and I may well say that some of the moments spent there with Christian friends were among the happiest in my life. We made a short stay at Vancouver and then proceeded on our way up the river. Mr. Lee waited at The Dalles until the doctor came. It was pleasing to see the pioneers of the two Missions meet and hold counsel together. Soon we parted and I turned my face with my husband toward this dark spot; and dark indeed it seemed to me when compared with the scenes, social and religious, which I had so recently been enjoying with so much zest. . . .

It must appear singular to friends at home to hear of the return of so many missionaries from Oregon. So it seems to us; but we have not the discouragements which our friends of that Mission have. The Indians of the Willamette and the coast are diminishing rapidly; but they have another work put into their hands. Settlers are coming into the country like a flood, and every one of these needs the gospel preached to them as much as the heathen. That Society has been and is doing a great deal of good in the lower country.

In the month of May, 1843, Daniel Lee attended the yearly conference and was reappointed with his associates. But his heroic wife had so failed in health that by the middle of the summer it became necessary to leave for a rest and change of climate. They consequently began to arrange to return to the States. On Wednesday morning, the second of August, he preached his last sermon to the natives, held a closing communion and fellowship hour and departed, leaving the Perkins and Brewers on guard.

Daniel Lee had taken a brave man's part in blazing the trail to Oregon when he went, Bible in knapsack, to convert the Flatheads; and in his latter work along the shore of the river he greatly aided in making The Dalles a safe station on the Oregon trail. Just before he departed there came to the Mission one who bore away the honors which belonged to others. This was Captain John C. Fremont, who, coming down from the Rocky Mountains, explored the great river and tarried some time at the Mission. One of the bright Indian converts, William McKendree, enlisted in his company. The hazardous experiences which came in the next two years served to fasten upon the dashing engineer the name of "Pathfinder." While Fremont found many a Western path that greatly aided him on his way to renown, yet others had perilously blazed these paths before him. The missionary colonizers were as modest as they were brave, but though they have been obscured by those more ambitious for earthly honors, their star is gaining radiance.

The genuineness of The Dalles converts has often been assured. H. K. Hines gave much praise to their sincerity. He had known some of the Indians who remained steadfast for more than fifty years. While their integrity has never been resolved to mathematical certainty any more than has that of their self-willed white cousins, we must believe that the people of the Great Spirit were benefited by knowing him as the Holy Spirit. The book had been translated into their jargon and their fast-setting sun did not go down in oblivion. There had come a glow of hope at last.

Two strangely contradictory comments are worthy of a place here. W. H. Gray, in his voluminous history of the missionary epoch, finds occasion to devote only half a page to the Christianization of the savage Dalles Indians. Upon a brief visit there he argued that the most of their religious professions were selfish. He tells of a convert fully trusted by Perkins for his unselfish motives, but who was reported to have said to Lee, "I will pray a whole year if you give me a shirt and a capote."

On the contrary, Doctor McLoughlin measured the Mission by its total influence and the changed spirit of the motley factions that had long fought to the death for their fishing grounds. He had known them for twenty years and readily declared his mature judgment to Jason Lee: "Before you came to the country we could not send a boat past The Dalles without an armed guard of sixty men. Now we go up and down the river singly and no one is robbed."

In his report to Washington in November, 1843, Doctor White, then Indian agent, told of a two weeks' visit at The Dalles when entire tribes "came in mass, or sent ambassadors to show their desire for law and order. They sought to be instructed and chose to be good. They co-operated with the mission in procuring clothes for their comfort and to appear at church."

In 1860, when the Rev. E. G. Geary, connected with the Indian service, was saved from drowning, some twenty miles up from The Dalles, he and his party were kindly entertained by an aged Indian, Elippama. This venerable red man considered his visitor to be God's man of whom he had heard and that they both had one God. "Many years before he had heard Jason Lee talk first to the Indians and then to God." He brought from a corner of his lodge a carefully folded buffalo robe, within which was wrapped a deer skin, then a badger skin, and still further within was a bright blue cloth that enwrapped a small book. This to him was God's Book though it was but a cheap early tract of the American Sunday School Union. This reverent Indian convert of the Methodist mission had not forgotten the name or the benefaction of the missionary through all those turbulent years.

At the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland, trustworthy testimony regarding Indian conversions was given by Chief White Swan, of the Yakimas. Then aged and wizened, he told of the influence of Jason Lee upon the Indians in his boyhood, and how with others he was converted and had remembered the wise loving spirit of the missionary.

The Bible was prized very highly among the Indians, and they sang the Christian songs with reverence. The first verse of one arranged in their language, to the tune of "Hold the Fort," was as follows, as translated by Lee:

> "God's paper His Bible is good;
> For all American people, it is good.
> God's paper His Bible is good;
> For all people now, It is good."

The second stanza told the story of the Book of Heaven that had now come to the Siwash:

> "Saghalee Tyee yaka papeh,
> Yake Bible kloshe,
> Kope konoway Siwash tillikums
> Taka hias kloshe."

and there was a separate verse for each of the various people they knew—the French, English, Negroes, Chinese, and even the Sandwich Islanders!

CHAPTER XVIII

TRANSITION DAYS

THAT primitive settlement at French Prairie, with its strong non-American influences, soon proved to be very unsatisfactory. Here were French-Canadians on farms, but still dependent upon the Hudson's Bay Company, and the willing ignorance of these Catholic enthusiasts only added to the task of enlightening the superstitious natives. Only a few miles away was a far more attractive situation. Plains stretching toward the south were very fertile and unpossessed. The Indians had known the place for many years and had named it Chemeketa—"Here we rest." Fronting upon the river, with a view of the snow-clad Cascade Mountains, and with entrancing landscapes in every direction, it was indeed a beautiful spot. Here it was decided to reset the Mission and a mill was begun soon after Jason Lee returned in 1840, with additional helpers. From Chemeketa vast plains, fertile and unpossessed, stretched southward, and thousands of acres would here furnish room for a mission among the Indians where only the gospel should be taught and lived.

Much of the summer was spent in transporting the machinery. Large canoes, small enough at that, brought the cargo of the Lausanne to the landing, from which point the mission horses and rude wagons carried the material to the new site. The mill machinery was installed with difficulty by the unskilled workmen, and though there was no capable millwright, they were able to grind corn and to produce a usable flour. This gristmill was the pioneer of a great modern industry.

In the latter part of this year a house was built in which the families of Gustavus Hines and H. Campbell were more comfortably settled, and there were various other promising activities.

The first unpleasantness in the management of the missionary colony came in this summer of 1840 and resulted in the dismissal of Doctor White. The merits of the case have been exhaustively discussed and need no elaboration here. During the absence of Jason Lee, White had persuaded David Leslie to invest the funds of the Mission in an elaborate hospital. When payments were due, however, Lee had returned, and having had other occasion to suspect the motives of the physician, he gave very careful oversight. It was found other interests had been made to suffer, necessarily bringing censure upon the management. Doctor Babcock was called from The Dalles to succeed Doctor White. The season of ague and fever was on and many were smitten, while some succumbed, including the oldest son of J. L. Parrish.

This period of transition affected the work of the colony. The Manual Labor Indian School had been conducted at the old station, but it became expedient to re-locate it where young Indians could more certainly learn the practical features of civilized industries and also help in the development of the new farm. There were perhaps twenty-five students, and while the changes were being made, they were unavoidably allowed to run much at large. Captain Wilkes was visiting in the Willamette valley at this time and although he was a gracious guest, his report could not materially aid this Mission station. He said, "No plan of operations had yet been designed, and boys nearly grown up were ragged and half-clothed, lounging about under the trees." It would seem that more allowance should have been made because of the necessary confusion while re-locating the school. At best the young Indians were exasperating students in any line of manual work, though they were deft with fishing tackle and the weapons of the chase, and while building was in process, the school was not in good condition for inspection.

This new building was erected with a wholesome zeal to do the utmost for those red people. The cost was not less than ten thousand dollars, and with its sightly location it remained for many years the most imposing structure in the country. With Gustavus Hines as its efficient principal, there were now far better prospects for the school. In February, 1841, the wife of David Leslie, after less than four years of excessive toil, was called to her heavenly Chemeketa. Jason Lee conducted the obsequies with great tenderness, reminding all of his own sorrow some years before. Mrs. Leslie was a cultured and lovable woman, of a patient heroism that had endeared her to all about the Mission. The deeply bereaved husband stepped aside from his ministry to the Indian children to care for his own orphaned ones. He planned to take them to the Sandwich Islands for their education and set out thither in September, on the Chenamus.

A young man of high hopes had recently come to the settlement. This was Cornelius Rogers, who had served with the Whitmans at their up-country station, but had come down to Chemeketa, where he foresaw greater opportunities. Rogers accompanied the Leslies on their voyage to the mouth of the Columbia and after a hasty courtship won the heart of the eldest daughter, Satira. They were married there aboard the ship by Doctor Richmond, who was sailing from his Nisqually field.

The Rogers couple returned, with the bride's sisters, while Leslie sailed to the Islands, returning to Oregon the following April. After a short visit at the old Mission the bride and groom set out for Willamette Falls. They embarked in a mission boat with Mr. Raymond, who was then going down to Clatsop station with supplies. Doctor White, recently returned as Indian Agent, had embarked with the same party, accompanied by Nathaniel Crocker, a new settler. As they reached the rapids above the falls the boat was capsized in the turbulent current and all but Raymond and White were drowned. No catastrophe ever cast a denser gloom over the brave hearts of the Willamette than did this. Among the few articles that floated to the shore was a small trunk from which was rescued a Bible. This is one of but few mission Bibles known to remain in Oregon as the White Man's Book of Heaven.

James Olley had been drowned the preceding December while rafting logs to the sawmill. He was a local preacher and a faithful carpenter, who had come in the re-enforcement. Within five years thirteen of the Mission family had been taken away by sickness or accident. The second wife of Jason Lee, who had come with him as a bride on his return in 1840, died in March, two years later. She left an infant daughter, destined to become beloved for her labors and devotion to the cause of education in Oregon, long after her father had gone to his reward. Lucy Thompson Lee had been an efficient companion and helpmate of the care-worn superintendent. While her coming to the Mission family had been a surprise, her departure was a great grief.

No pages of those days of struggle disclose courage greater than that of the devoted women, nor were any more hopeful than they who lived by faith and prayers. They had come to bring Christian womanhood to the wilds, and they willingly lived sacrificial lives. In fact, they rarely ever expressed any hope of being able to return to their own homes. They had come to live and die in this Indian Mission.

In these days there is sometimes found in the older gardens of Oregon a beautiful bush known as the "Mission Rose." It first began to bloom in an old Mission garden. Mrs. Beers had received a letter from home inclosing a crushed and dried flower. By nursing she brought it back to life and beauty, and from this came the lovely rose.

Many an enthusiastic settler brought his nursery of trees, his choicest seed corn and vegetables, and the housewives treasured the slips and seeds of their Eastern flower gardens. Among these was Mary C. Matheny, who came in 1843 and did her first planting near the site of the present town of Hillsboro. It was she who saved the Mission Rose, when, removing to a farm across the river from the old mission, she found and rescued it from the ruins of the abandoned garden. While another rose has been handed down as successor to the one famous about old Fort Vancouver, this one of the Methodist Mission has brought sweetness and beauty to many a home in the Willamette valley.

In all these rapidly shifting scenes, no event was more enthusiastically anticipated than the yearly meeting of the missionaries. The first annual gathering of the lay and clerical laborers, after the enlargement, came in May, 1841. They assembled in the old Indian Manual School at Mission Bottom. Here the labors of the year were reported and a blessed season of fellowship more strongly united all hearts. As they separated, it was to retrace their steps to the same fields. No word spoken at Conference is equal to that of the superintendent, coveted by every man—"Nothing against him." And the labors of all had been approved.

The first formal church organization in the Pacific Northwest took place in 1841, keeping in mind the ceremony with the first communion in July, 1837. The reverend David Leslie was the pastor and the membership consisted of the missionaries at Chemeketa and their families, together with a few converted American settlers. The services were held in the chapel of the school. From this modest beginning arose the first church of Salem and a multitude of Christian congregations scattered over the land. The parsonage was erected in 1842, a commendable improvement upon the first crude log hut of eight years previously.

More and more there was coming to be an American colony rather than an Indian mission. The prophetic vision of Lee was now shared by others; all felt the coming of a new era and an advanced order of civilization. Greater attention must now be paid to the children of the settlers, a need which had been anticipated by the band of missionaries on the Lausanne. Now Lee must act again, in the interest of popular education. He called a meeting at his residence January 17, 1842, to consider the founding of a school for the children of the increasing white population. There were already twenty or more. The prospects seemed favorable and a committee was appointed to further the project—Dr. Ira L. Babcock, David Leslie, and Gustavus Hines. At a second meeting, held February 1st at the old mission, they presented a workable plan of operation. Unanimous assent was given and the enterprise began with a board of trustees, comprised of Jason Lee, David Leslie, Gustavus Hines, J. L. Parrish, L. H. Judson, George Abernethy, H. Campbell, Alenson Beers, and Dr. Ira L. Babcock.

They were yet meeting in the old log schoolhouse so laboriously put together by the first heroic band of 1834. This, it should be remembered, was upon the banks of the Willamette near what is now known as Garrison's Landing, a mile and a half up from Wheatland. Here it was that Cyrus Shepard began to teach the native children English and the Book of Heaven, the first man set apart to teach the Flathead children. On this memorable counsel day these men of like spirit, after a careful survey, decided to build upon a choice elevation at the upper end of French Prairie. It was soon observed, however, that no running water was near and they changed to the place of springs on Wallace Prairie, about a mile and a half south of the Baptist Delcour ranch.

Within two months after the first meeting a satisfactory constitution had been adopted. Its first design was that of "an academical boarding school" that should develop into a university. The third article read: "The primary object of this institution is to educate the children of white men, but no person shall be excluded on account of color, provided their character and qualifications be such as are required in the by-laws." It was to be known as the Oregon Institute and this proved to be a proper name. It began the story of Salem and of Willamette University. It was not a church school, as such, but the product of the community. The capable teacher through these varying years was Mrs. Chloe Willson, of precious memory.

The struggle for the natural resources of the country was now shifting from the trapper in quest of furs to the stealthy possession of several water courses that must soon control the wealth-producing industries of the Northwest. The rivers teemed with salmon and were open avenues of shipping and lumbering. But the keenest contest centered around the falls of the rivers which made cheap and ample power for grinding the grain of the growing farms, and for manufacturing purposes.

Oregon City as a community name soon took precedence over that of Willamette Falls. This was one of the most favored fishing places among the Indians, and here and up the near-by Clackamas River was need for missionary labors. The first Conference had assigned Alvin F. Waller to this strategic work, and he was singularly qualified for the task. After helping in the erection of the mill at the mother Mission he began, late in 1840, the erection of his own station. This was located only a few rods from the falls, on the west side. A farm was opened up on a claim one mile square, where Gladstone Park for years gathered together the Chautauqua lovers of the Northwest.

A few years before, Doctor McLoughlin had built a cabin at the falls to store goods for his traders and trappers, but the first residence of what is now Oregon City was this house erected by Waller. For many years it was a most commanding structure in the growing settlement. About this a community of white settlers began to cluster. It was the time of the great overland expeditions to Oregon, and most Americans called here before scattering to take up their claims.

It became increasingly evident that the falls of the Willamette must become a source of power for manufactories and the site of a thriving city. Doctor McLoughlin may have been the first to foresee this, as he had set up his trading lodge here and had also planned for a mill. But there was a conflict of ideas and it grew into bitterness. The Hudson's Bay interests could in no way encourage the education of the natives, nor would they advance the welfare of the opposing American colonists. Furs and fish thrived best in the wilds. But the Mission cared for the uplift of the Indians and the settlement of the white intruders. So it was that Waller turned his concern toward the future of the settlement. The wise old factor strengthened his claim to the power site while the Methodists pursued their ways in caring for their red wards and relieving the necessities of wayfaring settlers.

In 1841 Felix Hathaway began the construction of a house on the island at the falls. It was for the mission. Then Doctor McLoughlin platted Oregon City and sold some lots; the first one going to Stephen H. L. Meek. Then, when further improvements of the Mission were contemplated and Waller had put in a counter claim for himself, the Doctor appealed to the superintendent. To this Lee replied: "A citizen of the United States by becoming a missionary does not renounce any civil or political right. I cannot control any man in these matters, though I had not the most distant idea, when I stationed Mr. Waller there, that he would set up a private claim to the land." In this the motive of the Mission must have been above censure.

The Inland Milling Company was begun the same year, with much of its stock subscribed by men of the Methodist mission. In 1842 a sawmill was installed and Doctor McLoughlin began a building on the bank of the river. Then a memorial was drafted, known as the Shortess petition, signed by sixty-five settlers. The document set forth the dominance of the British company and urged Congress to show a becoming regard for American interests in the Oregon contest.

By the last of 1842 the mill had been enlarged, with Waller and others living on the site of the proposed city. George Abernethy, the steward, had opened up a missionary store and was living there. Then came on the great influx of settlers and building began with vigor. In a year the houses increased from three to thirty dwellings. The contention for possession became exceedingly acrimonious. However, the earlier plans of the Missionary Society, the opening up of the work under Waller and the continued settling of the Americans, provided strong arguments for the claim made by the missionary. Why should the designing Chief Factor of the chief opponent of progress be granted the highly prized power claim? But he had troubles in the company also and becoming weary, he retired in 1845 to settle at the falls and gave exclusive attention to his personal interests. Here he lived an exemplary life and died and was buried, full of honor as the "Father of Oregon."

Another improvement was offered by the missionaries that could not be duplicated. This was the erection of a Methodist Church at Oregon City. There were many settlers who wanted a house of worship and Alvin F. Waller, by Christmas week in 1842, had secured subscriptions enough to undertake the erection of a church edifice.

This first house of worship in all the Pacific Northwest was dedicated in 1844 by Gustavus Hines. It became a Bethel to many of the pioneers who sought God's blessings upon their humble homes in the forests.

The first camp meeting ever held among the Willamette settlers was held on the Tualatin Plains beginning July 12, 1843. There were but fourteen persons present the first day. To these Jason Lee preached from the text: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." But on Sunday there were sixty at the camp grounds of whom one third were not Christians. Yet, so powerful was the influence over the careless, that but four of these went away unconverted. One of the converts was Joseph L. Meek, who exclaimed: "Tell everybody you see that Joseph Meek, that old Rocky Mountain sinner, has turned to the Lord." The report of Gustavus Hines to the society office spoke of very salutary results throughout the

The Circuit Rider Monument, State House Grounds, Salem

First Church West of Missouri River, Oregon City

valley. There was but one tent in the camp and it was pitched between three trees, "two of which were towering firs, and the other a stately oak, fit emblems of the majesty and power of the truth proclaimed beneath their widespread branches." These spiritual meetings were repeated for years and did much to awaken the forgetful settlers. Many had come in their wagons that faithful oxen had drawn across the burning plains. Their legends were still on the canvas sides, such as "Where Rolls the Oregon," "Oregon and Freedom," "Empire Moving Westward."

An important gathering of the friends of education occurred October 26, 1842, in the interest of Oregon Institute. Upon the motion of Doctor White it was decided that some church should take it over. On the following May this was done by the only denomination at the time able to undertake its support—the Methodist Episcopal Church. In half a year three thousand dollars were expended upon it for improvements. It was decided to further equip it with a "library and philosophical apparatus." Consequently, someone must go to the East for aid. This fell to Jason Lee, who was already about to start thither, "for the purpose of promoting both the civil and religious interests of Oregon." The subsequent history of this Nestor school, now Willamette University, has become a volume of educational achievements.

These changes and developments were not

viewed with favor by all alike. Some were keen to criticize—those whose tasks kept them away from the center of society and some whose counsel seemed to be slighted. Some who had left for the East took reports that reflected upon Lee. The Board of Managers also felt neglected, as the reports from Lee reached them so tardily. They could not appreciate the great distance and the lack of mail service, which made a year the usual time for news to get into the press. The Lausanne, that left New York October 9, 1839, with Lee and his great re-enforcement, took back his first possible report after his return. It did not reach home until April, 1841. On this ship went Doctor White with his selfish complaints against the management of the Mission.

But the same good heart in Jason Lee sought the advancement of the Mission. He wrote on August 12, 1843: "With all the discouragement which I encounter, I feel it to be a duty to God and the Board to say that my interest in the Oregon Mission is not in the least abated, and unless compelled to do so I could no more abandon it now than I could the first day I laid myself on the missionary altar. Oregon is still of infinite importance as a field for missionary operations among the Indians." Two months later he wrote of the parallel growth of the church and the settlement and concluded saying: "Such is the adaptation of Oregon soil to the genius of Methodism, and such the fruits she has already produced in this country, that I am persuaded that she is destined to flourish here in spite of all the chilling blasts of adversity that can blow against her. I cannot conclude without saying that there is the best state of feeling among our people that has existed since our arrival in 1840; and the emigrants are perfectly surprised to see the religious state of the country." Such clear statements as these serve to disprove a stubborn criticism that he had become too political for the interests of the Indian Mission.

Another, and the most potent occasion of differing sentiments regarding the Methodist influences throughout the country, was the arrival in Oregon of the large trains of emigrants, mentioned in a later chapter, together with the struggle among these settlers for civil organization. The time was drawing near for the final contest of national ownership. This struggle emphasized the essential value of the Mission—that no victory for American recognition was ever achieved without its active agency. British agents were at that very time reconnoitering, and reported three hundred residents at the falls, and thirty miles up the river a thriving Catholic mission. They declared that the Methodist Mission was not prospering, owing to inadequate support from the parent board.

CHAPTER XIX

THE LURE OF MIGRATION

THE colonization of the old Oregon territory offers as many romantic events as any migration in the world's history. There are those who contend that this vast country would not have been peopled by Americans had it not been for the missionary colonizers. Others assert that such a development was assured independent of those who brought the Book to the red men. It is not likely that the treasures of the Pacific Northwest would have long remained hidden from the Yankee, but no settlement thrived in all that vast domain apart from the prayers and labors of those sturdy missionary pioneers. Though emigration to Oregon had been advocated long before, all previous ventures failed. It was left for the heroic church to blaze the path by which practical highways might be cast up. A careful authority has written: "The real settlement of Oregon by Americans began with this missionary colony on the Willamette" (Chapman's *Story of Oregon*). Their coming to convert the Indian and bring him the heavenly Word naturally took form in a settlement, and as such Lee and his co-laborers unwittingly established the original centers of civilization in the vast Pacific country.

The earliest advocate of Oregon colonization by Americans was Hall J. Kelley, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. At the strategic time when the Federal government was trying to regain Astoria, treacherously lost during the second war with England, he devoted his peculiar genius to arousing interest in the plan. After a dozen years of agitation, he launched a company with the incorporate name, "The American Society for the Settlement of the Oregon Territory." This movement was sanctioned by the Legislature of his State, and in 1831 in a memorial presented to Congress were these heartening words—"engaged in the work of opening to a civilized and virtuous population that part of Western America called Oregon." Several attempts to organize migration parties failed, but finally the enthusiast himself got through to the gate of the Hudson's Bay Post at Vancouver, October 15, 1834, a month and a day after our Methodist missionaries arrived. These Boston men were suavely greeted by Dr. John McLoughlin, the Chief Factor, but ill fate in the loss of fur values, the personal dissatisfaction of his men, and Kelley's broken health forced him to abandon the task. Though he had expended thirty thousand dollars, he still continued to publish the tidings of Western opportunities after his return to New England. This initial project would have utterly failed but for the new horizon that illuminated all successes and failures alike: God was moving westward.

The joint occupancy was calculated to protect the Hudson's Bay Company fur traffic and to discourage, or at least postpone, settlement. Anybody was welcomed at the forts in the thirties except the avowed American settler. The policy of the monarch of these wilds was to keep them wild for their fur-gathering enterprise. Even the settling of retired employees had been discouraged until Sir George Simpson took possession of the falls of the Willamette in 1828 for the purpose of establishing a colony of aged servants. Soon after this a more agreeable location was chosen and a lucrative wheat industry was developed. In exploiting under the joint occupancy treaty, Doctor McLoughlin and the British were eminently successful, though Wyeth and Bonneville and all other Americans were doomed to failure.

The presence of the missionaries was approved by the dominant Factor until independent settlements arose. Within three years the Oregon Mission had grown into an independent community of half a hundred, made up about equally of missionaries, the attachés of the Hudson's Bay Company and American settlers. Now it was that the mistaken policy of the British became apparent to their leaders. With the Yankee home-builder came cattle, mills, industries, law, schools, churches. The agents of the British monopoly had begun to lose their grasp, and soon England was to be rudely startled with the inevitable struggle for control.

A living stream was soon to set out for the land of promise beyond the rocky barriers and alkali waste lands. Many a favoring word had gone East to sound the praises of the vast West; from trappers, traders, and frontiersmen; from the romancers, as Washington Irving, in *Adventures of Captain Bonneville* and *Astoria;* from churchmen in their writings, as Doctor Parker in his *Travels;* and in a perennial flow of correspondence by the missionaries and such settlers as Robert Shortess, the Applegates and John Minto.

In the spring of 1839 nineteen men left Peoria, Illinois, to try their fortunes in Oregon. This was the first bona fide attempt really to establish a settlement; they were going to stay. The story of their awakening is germane to our appreciation of Jason Lee. He had lectured in Peoria the previous year, on his way back to the East. Joseph Holman, one of the party, asserts that these addresses were the cause of their interest and their expedition. Mr. Holman was of English birth, and a wagon-maker, and William C. McKay, a grandson of Mrs. McLoughlin, then at school in Peoria, often came to the wagon shop where he told fascinating stories of the wonderful land of his people. T. J. Farnham, also of this band, directly asserted that he was stimulated to action by Lee's lectures when in Peoria. He had been especially interested too in the Indian boy, who described in his simple, broken dialect the romance of Oregon life. Robert Shortess, also of this party and later a convert at the Mission, was destined to wield a salutary influence in the infant territory. He says that they left home in May, that they honored the American flag, and that their slogan was "Oregon or the Grave." Their ambition was to take possession of the country "in the name of the United States," and they even considered dislodging the Hudson's Bay Company with their nineteen dragoons.

Nine of the nineteen, by devious wanderings and awful hazard, eventually reached Vancouver. In addition to those already mentioned were Robert Moore, Sidney Smith, R. L. Kilbourne, and W. Blair, some of whom came to be settlers in the land. Thus it appears that the first organized body of settlers received their impetus from personal contact with Jason Lee and thereby determined to plant the Stars and Stripes in the disputed territory.

A young New York physician, William Geiger, had hoped to accompany the missionaries of the American Board, but was too late. Starting on alone, he fell in with the Peoria party, and when Cyrus Shepard was sick and unable to teach, this young man met the emergency well. He soon went into California, and made and lost with

Captain Sutter on the Sacramento. In 1842 he went back to the East, but joining the Elijah White party of that year he returned to Oregon, and took up land near what is now Forest Grove.

The following year a small party was organized at Quincy, Illinois. In this company was Alvin T. Smith, a carpenter who had heard the story of the call of the Flatheads. With him were two ministers, Harvey Clarke and P. B. Littlejohn, who sought to establish an independent mission settlement, as there were no funds in the American Board treasury available for them. This company of enthusiasts intended to help turn the country to American control, though they knew little about the stipulations of the treaty between the two contesting nations.

By the early forties there were several emigrating societies throughout the States, from New England to Missouri, and many curious schemes were launched to awaken interest. There came a call from Dubuque, Iowa, to build a railroad through to Oregon, when no steam car went west of the Allegheny Mountains. Even the *Oregonian and Indian's Advocate* declared: "We have about as much hope of visiting the Lunarians by the same way (a bean vine) as we have of going to Oregon in railroad cars."

But the cause of emigration grew—for homes, for patriotism, and for a Christian state. Sometimes a single individual aroused a company, sometimes a city movement, but everywhere the spirit of the possession of Oregon was calling and must be heeded. Such men as Peter H. Burnett, fathering great parties, have left for themselves a large place in the present-day conclaves that assemble annually to honor the memory of those early pioneer heroes.

The emigration of 1842 was the first company of any size to blaze a path to old Oregon, a large number in this expedition being from the central States, the zone of Lee's missionary appeals. Dr. Elijah White, who had returned to the East, but who had received the Indian agency for the country, and was now going back, became the central figure of the party. All his knowledge of the new country and his enthusiasm for Oregon had come from contact with the Willamette Mission. Early in the year he visited at his home in New York State and won a young man for the trip, Medorem Crawford. With Nathaniel Crocker and John and Alexander McKay, they journeyed to Saint Louis, where they met that famous Sublette plains trapping crew starting out for the season.

At Independence they found many families, from half a dozen States, awaiting their arrival. There were over one hundred people in the party; Doctor White says they began with one hundred and five and eventually numbered one hundred and twelve. Fremont wrote that there were sixty-four armed men; Hastings says eighty, and Lovejoy declares seventy stood guard. They had sixteen wagons with their horses and cattle. The cavalcade set out westward May 15, over a practically trackless continent, for the first trail of previous parties and the irregular Indian paths were confusing. They had but one guide, a man by the name of Coats, who had been only as far as Green River. Later trains engaged experienced guides who knew the camping places, where favoring springs could be found, and how or where to be on guard against hostile Indians, but those of '42, as all before, were under the necessity of learning all details of the long journey at the cost of much suffering.

At old Laramie they were joined by four young men, one of whom was F. X. Matthieu, later to be the pivotal voter upon whom hung the famous vote at Champoeg for American government. This beloved old French-Canadian once told the writer with sparkling eye and undaunted vigor of youth, though then far beyond ninety years of age, how he had believed in American laws and missionaries, and had cast his vote for the better nation.

This expedition was for a more certain control and settlement of Oregon. Crawford voiced the thought of his friends in writing: "I would give credit, indirectly, to the Methodist Mission for the success of the first expedition, 1842, which practically settled the question of occupation, by American citizens, of this disputed territory." Thomas H. Benton, in his survey of the *Thirty*

Years' view, considered this to be "the emigration that saved Oregon."

Many elements were now at work in spreading the fame of Oregon. The safe arrival of the migration of '42, together with the great prosperity and prospects of the previous settlers, added to the western fever. The Greeley motto, "Go west, young man"; and, indeed, through all the established States the call of "Westward, ho"! was sounded. Far northwestward, the course of empire-building was taking its flight. Many, unable to join the earlier parties, learned that another was to set out early in the spring of 1843, and decided to cast their fortunes in the new land of promise.

There was a spontaneous uprising, from Missouri and Texas to Tennessee and Indiana. The appearance of Doctor Whitman in the East after his famous winter trip added to the enthusiasm. A careful historian, Sidona V. Johnson, says in his *Short History of Oregon:* "That Whitman's efforts added somewhat to the number of emigrants is true, but that he initiated the movement, or even contributed largely to it, does not appear. He was too late for that; the movement was well under way before his arrival."

Independence, Missouri, was the place of rendezvous, where the incoming bands would assemble, organize, and advance some twelve miles to Fitzhugh's Mill and there await a final command on May 20. This was on the Kaw, now

Kansas, River, the course taken by the missionaries as they went in prayer and anxiety for the Indians. Now there was an army of about one thousand, over whom Peter Burnett was made captain, with John Gault, pilot, and J. W. Nesmith, orderly sergeant. It was on this long march that Jesse Applegate won his fame as captain of the "Cow Column."

The spring was late and the weather exceedingly exasperating, yet they were very free from sickness and there were no Indian troubles. The story need not be elaborated, as many accounts have found attractive book form, and several of the heroes have been given extensive publicity in recent years. It is desired, however, to properly place the missionary note, and to assist in giving credit to the real heroes and heroines. Doctor Whitman's invaluable service will never be forgotten, nor his urgent and oft-repeated words: "Travel, travel, travel; nothing is wise that does not help you along; nothing is good for you that causes a moment's delay."

At Fort Hall, where the Hudson's Bay officer, Mr. Grant, was then in control, advice was given to leave all wagons and stock for the customary exchange at Vancouver. His previous experience, however, led Doctor Whitman to insist upon taking everything on through, and the regiment moved on to Walla Walla. Here they were received at the inland Mission, where wheat was bought for a dollar a bushel and potatoes at forty cents. Some were greatly displeased at the cost of farm products, double the prices in their old homes, but the relation of the short supply to their greedy needs seems to justify the prices. Doctor Whitman knew of no wagon road beyond his own Mission and had no advice as to further procedure by such a convenience as the oxcart.

Undue attention should not be paid to the wagon story so beautifully written a few years ago. Doctor Whitman did not take his wagon through, as has been shown in Mrs. Whitman's own letters. Credit for bringing the first wagons into Oregon, west of Fort Boise, belongs to sturdy pioneers of the vintage of 1843, among them Thomas Owen and John Hobson. The latter became collector of customs at Astoria and the former a prosperous farmer on Clatsop plains. They left their stock and wagons at Walla Walla, but returned the following year and brought them down to Clatsop Point, though not without great difficulty.

It may be here stated that the coming of so many palefaces made the red men desperate. It had been well had someone known of the Umatilla and the green pastures left unburned by the stealthy Indians, and also the cut-off from The Dalles. The expedition of 1843 brought the first wagons that ever reached The Dalles, and their owners have become famous as venturesome road-builders. Among them were such worthies as Applegate, Burnett, Holman, Nesmith, and Waldo. Two thirds of the emigrants took the land route with little trouble, while ten families left their stock and wagons at Walla Walla and dropped down in boats. This water route proved disastrous, in the loss of three lives and much of the baggage. The awful story of The Dalles and the Cascades has been written, but without portraying half of the sorrows and struggle.

Much credit is due Doctor McLoughlin for sending relief boats and provisions to these famishing people, for when this great influx spread out in the fertile Willamette valley there were insufficient supplies in the Mission granaries. Unquestionably he knew that they would turn the tide of ownership of all Oregon. Indeed, they had already more than doubled the population and decided the preponderance of influence for the United States. Yet the venerable Chief Factor added to his humanity a patron's concern, not only supplying the helpless newcomers with table provisions but furnishing, on account, seed and plows for their agricultural pursuits.

Home sites were speedily selected and houses built in the forests and on the edge of the prairies. The land laws now offered a full section of land. This was providentially at a time of Mission success that made the Indians friendly. But while it was sunrising over Oregon for colonization, a foreboding night was creeping on, with ominous clouds. The red men were aroused to a suspicion that the Yankees were coming to take their lands and began to check the progress of the white intruders.

The following year, 1844, brought nearly as many more American settlers, for there were two hundred and thirty-four able-bodied men among them. Only ten years had elapsed since the lone missionaries had reared their mission houses and began to teach the Indians the secrets of the Book of Heaven. Now there was a population of two thousand one hundred and ten, not including those north of the Columbia or east of the Cascade Mountains. It was a formidable colony that now peopled the Willamette of the Oregon Mission and was destined to form a mighty Christian commonwealth. At this time a young homeseeker began to carve out a claim at the west side of Fort Vancouver, and this bold act, as John Minto held, became the point of rupture between the fur company and the settlers.

By 1845 the Oregon Trail was alive with three thousand settlers in transit, and the next year there were two thousand more; some turning toward the Humboldt River at Fort Hall to prospect in the southern land of gold. The prospective Oregonians had brought over a thousand head of cattle and half as many wagons. The following year the Oregon fever brought four thousand more settlers to the land where their dreams must come true. Perhaps half as many went into California and helped to establish the government more effectively in that land so recently wrenched from the Mexicans. Then came on the gold fever and the overland exodus to California.

The election in 1849, for a delegate to Congress, brought out seven thousand four hundred voters, representing a population of about twenty thousand people. The sustained migrations of the fifties have been well written by those who took the long trail by oxcart or on foot, though many of these accounts are but diaries of certain parties and naturally paint their own characters with vivid colors.

Oregon was now safe and her settlement was constantly advanced. This was the result of missionary influences at the springs of opportunity. The onward and ever-accelerated flow of colonization, more than from any other one cause, was from the vision and sagacity of the men of God whom the church appointed to evangelize the natives.

CHAPTER XX

FIRST STEPS IN GOVERNMENT

AN event of portentous bearing occurred near the close of 1836, in the visit of William A. Slacum of the United States navy. When his brig, the Loriot, cast anchor in the Columbia, near the mouth of the Willamette, a new factor was projected into the problem. He had come around the Horn on private business in San Francisco, and hence on the special mission of reconnoitering in Oregon. In his investigation he visited the homes of the mission and took practical notes on the colonial development, making the mission his headquarters and often conferring with Jason Lee. Just before sailing away he left a note of appreciation which closed with this paragraph: "As an evidence of my good will toward the laudable efforts you are making in this remote quarter, debarred of almost every comfort, deprived of the associations of mankind and of home, I beg you to accept herewith the sum of fifty dollars, only regretting my means at present will not allow me to add more."

The missionaries prepared a petition to Congress, setting forth the need of action in promptly establishing a government and order. This was the first petition ever formulated that asked for the extension of United States control over Oregon. At that date the colony included only the mission community, a few independent adventurers, such as Ewing Young, and the French-Canadians.

Mr. Slacum was intrusted with this petition, and he faithfully presented it to the State Department at Washington. He urged the lack of adequate protection to life and freely exposed the business methods of the Hudson's Bay Company, the fiat of whose chief factor was the supreme law of all the Northwest. This was the first report ever sent to the Capitol at Washington regarding old Oregon and should be given first place among the numerous efforts of the early Oregonians to secure federal support. Surely, the government had no idle whim in investigating the remote upper Pacific country.

About three months later Jason Lee wrote the missionary headquarters as follows: "Thank God, I do not wish to change my field of labor for any other upon the face of the earth! Hither I firmly believe God has directed my steps. . . . In my last I mentioned that I was fully convinced that this country would be settled at no distant period." Lee's attitude appears to have been favorably received, as is shown in a letter written by Dr. Elijah White, who was by no means given to approving indiscriminately the management of the Mission. He wrote: "The plan of operation adopted by Mr. Lee is here universally considered to be founded in wisdom, and, they think, cannot fail to result in effecting a greater amount of good than any other could have done."

A second memorial was sent to Congress in 1838. It was carried by Jason Lee himself when he made his sad and eventful return trip. The document was drafted by the missionaries and read like "a state paper of high value." It was turned over to Senator Linn, of Missouri, January 28, 1839, and was presented by him to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, of which Caleb Cushing was chairman. How strange it would seem to-day to refer such a call for help to the foreign affairs committee. Chairman Cushing showed his interest in the memorial by writing to Mr. Lee for further information. Lee's reply, written from Middletown, Connecticut, was significant, and with the memorial, found a place in the Congressional Record. It urged the need of protection and aids to property and their right in seeking federal support as the various settlers were beginning the permanent settlement of the country.

> It is believed that if the government of the United States takes such measures in respect to this territory as will secure the rights of the settlers, most of those who are now attached to the Mission will remain as permanent settlers in the country, after the Mission may no longer need their services. Hence it may be safely assumed that ours, in connection with the other settlers there, is the commencement of a permanent settlement of the country. In view of this, it will be

readily seen that we need two things at the hands of the government for our protection and prosperity.

First: We need a guarantee from the government that the possession of the land we take up and the improvements we make upon it will be assured to us. The settlements will greatly increase the value of the government domain in that country, should the Indian title ever be extinguished. We cannot but expect, therefore, that those who have been pioneers in this arduous work will be liberally dealt with in this matter.

Second: We need the authority and protection of the government and the laws of the United States to regulate the intercourse of the settlers with each other, protect against the peculations and aggressions of the Indians, and to protect the Indians against the aggressions of the white men.

To secure these objects, it is not supposed that much of a military force is necessary. If a suitable person should be sent out as a magistrate and governor of the territory, the settlers would sustain his authority. In proof of this, it is only necessary to say that almost all the settlers in the Willamette valley have signed a memorial to Congress, praying that body to extend the protection of the United States government over the territory. You are aware, sir, that there is no law in that country to protect or control American citizens; and to whom shall we look, to whom can we look, for the establishment of wholesome laws to regulate our infant and rising settlements, but to the Congress of our beloved country?

The country will be settled, and that speedily, from some quarter, and it depends very much on the prompt action of Congress what that population shall be, and what shall be the fate of the Indian tribes of that territory. It may be thought that Oregon is of little importance; but rely upon it, there is the germ of a great State. We are resolved to do what we can to benefit the country, but we are constrained to throw ourselves upon you for protection.

I am, sir, with great respect,
Yours truly,
JASON LEE.

A bill was soon brought before Congress to "Establish a territory north of latitude 42 and west of the Rocky Mountains to be called Oregon Territory, authorizing the erection of a fort on the Columbia River, and the occupation of the territory by the military forces of the United States, with an appropriation of $50,000 for the beginning of the work." Though this bill was lost, it proved a fine entering wedge for American recognition.

The struggling settlement was not disposed to leave all legal proceedings to Washington, with its slow movements. "As early as 1838," says Clarke, "the Methodist Mission had provided a magistrate and constables for the protection of rights of Americans in the country, as offset to the fact that the Canadian government had appointed magistrates to adjudicate matters for British subjects." Johnson says, "This was done entirely without the co-operation of the settlers, but the action received their indorsement, or, at least, was generally acquiesced in." It was done for the Mission settlement, as such, and this jurisdiction was naturally extended in the absence of any other recognized law.

These magistrates were well able to adjust all legal tangles, even with the large re-enforcement of 1840; but when the independent settlers multiplied, a feeling arose that a more representative court should be established. There were no statutes or books of law in the land except an old New York code, and the decision of the judge could easily be considered arbitrary by anyone who might be punished, or by outsiders and independent settlers who had become more jealous of the strength of the Mission than they were aware.

It was a tangled situation. There were many mixed bloods from the consorting of the Hudson's Bay men with their Indian wives. These naturally favored the British influences. When the American missionaries and the few independent settlers of 1838 made their gesture for formal government, the Company spoke up. Mr. F. Ermatinger, a trusted officer, seems to have declared that if the United States made any effort to remove them from the country, they would arm the eight hundred mixed bloods controlled by the company throughout the country. And they were well able, should they resort to such methods, to defeat any possible local move for American government.

A third memorial was prepared in 1840, declaring that the signers had settled in Oregon in the belief that the government would soon assume dominion and that they could rely upon her laws for protection. This petition was signed by the acting superintendent of the Mission, David Leslie, and about seventy others.

It was indeed providential for the United States that a church with a patriotic spirit was on the ground and farsighted enough to draft such a set of resolutions. H. K. Hines called it "a most brilliant chapter of Methodist history." But these several serious attempts by petition to Congress failed of the prompt relief so greatly desired.

A new movement for law and order began near the old mission at Champoeg, February 7, 1841. It was the first meeting that ever assembled to draft laws in Oregon and was called for the express purpose of consulting upon the necessary steps to be taken for the formation of a local government and the selection of the competent officials. The records of the secretary, Gustavus Hines, were meager. Jason Lee was chairman, and in an advisory address he urged the drafting of a suitable constitution and the election of a governor and other necessary State officers. This advice was considered good. Judge J. Quinn Thornton, in his *History of the Provisional Government,* said, "In a short speech in which his remarks seemed to be carefully considered, and in a manner which indicated that he felt oppressed by the grave responsibility of the hour," Jason Lee showed his statesmanship.

A second meeting was called ten days later for the same purpose. It was held at the same place, with David Leslie presiding. So many differences of administration appeared, with such a variety of personal and general interests, that little accomplishment seemed likely. A situation had arisen, however, necessitating some legal action. A prominent pioneer, Ewing Young, had died, leaving considerable property for such a primitive community, and he had left no will, nor were there any known heirs. His death occurred on February 15, and two days after the funeral this second meeting at the Mission house created the office of supreme judge with probate powers, sheriff, three constables and as many justices of the peace, and selected a legislative committee of nine. Dr. I. L. Babcock of the Mission was elected judge, and with no formal government or other executive officials he became the chief American factor in all matters of civil law and local government. His administration of the Ewing Young estate met with the "entire satisfaction of all the community."

Though this second series of efforts failed to bring about the desired form of legal protection, it served to agitate, and the popular cry that was raised was not long to be left unheeded. Soon the increase of enthusiastic American settlers would make civil government such a necessity as not only to arouse local ambition and amity, but to awaken the nation to a new vision of this misunderstood domain.

The falls of the Willamette had become the hub of debate. Here at Oregon City a lyceum was carried on which called out the keenest argument from the champions of all factions. The attorney for the Hudson's Bay Company, L. W. Hastings, showed his cunning in proposing the following debate: *"Resolved,* That it is expedient for the settlers of the coast to organize an independent government." This was a critical turn, as it would show the strength of the policy of neutrality. The affirmative won and provisional government looking toward United States control seemed doomed. But the steward of the Methodist Mission at the Falls immediately presented as the subject for their next lyceum: *"Resolved,* That if the United States extends its jurisdiction over this country during the next four years, it will not be expedient to form an independent government." An exciting discussion resulted in a strong majority for the proposition, which was accepted as a good sign. The decision tended to amalgamate the advocates for provisional government and those disposed to leave all until Congress should act. American sentiments were now noticeably in the ascendant.

Eventually there came a romantic turn that brought about the initial form of popular government. It now seemed impossible to harmonize the varied interests of the British company, the Mission, and the incoming settlers. They were all suffering, however, from a common enemy. This enemy was not the wild man of the woods, but the beasts of the forests, through which they sustained heavy losses in cattle and sheep. As wealth was then largely in flocks and herds, it was a matter of common concern. This community interest was to be tested in an ingenious manner.

A call went out to assemble all the inhabitants for concerted action, ostensibly in a plan of war on the stock-destroying animals. This meeting occurred February 2, 1843, at the Oregon Institute, but a preliminary meeting had taken place at the home of W. H. Gray, who had canvassed the valley in the interest of protection from these depredations, and also the founding of a circulating library.

A few weeks later another formal assembly was summoned, to meet at the home of Joseph Gervais, on French Prairie, where a committee of six should report a plan for protection. This gathering, on the second Monday of March, came to be known as the "Wolf Meeting," and is historic as the occasion of the initial decision for self-government in old Oregon. The success of the venture must be credited to a few astute Americans who ventured far for patriotism. James O'Neil was made chairman, and the safeguard was easily set against the devastating wolves. When adjournment was expected, a proposition was advanced that lives were of more consequence than stock and that the opportune time had arrived to establish some adequate protection to their homes. The inconsistency of placing a higher valuation on sheep than on men was dramatically shown and a committee of twelve was selected to draft a plan of provisional government. Late in March these men met at the Falls and much discussion ensued. The superintendent and the steward of the Mission were not in full accord with the movement. They had sought in other ways and had failed and now thought it best to defer action. However, Doctor Babcock was selected to preside. A quiet canvass was made that indicated a slight majority for the government. Then a popular meeting was called for May 2, 1843, to assemble at Champoeg. When the day came, the entire population of Oregon seemed to have gathered for a tug of war. It was found later that an address written by the Rev. F. N. Blanchet, later a bishop in the Catholic Church, had been circulated among the French-Canadians, and that a meeting had been held where they were drilled to vote "No," though they could not understand the language of the meeting. When the portentous decisions were to be made, British, Canadians, and Catholics voted heavily against every measure presented by the American settlers. Failure seemed inevitable when Secretary Le Breton called loudly for a vote saying: "Let us divide and count!" With this stratagem, Joe Meek, the indomitable mountain man, darted forward, shouting: "All who favor the committee's

Chinook Indian Village

At Champoeg Monument, Where Government Began

report and an organization, follow me!" The resulting drama and its setting now supply material for the patriotic gathering of pioneers on every second of May, at old Champoeg.

A crisis was on and every American lined up with Joe Meek. The attachés of the company and their sympathizers stood apart. One French-Canadian tarried between the lines and then joined the patriots; another joined him. The count showed for an American victory and a crucial hour had passed, the margin having been strengthened by F. X. Matthieu, a British subject, who had become convinced that the American form of government was the superior one, and had influenced his friend to vote with him. An exciting demonstration ensued and many of the defeated party hastily retreated. To make this organization effective, A. E. Wilson was elected judge, with G. W. Le Breton, clerk; J. L. Meek, sheriff; and W. H. Willson, treasurer.

A legislative committee of nine was promptly selected to draft a form of government to be presented at the same place on July 5. The men were to receive $1.25 per day and were not to extend their services for pay beyond six days. It may be added that each man remitted his salary, and that the meals for the committee were provided free of cost by three men of the Mission, Alanson Beers, the Reverend J. L. Parrish and Doctor Babcock. The sessions were held in the granary of the Mission, also free of cost; in this way no expense was incurred. This old warehouse, which served as the first legislative assembly hall in Oregon, had also been schoolhouse and church to the Indians and the Mission people. It was a story and a half high, sided with upright boards, the loft serving as a storeroom and sleeping apartments. There were two rooms below. In the rear room was stored the wheat from the farm; in the front sat the first deliberative body of the Northwest.

CHAPTER XXI

INDIAN MISSIONS FADE INTO WHITE CHURCHES

THE unrest in Oregon was not singular. Uneasiness prevailed throughout the country. It was the time of great debates on States' rights and slavery, and only a year before the impact had split the churches, North and South. Oregon was a battlefield in Congress more than in the management of the Missions. On March 10, 1843, the Board of Managers authorized its assistant secretary, E. R. Ames, to visit the field and make report. He was well suited for the task, but other less remote Indian affairs prevented his reaching Oregon. A climax came when a few months later Bishop Elijah Hedding, who had supervision of foreign missions, was made a special agent either to examine the Oregon Mission or to appoint a new superintendent. The Bishop had wide knowledge of the West and great sympathy for its heroic missionaries, but he could not devote the time necessary to go to Oregon himself and consequently he appointed as successor to Jason Lee the Rev. George Gary, of northern New York, a member of the Black River Conference, who undertook the task in keeping with the new ideas of the Board of Managers.

On the first day of November, with no knowledge of this action, Jason Lee secured passage for himself and his little daughter on the Columbia, that was soon to sail for the Sandwich Islands. With him were Gustavus Hines and his wife. Lee had been delegated by the missionaries to present the new and radical changes on the field and solicit aid for the proposed school. On his former return journey Lee had retraced his long overland trail, but this time he chose to sail. The ship crossed the bar of the Columbia February 3, 1844. He had committed all the interests of the Mission to David Leslie, as upon his first absence in the East.

Only two strictly Indian stations were now left in Oregon: Clatsop Plains, under the care of J. L. Parrish and farmer Raymond; and Wascopam, The Dalles, with Perkins and Brewer in command. Alvin F. Waller was at the Willamette Falls, with George Abernethy as the Mission Steward. Leslie remained as preacher at the main settlement, assisted by W. H. Willson, L. H. Judson, and Hamilton Campbell, who were to man the mills at Chemeketa and look after all the farm interests.

The Columbia anchored at Honolulu in three weeks and Lee was informed by Doctor Babcock, then recuperating on the islands, that he had been supplanted and that his successor was en route to Oregon. It was at once decided that Hines and Doctor Babcock should return to the field and represent the old policy while Lee hastened eastward. His daughter was committed to his friends, and by April 6 he had landed on the Mexican coast at San Blas. These were days of trouble with Mexico and the trip to Mexico City, by way of Guadalajara, and then to Vera Cruz, was often retarded and always perilous. His papers were taken from him, but were later restored, and he was finally passed on to New Orleans. By the uncertain service of a river steamer he reached Pittsburgh, crossed the Alleghenies by stage, and arrived in New York City May 27, 1844; a thrilling and heroic journey.

The General Conference was then in session and the famous slavery troubles were occupying all minds. The Bishop Andrew case was pending and but slight recognition was shown the lone wanderer from Oregon. In June Lee visited Washington to counsel with the administration and was assured that it was hoped to pass a bill favorable to the Northwest in the next Congress. But it was at the close of the Tyler term and a struggle was on in other quarters. The South was in the melting pot. The prevailing slogans of the times sounded a promise of war. If the Lone Star should come into the American galaxy, Mexico threatened battle, and "Fifty-four-forty or fight" had no accent that favored the claims of a modest Methodist Mission.

A meeting of the Board of Managers was called on July first to hear the returned missionary's report. This was exceedingly illuminating and was well received, but while Lee's integrity was left untarnished and the strange transition of the Mission was recognized by all, the former action could not be recalled. Mr. Gary had already assumed the duties of his appointment.

The new superintendent reached Oregon City on June 1, 1844, and on the 7th a meeting was held at the Indian Manual Labor School, which extended throughout the night until daylight. It resulted in the dissolution of the Oregon Mission. All the laymen were to be returned to their former homes or given an equivalent in Mission property amounting to from eight hundred to a thousand dollars each. All but one preferred to stay in their adopted home.

The Clatsop farm was sold, but the Mission at The Dalles was retained as having a brighter outlook. All the houses and farm equipment in the Willamette were sold, with the mills and the cattle and goods of every kind. The missionaries bought in about everything on account, as their love for their old associations prompted them. The method of this sale has been criticized by some who hoped to profit by the crash, but while the outside settlers would gladly have shared in the purchases it is hardly kind to censure those who had sacrificed their all to found the Mission. Among the transactions two were notable: the purchase of all the cattle by Mr. Campbell, and of the store by George Abernethy. The former came to be known as "Cow Campbell" and the latter, by buying up the credit accounts in the settlements, began a lucrative business in the settlement at Oregon City. The sale of all the Mission holdings aggregated twenty-six thousand dollars for the Missionary Society, about one half the original expenditures.

On the day that Mr. Gary announced his plan, Jason Lee was before the President and the members of Congress in the interest of the tract of land improved by the Mission. He received assurances "from the President down, that the Mission is entitled to its claim." Had he not also awakened the spirit of giving in the church and directed many a settler thither? But the Indian School closed with the sale of the farm, and before long there arose on the same grounds the future capital of a great State, and also a university. So also Oregon City was destined to become more than a fur-trading center or a Mission mill. The steward of the Mission, together with others, began milling interests and the upbuilding of many industries. The first paper on the coast began here early in 1846 and the first Western coinage of gold in three more years.

When the iconoclastic superintendent considered his labors fully accomplished, he requested to be relieved. Thereupon the bishop in charge of foreign affairs selected a member of the New

Jersey Conference, William Roberts, as the third superintendent of the Oregon Mission. He was destined to take a large place in the development of the Pacific Coast. Sailing with him on November 27, 1846, was James H. Wilbur. They reached their new field the following June and within a month George Gary departed.

Negotiations had been pending for the sale of The Dalles station to the American Board. Doctor Whitman was to pay six hundred dollars for the property besides a just value for certain fixtures and stock. The release of this strategic post and this square mile of desirable land was opposed by all who had labored there, but the transfer had gone so far that the new superintendent acquiesced in the determination of his predecessor. Consequently, in September, 1847, this last post was released and occupied by Perrin Whitman, nephew of the Doctor.

In two months there came a tragic close to the remaining Indian stations, in the wanton massacre of the Whitmans. Just before this, a quarrel at The Dalles had come near precipitating disaster. A party of settlers passing through, while guests of the Mission had harbored some lewd women, "who on leaving stole three sacks of clothing." A shooting ensued, and the chief of the Wascos, Equator, was slain. This endangered the life of a white chief, and Roberts, Brewer, Waller, and Abernethy were scarcely able to quiet the demands of the savages. Here Whitman had hoped to establish his headquarters, because of prolonged disturbances at Wai-il-at-pu, where the natives seemed unwilling to be law-abiding. Now, without warning, on November 29, the war cloud broke into an awful storm of savage rage over the Inland Mission and left the bodies of Marcus Whitman, his wife and other faithful missionaries in the wreck of the station.

The governor had no means or men at his command to avenge this tragedy, but an appeal made to the Methodist Mission was met in a generous way by Superintendent Roberts. Though there was no government security he offered fifteen hundred dollars, to be used in sending a messenger to Washington for help, and to aid in the impending war. Because of its far-reaching effects this incident will find place in a later chapter also.

The missionary colonizers were fast accomplishing their task. Abernethy was then the man of the hour for the government and Roberts for the Mission. In this awful crisis the old Mission was sorely needed. In later years the place of its heroes has been more clearly written; in the years to come it will be still more radiant.

So far they had served in a foreign field, but in 1848 the General Conference brought it within the home land and authorized a Mission Conference for all the Pacific Coast, which was established in the spring of the following year. There were eight members of the church at Clatsop, thirty at Oregon City and one hundred and nine at Salem. Houses of worship had been erected at Oregon City, Salem and on Yamhill Circuit. The first Conference assembled on September 8, 1849, and began its enviable record of Christian achievements. They soon undertook to make the local churches self-supporting and to organize a local missionary society for the further extension of the Kingdom and the carrying of the Book of Heaven to all races of the earth.

The Oregon Institute had now become the most important factor in all the Willamette valley. There were nearly a hundred pupils, with J. H. Wilbur in charge of the advanced work and his cultured wife teacher of the junior classes. Father Wilbur must ever be remembered as a capable leader in those days when the foundation stones of Western educational institutions were being laid. He was succeeded by Nehemiah Doane, a member of the Genesee Conference, who was appointed at the August Conference in 1849, and who sailed on the Empire City, in October, hoping to get the newly established mail steamer at Panama. Then began a still more encouraging epoch at the Institute. A later president of the Institute was Dr. F. S. Hoyt, who, with John Flinn, had come to Portland in 1850, when but twenty-five inhabitants were pioneering in that new settlement. In the short period of nine years the Oregon Institute that had been opened August 16, 1844, to instruct the children of the infant settlement, with Mrs. Willson the sole instructor, was transformed into a university.

This narrative must not be extended beyond the early fifties. So many romances transpired then and such a company of worthies carved their names on abiding corner stones of progress that a mere roster of their names would be precluded necessarily from these pages.

The period of the Indian Mission ends with the stalwart pioneer ministers going to their appointments in the new Mission Conference:

Superintendent: William Roberts.

Oregon City and Portland: J. H. Wilbur and J. L. Parrish.

Salem Circuit: William Helm, J. O. Raynor and David Leslie, supernumerary.

Yamhill: John McKinney, C. O. Hosford.

Mary's River: A. F. Waller, J. E. Parrott.

Astoria and Clatsop: To be supplied.

And what did not the God of our fathers work out at their hands through that eventful epoch! The striving years, the Indian wars, the mad chase for gold and a multitude of vigorous Western romances repeatedly gave zest to their heroic labors in the building of his Kingdom in far Oregon.

CHAPTER XXII

THE END OF AN EPOCH

A FOURTH OF JULY celebration was held in 1843, with a patriotic address by the Rev. Gustavus Hines. The Catholic priests denounced the movement for independence and sided with every effort of the Hudson's Bay Company to thwart its progress. Some of their men, however, soon saw the folly of opposition and joined the cause of the Americans. On July 5, after a heated debate, a system of organic laws was adopted that insured loyalty to America. This code was to be in force "until such time as the United States shall extend their jurisdiction over us." As they could not agree upon the selection of a governor, an executive committee of three was decided upon, consisting of Alanson Beers, David Hill, and Joseph Gale.

At this time fewer than two hundred Americans all told were there. While the Mission had its own rules, its leaders had been less aggressive in this struggle than some of the independent settlers, especially in the light of their repeated efforts under Lee and others. Now with the happy culmination of assured law and order the Methodist influences were essential and readily given to insure success.

No argument could have been more potent in the saving of Oregon than this popular decision of its inhabitants. The people themselves had spoken. This procedure, so sincere, reconciled all actions to such an extent that some of the leading men of the company soon took places in the Legislature. The great influx of settlers that fall brought prompt justification for the hazardous vote at old Champoeg. With these American enthusiasts came a preponderance of numbers that established the provisional government beyond any possibility of defeat.

Within two years the civil demands of the rapidly growing settlement made it expedient to take the executive authority from the committee of three and formally elect a governor. On April 8, 1845, at Champoeg, from the four candidates, George Abernethy, the Mission steward, then at the Sandwich Islands, was elected the first provisional governor.

He was reputed to be the best-read man in the country, and because of his enterprising spirit, his generosity and his honest dealings, he was highly esteemed, by British and Catholics, as well as by his fellow countrymen. The provisional governor was to receive three hundred dollars salary, but during his administration he drew no public money for himself. The British agents, Warre and Vavasour, believed "no more judicious course could have been pursued." Final ratification came on July 26, and the people everywhere were grateful for their code—sufficient for the time, but not sovereign. A long step had been taken for law and order.

Seasoned statutes supplanted the crude legislative enactments of former sessions. Among these was a prohibitory liquor law, a sequel to the Mission rules. A large majority now ratified the new laws, and presaged the vote of the people that has been the chief factor in all subsequent legislation.

In this year another memorial went to Congress from those would-be citizens of the United States. It showed the defenselessness of the settlers against the Indians, as compared with the subjects of the fur company. There were frequent evidences of intrigue that could not be overcome without help. There was great need of caution east of the mountains. The Cayuses and other tribes were becoming incensed against the American Board stations. This memorial was taken to Washington by the Indian subagent, Doctor White. It had been so worthily drawn up as to receive the following commendations from Mr. Benton: "It was creditable to the body by which it was presented, to the talent by which it was dictated, and the patriotic sentiment that pervaded it."

However, while the disturbed settlers were fearful of the outcome, many forces were at work in the East which served in the end to determine the national ownership.

It is evident that the secretary of state, John C. Calhoun, and the administration wanted Oregon and would not abandon its interests. But Calhoun's policy did not satisfy the turbulent Oregonians when he said: "All we want to effect our object in this is wise and masterful inactivity." He was then waging an active campaign for Texas, and fearful of war.

Then came the treaty with Great Britain, June 15, 1846, which turned Oregon to the United States to the forty-ninth parallel. But the movements of Congress continued slow, and at the great range it was difficult to obtain enthusiasm among strangers. The colonists anticipated prompt action and seem to have let the provisional officers hold over until Federal appointment.

In the summer of 1847 a ship anchored in the Columbia, the Whiton. With its cargo, it had brought missionaries and news of administration activities, and was now about to return. Aspiring Oregon had become wary of Eastern friends, boards and Congresses, and feared that no adequate federal action would come. In consequence, it was arranged to send a representative to press the claims of the far West before Congress and the President. Judge Thornton was selected for this responsible mission. There was no money in the treasury, however, and the Judge could not advance his necessary expenses. Again the Methodist Mission came forward with the proffer of a draft for one hundred and fifty dollars, to be drawn on the Board.

While the paramount mission of Judge Thornton in going to the national capital was to procure the passage of a law for organizing a territorial government, it involved many other purposes. There must be "a line of stockade ports between Independence, Missouri, and Western Oregon." Engineers should survey for a wagon route across the mountains, a steam packet line should connect Panama and Monterey with the Columbia River, ports and agencies were needed, and title to land should be established. With all these projects in contemplation it would seem a good risk for the Methodist Mission, the only organization in Oregon willing, and with adequate credit, to advance the money necessary for the trip to the national capital. The events and encounters of Judge Thornton en route and at Washington are worthy of some future extended notice.

Soon after Mr. Thornton had set sail in the returning Whiton, the great tragedy already referred to fell upon the country. The befriended Cayuses east of the cascades had fallen upon the Whitman Mission, and massacred their leaders, with several others. On November 29, 1847, about fifty Cayuse Indians under Chief Tamusky surrounded Wai-il-at-pu. Only five took part in the killing of Doctor Whitman and his wife, with a dozen other Americans. A few white men escaped massacre, and half a hundred women and children were held by the savages. News was hurried to Vancouver, and Chief Factor Douglas hastened a rescue party under Peter Skeen Ogden. A company of volunteers was raised from the Willamette, with rendezvous at Oregon City, but just as they were ready to proceed to The Dalles, Ogden arrived with the women and children, amid profound rejoicing.

But as the Cayuses would incite other tribes to a general war, the volunteers went in hot pursuit, and completely routed the trouble-makers. Doctor McLoughlin had told Doctor Whitman that the Cayuses were the most manly of the tribes, and he had come to have confidence in them. The discerning Chief Factor became suspicious of these Indians, however, and advised Whitman "to leave the place immediately; not to trust them; delay was dangerous; leave and don't go back until the Indians feel better toward you." If this course had been followed, the massacre of the missionaries and the Cayuse war would have been avoided. Those most befriended had proved the most ungrateful, but they were destroyed, their language is to-day unspoken, and their name has been given to a poor grade of horses.

In the gloom of this disaster it was imperative that federal aid be had immediately. The East must be informed of the murder of the missionaries and the hazard to all lives. Joe Meek was hastened to speed this word. By the aid of a five-hundred-dollar order on the Methodist Missionary Society, he succeeded in reaching Washington to materially assist Judge Thornton in his Macedonian call for help.

The famous Donation Land Law, so drawn as to give wives an equal ownership with their husbands, was enacted at this time. It was the first of its kind. While Lewis F. Linn was its author, it must not be forgotten that Jason Lee was the first to propose such a beneficent inducement for settlers.

Eventually, August, 1848, the famous Oregon bill was passed—a climax to the romantic quest for law and order in the vast country west of the Rocky Mountains. Joseph L. Meek was appointed Marshal of Oregon Territory, and was commissioned to notify General Joseph Lane, of Indiana, of his appointment as governor. On March 3, 1849, the governorship changed from Abernethy, the provisional executive, to General Lane, the regularly constituted governor of the legally established Territory of Oregon. Thus it was that the Pacific Northwest, old Oregon, passed under American control, with the Stars and Stripes as its glorious and stainless flag. No blood of strife between nations had been shed in the long contest for ownership.

When the Shark went down in the Columbia River, September, 1846, Lieutenant Howison rescued its colors and presented them to Oregon, through its executive, George Abernethy. They were the first Stars and Stripes to wave over the land undisputed. The second flag was made by the women of Oregon, when their own volunteers were assembling to punish the Cayuses.

At the annual gathering of the old pioneers at Astoria, May 12, 1884, to commemorate the founding of their government, the oration was given by Dr. William Roberts, who gave it as his opinion that "Oregon belongs to the United States largely, if not wholly, in consequence of missionary enterprise. I can scarcely conceive a more difficult task than that which confronted Jason Lee and his associates when they reached this country fifty years ago, and fully realized the situation. . . . The goods received with the great re-enforcement in the Lausanne in 1840, decided the easy possibility of American settlement."

After ten years, filled with hazardous encounters on tremendous journeys; after an epoch-making service to found American institutions and establish Christian principles in the Western wilds, Jason Lee turned with weakened step and bowed form to his boyhood home. His return East is referred to elsewhere—with his report to the Board regarding the state of the Mission and his representations concerning the political intensity in the land of his great love.

His home Conference was in session in New England. Here he was received with ovations as in former years, and was urged to take a charge. He was intensely interested, however, in the possibilities of higher Christian learning in faraway Oregon. This was the assignment he sought, and it was his last—"Agent for the Oregon Institute."

With this commission he visited Wilbraham, his Alma Mater, then started for his old home at Stanstead, stopping for a brief visit with Daniel Lee, then pastor at North Haverhill, New Hampshire. His last sermon was preached in his old home church in November.

A letter written on February 8, 1845, to Gustavus Hines, to whom he had intrusted his only daughter, Lucy, probably contains his last autograph. His intense longing was for Oregon for life and service, or death. Another wrote the letter, but he signed his name. This last letter, revealing his strong heart to the end, is here given in full:

> I think I mentioned in my last that I was afflicted with a severe cold. No remedial aid I could procure has been able to remove it, and unless some favorable change occurs soon, it is my deliberate conviction that it will prove fatal. Should such a favorable change take place, I may advise you to be looking out for me coming around Cape Horn, or threading my way up the Willamette in a canoe, as I used to do. But, if I never make my appearance, what shall I say concerning the dear little one? Let her have, if possible, a first-rate education, but, above all, do not neglect her religious education. Dear Brother and Sister Hines, I must hold

you responsible, under God, to train that child for heaven.

I remain your affectionate friend and brother,

JASON LEE.

On March 12, 1845, Jason Lee was called to his reward. The "dear little one" for whom he longed, never saw her father again. Six months later Gustavus Hines set out to take Lucy to her father, mail service being so slow that he had not yet heard of his death. Their ship sailed by way of China and the Cape of Good Hope, and on May 4, 1846, they arrived in New York Harbor, only to learn the sad news.

Lucy Lee devoted her life to the Christian training of Western youth. She was an honor graduate of old Willamette, and its most accomplished preceptress. Her husband was Professor F. H. Grubbs.

It came to Jason Lee to lead the way in the struggle to found schools among the Indians and to establish the institutions of civilization. All honor to him and all honor to his coworkers, who labored together for the Christianization and the Americanization of the Pacific Northwest.

CHAPTER XXIII

AN ABIDING SPIRIT

THE sustained influence of Jason Lee is shown by the clear utterances of those best able to form a correct judgment. Osmon C. Baker, the college chum of Lee, was later a bishop and twice presided over the sessions of the Oregon Conference. Soon after the death of Lee, Baker, preaching on "The Good and Faithful Servant," said: "Place the good man in those circumstances in which worldly principles show their insufficiency and mark his influence. See him the scoff of the world and the bearer of its hate; his worldly prospects blighted, and his pleasures mingled with bitter tears. No dark frown settles upon his features as he thinks of the providence of God. No sad murmurings that his circumstances are so different from his neighbors. No hard judging of God from one isolated act of his government. No desolation of heart, though the sources of his temporal enjoyments are diminished." No truer sketch could be given of him who led the vanguard of Western evangelism.

A dozen years after the dissolution of the Indian Mission, Bishop E. S. Janes held the Conference in Corvallis, and also at two subsequent sessions. After years of observation, he said in a great missionary address in Boston: "Jason Lee, the original pioneer of empire, scaled the Rocky Mountains and tracked the desert plains that he might save the red men of the Pacific Coast. Blessed man, more honored in heaven than he was on earth."

When Marcus Whitman left his work at Walla Walla and hastened home to appear before his Board of Managers lest they should remove him, not realizing the vastness and the difficulties of his field, there were those who charged him with a selfish political motive. Also with his martyr death, his overenthusiastic friends placed him upon a pedestal, as the only saviour of Oregon—an understandable enthusiasm not substantiated by fact. The sympathy which was evoked was also overemphasized in efforts to secure federal favors. However, when a defense was required in Congress against subtle designs said to have arisen in the minds of shrewd Catholic leaders, all Oregon arose to support the Rev. H. H. Spaulding, of the successful Lapwai station in his accumulation of evidence as to the integrity of the Whitman claims. Methodists, Baptists, and all readily submerged their own rights to expose a great wrong. From this investigation arose "Executive Document No. 37," which was widely distributed. But the unfortunate martyrdom of the leaders of one station and the clever pages of a few friends have served to eclipse those of greater influence in the establishing of American Christian institutions.

The spirit of the Missions was one, and a true fellow-feeling prevailed. This is shown in all the remaining records of the councils of Lee, Whitman, and Spaulding. It was reserved for a later generation of writers who knew not the amity that bound the missionaries together, to pit one against another and to ignore the services of all but the one hero the writer might fancy. But the day of narrow vision seems to be passing and a broader horizon appears, allowing all to be seen in their own clear and wonderful light.

When the Board removed Jason Lee, rather than to investigate his work, there arose an indifference to his services. By some compilers of historical volumes he was believed to have had ulterior motives, mixing political designs with evangelistic ardor. Indeed, one of these writers boldly declared fifty years ago that the best strength of Lee lay in his colonization work, and that his church had removed him for this digression from his commission. It is at least interesting to recall the clear explanation of this matter earlier given by James M. Reid, secretary of the Missionary Board. This watchful historian said:

"This entire case is quite unique in the history of missions. The true heart of the church responded, as it should have done, to the piteous cry of heathenism in the far-off and unexplored region; but upon going to those who called, no adequate field was found, but another and a broader one opened, into which they entered and labored with ordinary success for a time, and then in part withdrew, but not before they had unwittingly founded an empire, with a church within it, and thus made preparations for the coming of tens of thousands, whose tread was soon to be heard descending those beautiful slopes."

Sixty years after the burial of Lee in Stanstead, it was proposed to remove his ashes to Oregon, and in compliance with the request of the Rev. Walton Shipworth and Mrs. Smith French of The Dalles, Col. Frederick D. Butterfield of Derby Line, Vermont, arranged for the transfer of the remains to Lee Memorial Cemetery and sent them to Lee's son-in-law, Professor F. H. Grubbs. Their interment was made the occasion of a commemoration, June 15, 1906, during the sixty-second commencement of Willamette University. At these ceremonies were gathered men and women from the three States that had been secured to the United States largely by the missionary colonizers.

Among the tributes was one by the Hon J. C. Mooreland, who had spent his life among the scenes of the Mission, and who said:

> "Jason Lee was a remarkable man, of great determination and wonderful foresight, but, like the others of the great benefactors of his race, he was not understood at the time. Through ignorance of the situation,

his church dismissed him from the control of its affairs here, most unjustly and cruelly. But he could safely trust his appeal to that unerring tribunal—truth and time.

"But vindication has come—the church has acknowledged its mistake, and to-day his bones will be laid in final sepulture in the cemetery he selected seventy-five years ago, with all the honors that the church can bestow, and all people in this great Oregon country pay homage to his memory."

By common consent, the last word on all matters of value to the Northwest was left for Harvey W. Scott, editor of the Oregonian. His concise address is well worth permanent tract form as a comprehensive estimate of the labors and sustained influences of the missionaries. A few of his statements follow:

"It is not my intention to claim merit for one at the expense of another. All our pioneers did well. All performed their part. But it is due to the truth of history to show that Jason Lee was the leader in colonial as in missionary work in Oregon, and that his journey to the East in the interests of Oregon, and his appeal to Washington, antedated the journey and the appeal of Whitman by five years.

"Not long remembered would Jason Lee have been—we may suppose—but for the fortune of opportunity that sent him to Oregon. With all men of action it is so. But for his opportunity, given by the Civil War, General Grant would have no name. How slight the original incidents that have linked the name of Jason Lee inseparably with the history of Oregon! The Protestant missions failed, as missions, but they were the main instruments that peopled Oregon with Americans;

that is, they were more successful than their authors ever dreamed they could be. They established the foundations of the sovereignty of the United States in the Pacific Northwest. The Mission was the first low wash of the waves where now rolls this great human sea, to increase in power, we may believe, throughout the ages.

"On this view of the work our missionaries in Oregon rise to proportions more and more majestic as we study it from the standpoint of history and consequences; and though others bore lofty spirits and did great work, no name stands or will stand above that of Jason Lee."

On a slab of white Vermont marble is the following inscription:

Sacred
To the Memory of
REV. JASON LEE.
An itinerant minister of the
Methodist Episcopal Church,
member of the New England Conference,
and the first missionary to the Indians
beyond the Rocky Mountains.
He was born
in Stanstead, L. C., June 27, 1803.
Converted

in 1826 under the laborers of the Wesleyan Missionaries, Mr. Pope and Turner, and commenced his ministry in 1832 among the Wesleyan Methodists, preaching in Stanstead and the adjoining towns till 1833, when he was called to engage in the

Oregon Mission.
To this
Godlike Enterprise

he devoted all his talents, in labors abundant,
he laid all on the missionary altar, counting not
his life dear that the Redmen might be saved.
In this work
he crossed the Rocky Mountains first in
1834, and again in 1838.
July 16th, 1837, he married Anna Maria Pitman
of New York, who died in Oregon, June 26th,
1838. His second wife, Lucy (Thompson), of
Barre, Vt., died in Oregon, March, 1842.
He sustained these painful bereavements with
great Christian fortitude and submission.
In May, 1844,
he returned a second time to the United States,
and in August impaired health compelled him
to desist from his labors and find an asylum
among kind relatives in his native town where
he died in peace
March 12, 1845,
aged
41 years, 3 months, and 18 days.

NOTE.—The actual date of his birth was June 28, 1803.

In *Fifty Years in Oregon,* T. T. Geer, a native son honored as governor, begins an interesting chapter with this lucid paragraph:

"I do not now and never did belong to the Methodist Church, but certainly no loyal Oregonian breathes with soul so dead as to deny for a moment the great obligation his State owes to that organization for its great work during the decade between 1830 and 1840 in making the initial occupancy of the Oregon country. To be sure, the early Methodist missionaries were governed first by a desire to convert the Indians to Christianity—vain effort, in the main—but they were Americans, imbued with an unswerving attachment to their country's institutions; and as a counter influence to the Hudson's Bay Company, wrought mightily in the great conflict which finally brought victory to American sovereignty. And among those early Methodist missionaries, head and shoulders above all others, stands Jason Lee."

The more recent years are serving to season this impartial estimate and to allow the true spirit of missionary colonization to claim its own. Edmond S. Meany, professor of history, University of the State of Washington, is a scholar who through devious experiences has come to know that "Whitman did not save Oregon," but that mighty characters wrought for the destinies of the Pacific Northwest. His *The Missionary Epoch* forms a safe basis of study for those who wish to be informed as to American influence in old Oregon. Another who has contributed to this end is C. B. Bagley, son of the first Methodist Protestant minister in Oregon and a student of Oregon Institute. To him must be given the credit for the final publication of the painstaking researches of William I. Marshall on the Whitman controversy. No man is better able to write the old story of pioneer life, though he is inclined to the belief that the United States would have soon gained control of Oregon even if the missionaries had not come. But they did come! From his voluminous writings, we take a single sentence: "If any individual deserves to be canonized for his grand work in 'Old Oregon,' it should be Jason Lee."

The Great Spirit of the Indians is ever kindred to the Holy Spirit. The abiding spirit of Jason Lee could not serve any common good except in relation to all whom God called to teach, to toil, and to plant a better civilization in the West. George Abernethy declared: "We began as an Indian Mission; we ended as an American colony." No migration was ever more romantic or wonderful, no motive of pioneers was ever more appealing, and no mission has ever been more grandly accomplished than the colonization of Old Oregon.

"Morning in the West!
And winding o'er the plains, there comes
A caravan of white top't homes;
The pioneer, with household goods,
His plow shall cut, from virgin woods,
A homeland in the West!"

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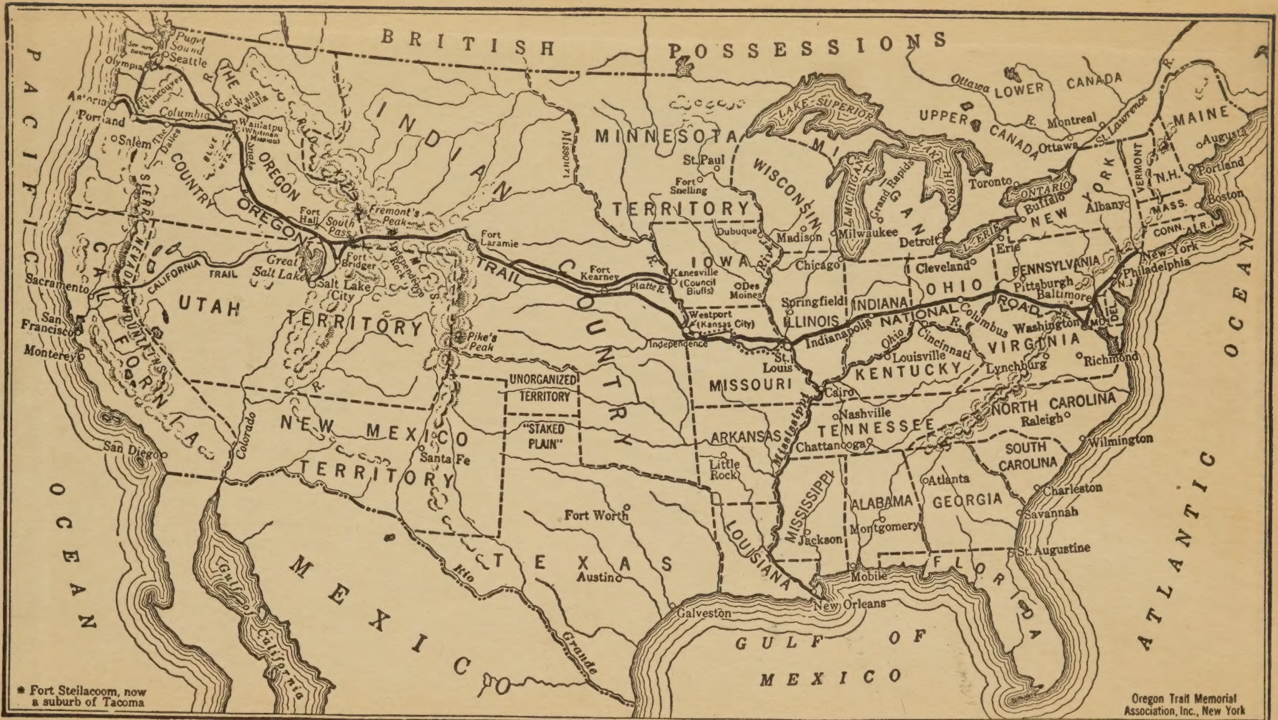
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Astoria
Portland
Salem
The Dalles
Columbia
Ft. Vancouver
Fort Walla Walla
Waiilatpu (Whitman Mission)
Snake
Blue Mts.
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN

* Fort Steilacoom, now a suburb of Tacoma

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